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BUDDHA AT BOW *(story)* 3 *Martin Elliott*

TWO JOURNEYS IN CHINA:
THE GRAVE OF MASTER CONFUCIUS 9 *Erwin Wickert*
UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS IN "NEW CHINA" 13 *Beverley Hooper*

THE TRUE DREAMS OF MANKIND:
A CONVERSATION 21 *Mircea Eliade*

POEMS

Frank Ormsby 12, *Freda Downie* 20, *Mark Abley* 28, *Sean O'Brien* 92

UNDER WESTERN EYES

PLAY IT AGAIN, UNCLE SAM! 30 *Leopold Labedz*

NOTES & TOPICS: EUROPEAN DIARY

THE VERY LATEST FROM PARIS 35 *François Bondy*
A HAUNTING ANNIVERSARY 37 *Raymond Aron*
LOOKING BACK ON THE '70s 40 *Sebastian Haffner*
THE PHILOSOPHER & AFGHANISTAN 42 *Günter Zehm*

SPECIAL BOOK SECTION: SOCIOLOGY

UNFINISHED BUSINESS 44 *Julius Gould*
THE WORST OF CRIMES 51 *Frank Parkin*
THE ENRICHMENT OF BOREDOM 56 *Michael Ashley*
UP & DOWN THE CITY ROAD 62 *Duncan Mitchell*

ENCOUNTERS

AUDEN, AT HOME & ABROAD 69 *Charles Osborne*

SCIENCE

TO THE STOCKHOLM STATION 79 *Gunther S. Stent*

MEMOIR

REMEMBERING MAX HAYWARD 86 *George Katkov, Leonard Schapiro*

BOXES

"It Can't Happen Again" (Time Magazine) 38, *The Goal (Irving Kristol)* 39, *Pasternak & Shakespeare (Max Hayward)* 88

LETTERS 93

AUTHORS 96

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Martin Elliott

Buddha at Bow

B. J. H. JAYASAKARA HAD been ambling with an *AZ* along Oxford Street not inappropriately from east to west. In the great occidental bazaars near Marble Arch he was intending to purchase family gifts. There was a birthday among the Jayasakaras? Tim Grapeshot asked. No no no, it was the weekend—how better to spend one's free time than in making others happy?

Tim Grapeshot's shopping was suits for next winter—not one of them cheap and all for Tim Grapeshot—and a coin.

—Have you a thirst? Mr Jayasakara asked. Feel like slaking it?

—Put that *AZ* away.

Tim guided Mr Jayasakara to a pub in the less ho-ho part of Soho north of Oxford Street. He took him into the public bar. From here, on the other side of frosted glass, a pair of topless barmaids in the saloon were merely blobs of a bathroom pink.

—Barman, said Mr Jayasakara, two treble measures of best 70% proof Scotch whisky please.... You English, Mr Grapeshot, do not know how to drink. Over there, you went into a bar. You ordered a bottle of the best Scotch whisky for your friends. You had a good time. Here it is rounds as in boxing.... What have you been purchasing for your family, Mr Grapeshot?

—Nothing. I don't, in your sense, have a family. These are for me.... This is a cartwheel.

—It looks valuable. Is it gold?

—Good heavens no. It's copper. Two ounces in weight. Its contemporary value was tuppence. It's worth much more now of course. It was made in Birmingham in George the Third's reign.

—Judge the Third? He was the last emperor of India.

—Not quite. He was circa 1780.

—Over there, Mr Jayasakara said, we have rupees. They are made of silver. What else have you purchased?

—A few clothes.

—And why not? That is good. You are young. You must keep up with the Johns isn't it. You must enjoy yourself.... Why have you no family? Come, I shall call you Tim. I shall purchase you a good curry.

Mr Jayasakara sniffed out a restaurant and ordered for the two of them. Tim made an atoll of his rice. His chunks of mutton became rocks, his vegetable vindaloo a lagoon. He placed slivers of raw onion:

—Look, white bones on a curried reef.

—But you're not eating, Tim. You must eat.

—All I need now is a few miniature coconuts.

—Over there we have coconuts. You've never seen such fellows. Come, eat.

The street outside the restaurant was full of fresh air. Tim said:

—That was hot work. Did you eat that sort of thing all the time back in India?

—India? I am not Indian. I am from Ceylon.

A bus passed.

—You know what our capital is? It is Colombo. Over there we have London buses. And London taxis. It is very British. Very nice.

A buddha Mr Jayasakara was (thought Tim) especially when sitting in the office. His ears stuck out and were like question marks. The lobes were long, as if hung from in infancy. And one of these touched his shoulder when Mr Jayasakara leaned his head to hear you. If elephants have large ear areas for heat loss (Tim thought) then Mr Jayasakara probably evolved as an elephant in one of his earlier incarnations. Mr Jayasakara was com-

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fortably obese like an armchair and sat by open windows in shirtsleeves even in autumn.

And was complained about by the office staff. A man named Mick said: Mr Grapeshot, sorry to trouble you but that Mr Jaya, the Indian, he keeps opening the windows, what with the draught and the traffic noise.

—He's from Sri Lanka.

—Yes, he's Indian. He got a daughter working here downstairs. She keeps her window shut.

—Does she indeed?

—I'm not a racialist, Mr Grapeshot, none of us is a racialist, even though we are all white, but the girls don't like the way this Indian guy keeps touching them.

—Touching?

—He don't just say good morning. He gets 'em by the elbow. Like this. He squeezes 'em. See? He asks 'em how they are. Did you have a nice weekend? he asks.

Almost, Tim considered, Mr Jayasakara might have materialised, heavily three-dimensional and coffee-coloured, from a plate in a coffee-table book of Eastern art. He didn't sit in the lotus but he did have those ears. And his eyes were shaped like trout and swam in his head with a convex brown iridescence. And the smallness but fleshiness of his mouth did speak of a predilection for precise enjoyments. Oriental gentlemen, Tim believed, squeaked in their sexual pleasures; and buddhas were not necessarily ascetics. The eightfold path to Nirvana involved the dearth of desire, but Tim was wary in a western way of eastern wile. He wouldn't put it past a buddha to disseminate by semen his faith. Had not the Cathars of the Languedoc, infected from the East, considered it no sin of a girl if she practised her religion with a priest? Tim dismissed the man named Mick. He sat and watched how the sun in the late afternoon shone through Mr Jayasakara's ears, turning them almost transparent.

TIM GRAPESHOT WAS responsible to management for the work of punchgirls as well as programmes. This staff three generations ago would have been chambermaids, kitchenhands. Today they formed what Tim called the cockney clerical. They ate off luncheon vouchers and were variously and intensely interested in beer, vodka, darts, football, footballers and advertisements for other jobs. They depressed Tim. Even in his liking for whisky, therefore, Mr Jayasakara was a change. Tim suspected deeps in Mr Jayasakara: oceans of exoticism that were far below the cockney's dream of heaven.

But, as Tim studied him and as the girls avoided him, Mr Jayasakara practised what he considered a Christian resignedness. Named Bernard for the saint, and John Hawkins after the seaman who had fought and explored when England under Elizabeth had been great. (Tim said: Wasn't he a slaver? Mr Jayasakara didn't hear him.) Mr Jayasakara had landed by the off-white cliffs of Dover to shortly realise that England existed in his imagination and back in Ceylon but not in England. The language was a difficulty. He was too conversant with English to understand what many of the English said. Either they gabbled or they gibbered. He had turned the question-mark of his good ear to the impatience of immigration officials; but the West Indian bus conductors, the Greater London shopgirls baffled him. As far as he could hear, only Radio 3 spoke English correctly. It was with a sense of having at last landed on England, then, that Mr Jayasakara heard Mr Grapeshot's standard and unstrident tone. Other aspects of Tim Grapeshot too made him feel at home. Tim Grapeshot wore a white shirt and a dark suit. He was tactful too—he didn't question the legality of Mr Jayasakara's working in Great Britain. Mr Jayasakara offered that his wife was already working here as a hospital sister, that he had left his country because of the left-wing government:

—I tell you, Mr Grapeshot, over there I was manager in tea. I was professional man. I have Cambridge Certificate. I had scores of men working for me. Now I am getting on. All I am asking is to give a helping hand. I am not here for a large salary. My needs are modest. All I want is for my wife and daughter. I have brought my daughter up in a decent Christian way. I want her to put her roots here, isn't it?

Tim Grapeshot took out a fifty-pence seven-sided piece: You see that, Mr Jayasakara? It looks silver, doesn't it? It's not. It's cupro-nickel. Worth an old threepenny piece. That's modern Britain.

—The Conservatives are coming, Mr Grapeshot. I have faith.

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TIM GRAPESHOT AND Mr Jayasakara had not spoken again until in Oxford Street. From then on, curry and curiosity lured Tim to lunch off Mr Jayasakara on several occasions. Mr Jayasakara (Please call me Bernie) was a rapid intaker of his food; and further reduced his portions by dropping much of them on his waistcoat. Tim discerned the females of the Jayasakara family in the waistcoat's always having been sponged by the following morning. Mr Jayasakara had the muteness of an acolyte at prayer as he ate; but when he had finished, and wiped his mouth, and sighed, then he became vociferous.

—I am ecumenical Christian, Tim. I have been to all the churches in Roman Road. I am telling you, I am near to God in any of them. I don't need the priest. I went to the Catholic church. I said, Father, I want my daughter Sara to be married here, in your beautiful church, when her time comes. I want there to be an organ for her wedding, and a choir and a mass. Do you know what he said? He said it would be impossible unless my daughter was first received into the Catholic faith. O Father, I said, in the Lord's mansion are many rooms. I have prayed in the Church of England, in the Anglo-Catholic church, with the Methodists and the Baptists and the Elim sect, even among the Quakers. I am at home with them all.

Tim said: That may be. I still think of you as a buddha.

—No no no, you are wrong. Do I look like a buddha? I fast only in Lent. I have taken Scotch whisky, Tim, by the imperial gallon. I was on 60 Craven A a day. Yes, Good Lord. Even now, just give me a bottle of Scotch whisky, a table of friends and let me play poker all Sunday afternoon. Then I am happy. And I know, Tim, the Lord is not displeased with me. Bernard, he will say, you have lived a good life. You have helped people. You have hurt nobody. You have had fun.

—Hurt nobody? Is that possible?

—Tim, even in the war—I served in Malaya, you know, as a sergeant—I was in the Medical Corps. Not taking life, you see. Gosh, the cases I have seen in the war. Not wounds, you understand. I mean VD. Dirty women. I have seen men screaming because of the treatment, the umbrella. I am telling you. Women, women.... Do not go with women, Tim. You must marry.

The following week the man named Mick said: Sorry to trouble you again, we're having more trouble with this Jaya whatsit, he keeps jerking his knee up and down, the girls think it's something sexual and they don't like it, he keeps it going all day long, he's got ruddy rhythm, he disturbs me too, I can't concentrate and I've got to get the accounts out. It's not just him neither. They're having trouble downstairs with his daughter Sarah.

—Sara. As in sari.

—She's on the lavatory half an hour at a time, Mr Grapeshot. Some of the girls climbed up and looked over and there she was with her head down and her knickers down. And she sleeps at her desk too, she's been heard to snore at ten o'clock in the morning. Ten o'clock. We reckon she's on the nest all night even though she ain't married.

MELANCHOLY, Tim became more melancholy. Besides his clicking brain he had a gang of glands and organs. It was a major cause of his melancholy that these were playing him up. He got to waking at four in the morning and disrelishing the tastes of nightmares on his tongue. The quartets of Bartok, listened to and scrutinised on the score (with a like concentration he tracked data flow charts) failed to unstring him. Women on the lines of violoncellos and with voices in the upper reach of mahogany were his succubi. And they worried him. He was aware of the unhygiene of the mind that allowed these women to djinn him so. On the other hand, the women he brought back and occasionally entered in his flat had not inclined him to abdicate his bachelordom. His hand had enjoyed the lute-shaped lowlands—flat belly, round behind—of a 17-year-old from Romford for example; but her brain had been another matter. She had had a tendency to come into bed escorted by the rest of the typing pool. What Sharon had done, whom Carol wasn't going out with, Gary Bond's legs compared with Trevor Brooking's chest, curtailed activity. These encounters had been on the whole discordant. More often than not it was his car these girls came out for. And when it was time to vacate the car many of the girls, so to speak, went back in. His coins, too, weren't diverting him any more. The thought of a Tudor sovereign no longer excited him.

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Without one he had long considered his collection to be incomplete. Now his being able to afford one, even two, failed to dilate him. He examined his cabinet lined with red velvet in the small hours of one particularly bad morning and considered which of the pieces could most appropriately be placed on his eyes when, alone in his flat, he was found deceased. He decided that a brace of rubbed farthings, 1930, robins on the reverse, most represented his value. He said to Mr Jayasakara: The bane of my existence is that pretty girls are banal.

—You must be careful of the women, Tim. You are a bachelor. Enjoy their company. But do not go with them. You must marry. Some of the things that I have seen. Gosh, in Malaya I am telling you—

—Do you like music, Bernie?

Mr Jayasakara's knee stopped revving: Gosh, yes. Back home I have the complete works of Mantovani. Also I have the symphonies of Ludwig van Beethoven. All of them. On my bookshelves, too, I have two hundred books. I purchased them from W. H. Smith in the National Book Sale. Have you read the works of Ethel M. Dell, Tim? You must do so. I shall lend you some. They are very nice. Beautiful English. You must come to my home, Tim. What about the weekend? Or are you visiting your family in the country?

—Hardly. My parents are divorced and at opposite ends of the earth.

—Then you must meet *my* family. You will be *cooked* for.

In Bow, E.4, the Jayasakaras inhabited the two-up two-down tininess of a terraced house whose front bay bulged at the expense of garden for the purpose, it seemed, of containing the marriage of Mr and Mrs Jayasakara—when Mr Jayasakara sat in the armchair it all but vanished, Mrs Jayasakara was a whole giggling sofa in herself.

—This is the English gentleman, Mr Jayasakara said.

His wife bobbed. Yes. She hinged in the leg, went down, came up. Then Mr Jayasakara spoke in what Tim presumed was Singhalese. She left the room.

—She has gone off into her smells.

—Smells?

—Kitchen. That is her temple. Those are her spirits. This, my drawing room, is my temple.

—Isn't it more like a Methodist chapel?

—Yes yes yes it could be anything. Ecumenical you see.

The walls were white and on one, above a radiator, was screwed a cross. Upon this was welded a plastic Christ whose feet had lost their definition in rising heat. The curtains were whisky-coloured and looped back and with tassels; and because the garden was so small at the front it seemed as if Tim's blood-red Volvo parked on the street was an extension and the altar of this room. The Volvo was regularly looked out at by both Tim and Mr Jayasakara as they drank Bell's the colour of the curtains. Mr Jayasakara said: We must not allow it to be stolen, isn't it?

Then came a sound through the doorway of the room as of foliage. Tim glanced. Had that been butterflies in flight across the hall?

—That was Sara. She has been making herself even more beautiful for you.

A little later in the rear of the house a gong was sounded as if by fingertips, the sound was so deferential. It came across the carpet bent double it seemed, so that Tim, nerves a-dindle, felt embowered and might have been sitting on furs, not discount warehouse nylon.

—Come. See what has been served up for you.

Tim followed Mr Jayasakara into the dining room. Here the air was aromatic with incense. This fizzed from a candle in a sconce of aluminium on top of a music centre. From the loudspeakers was sounding, but very low, one of the complete works of Mantovani: Darling, where is your heart? The wallpaper was in contrast to the drawing room's. Its pattern was jungle: leaves were large and green and all but hid trunks that were thin and hairy; between them, swinging in air, monkeys of a lecherous disposition glad-eyed Tim.

—Come in, sir, Mrs Jayasakara said. Our daughter Sara.

UPSTAIRS SARA HAD BATHED, perfumed and dressed herself with a sari. Now she perched on the edge of a chair in a garnishing of cushions whose reddish gold coincided with the colour of her face and arms and midriff. The light was dim and the candle sputtered and Sara Jayasakara glowed where she was skin and shimmered, turquoise and emerald, where she was sari. For Tim it was as if that

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gong was softly resounding. And he realised that Sara was to be the main dish.

He said: Hello, Sara, I know you by sight of course.

She didn't reply, she didn't look up.

He thought, is she asleep?

Then her father spoke in Singhalese. At once Sara's head rose and Sara's body simply elongated into the vertical beneath it. As she walked to the table, her shoulders some way behind her hips, Tim was surprised to find her so short. Her head would have rested against his collarbone had she, for any reason, wanted to rest it there. Her hair was black of course and in a single plait like a hawser and hung to where, under her sari, the small of her back must be very small indeed. Was it her being so miniature, so mantelpiece, that made Tim feel like bellringing on her plait? Seated at table Sara at last looked across at him as if, goddess as she seemed, she had divined his wish perhaps through another pair of fish-shaped eyes at the nape of her neck. But having looked the once she gazed at her plates during the courses of dinner. Unlike her parents who used knives, forks and elbows, Sara ate in the continental fashion: having cut her food, she relinquished her knife and used only her fork like a spoon. Towards each forkful as it moved up to her mouth she moved her mouth not a millimetre. She removed the fork from her mouth as if it were three times its length. Tim offered the tureen of goatsflesh—No no no, Mr Jayasakara said, Sara does not take meat. Instead, Sara packed herself with two slow platefuls of gradual and curried vegetable fibre. Which explained, in Tim's opinion, this goddess's frequent enthronements.

After dinner Mrs Jayasakara went upstairs, came down in a Sister's riviera-blue uniform, bobbed again and said goodbye. Mr Jayasakara announced: She is going off into her night shift.

An hour later, Mr Jayasakara and Tim having listened to Beethoven, and Sara, bolt upright, having watched their listening, Mr Jayasakara said it was time for him to go to bed: I am an old man. Now, what are you young people planning?

—Well. . . .

—Come, you must enjoy yourselves. Your car hasn't been stolen, you see? You must go out.

—Would Sara like that?

—Of course she would. She is young.

—Shall I show you London, Sara?

—You see, she is nodding, said Mr Jayasakara.

So while he waited for Sara to get ready the ground floor of the house was given over to Tim along with the bottle of Bell's and a *Reader's Digest*. He felt like an occupying power as he gazed out through the window of the small white room at his big red car. The dining room had been altogether too oriental for him; it had been far too selfconsciously templar. A group of young Indians, or were they Singhalese? was examining the Volvo; hands were wandering and wondering over it rather as hands in TV newscasts did over tanks. Here in the East End, despite the gentleness of the inhabitants, the natives, Tim felt embattled.

Then Sara came in. As she did so two thuds sounded through the ceiling.

—Don't worry, Sara said. They were only papa's knees. He is saying his prayers.

She had spoken. Her voice had been low and hesitant but she had used it. She had removed her sari, was wearing trousers and a blouse and a cardigan over an arm. She had unplaited her hair and wore it long and loose. From her earlobes bangles swung. Unsupported, her breasts were bangles too. And her bottom had a similar abandon as she walked out to the car. Some god had created her as a sapling, then slung ripe fruits on her. She entered demurely the car: Where are we going, Tim?

—Where would you like to go?

—The West End?

Disappointed, Tim dissembled: Of course. Marvellous.

AS FAR AS HE COULD make out, the Jayasakaras had entrained from Dover to Victoria, then straight by tube to Bow; thence they had hardly moved except to work and shop. Sara was living in east London considerably below the station in life she'd been used to as a daughter in the tea trade. It seemed understandable, then, to Tim that she should opt to go west. As he drove along Holborn her knee by the gear lever began to go up and down up and down. In the lights of

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Piccadilly she no longer glowed but gleamed. Her hair looked apache.

—Papa says you met him once in Oxford Street. He was lost. You were kind.

—Not at all.

—I would like to go to the same pub.

—The East Indiaman? Are you sure?

—I have never been in a public house. But I want to be where papa and yourself have been enjoying yourself isn't it?

—Right. Fine.

Tim took Sara into the saloon. Here the barmaids had put their tops on for the evening trade, which was serious, indeed solemn drinking. Students floated on light-and-bitter in the wake of Dylan Thomas. Gangsters had their hard stuff brought to them on a tray. The stools and tables were wipe-clean plastic. The beer was weak and out of aluminium. Sara had a coke.

—Like it?

—Yes, it is my favourite drink.

—No, the pub.

—It is very nice.

She ate a bag of nuts and a bag of crisps. She went to the ladies' but wasn't long. When she returned it was as if the stool was a piece of apparatus she was so small and must clamber so. Once seated, she looked like a costly piece on a plinth. The gangsters eyed her.

Later she asked to windowshop Oxford Street. The stores' displays fascinated her. She viewed each window from the middle of the pavement as if in awe of the contents; as if for her these displays were a gallery of the masterpieces of western art. She was particularly halted by the outsize model of a Swiss pocket knife whose blades, gimlet, scissors and corkscrew kept opening and closing to the electrical impulse. To Tim they were the limbs of some sea monster on the floor of a lit aquarium. Or the weapon arms of Kali. Sara said: I shall buy one of those for you. It is very nice.

Having viewed the frontage of Marks and Spencer at Marble Arch, they crossed to the south of Oxford Street and strolled back east. The evening was turning chill. Sara put her cardigan on and folded her arms across her breasts; and Tim put one of *his* arms around the small of her back. They stood like this in front of a display of casuals for half a minute. Sara said: That jacket would suit you. You would look nice in it, Tim.

They crossed Bond Street, Sara still hugged by a hybrid of her own two arms and one of Tim's. They regarded a window display of plates of celluloid chickens and salads. They sat down in the restaurant that apparently made this food, and ordered coffee. Sara said she felt hungry and she ate a cheese salad with chips then some apple pie and cream.

—Sara?

A small pink snore replied. Sara's head and eyelids were down. She breathed.

Tim sighed. He felt like an old red bus along an exhausted street. The restaurant was lit dimly so that the meals couldn't be seen—in the dimness Sara's skin had the almost sheen of velvet—except that if you rub velvet against its nap it goes funny (Tim thought). He had a strong sense that, as far as he was concerned, the Jayasakaras could not be rubbed the wrong way and that, anyhow, the only nap that Sara possessed was the one she was taking now. In a way Tim was glad of Sara's having gone to sleep in his presence. It showed some independence. It qualified what he sensed might have been a too easy and a too complaisantly expected conquest and occupation. Sara having removed her cardigan, he watched along with the Italian and Indian or Singhalese waiters the rise and descent of her breasts, each of them finished with what appeared through the blouse as, numismatically, a copper-coloured and diestamped bracteate.

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Erwin Wickert

Journeys to the Grave of Master Confucius

". . . the most important thing in life is to be buried well." (CONFUCIUS)

IN THE Dai Miao temple at the foot of the sacred mountain of Tai in the East Chinese province of Shantung stands a fifth-century stone pillar. Four mighty characters are legible from which one can even take a rubbing: "The Classics—Great Uprightness."

Are they so great, so upright, in China today? For a time they had to go into hiding; but now they emerge once again, even if somewhat to one side or in shadow. And if Confucius, whom Chinese call Kung Fu Dse (Master Kung), makes an appearance, sometimes he sports a full beard and a wig like a lion's mane, and speaks a kind of jargon: one could almost take him for a German—Karl Marx, perhaps.

In the dark or not, he continues to exert an influence. Over the last two millennia he has become so deeply ingrained among the Chinese that today they are surprised and pleased when you draw their attention to the fact that somebody has just quoted one of the thoughts of Master Kung. But the middle and younger generation don't know him by name; classical writers (neglected here, as everywhere else) are no longer read in schools.

An employee at the Shanghai travel agency looks at my itinerary and says: "You are visiting the strangest places. What are you going to Chufu for?" I reply that it is the home town of one of the greatest Chinese. I don't say: of the greatest, which might upset her.

Embarrassed, she asks her colleague, and then laughs rather sheepishly. I ask if she has read anything by him. She hasn't, she knows him only from the anti-Confucius campaign which "the Gang of Four" instigated against Premier Chou En-lai.

Now he is beginning to be read again. Some works (if they are not sold out already) are freely available in the bookshops, and historians of Chinese antiquity discuss him at conferences. The classics are being dusted off. Whether anyone is curious to read and study them, to get "new guidance", one cannot tell, but there they are, ready to hand. At all events, the attempt by the Cultural Revolution to cast the classics into an abyss of eternal oblivion has failed miserably.

IN CHUFU, the Red Guards of the Cultural Revolution have done their worst. The tombstone of Confucius was overthrown. The ruins are strewn over the ground under the ancient cedars. In their fury, they even broke up the fragments with sledgehammers. Only the plinth—a great stone slab still stands. Perhaps it was unsmashable. Piled up behind it, a few metres in height, is a bare, loamy heap of earth, a legacy of the recent revolution.

Evidently, the Red Guards tried to exhume the bones of Confucius, buried here some two-and-a-half thousand years ago. Did they want to scatter them to the wind, or perhaps play football with his skull (as they did with the skulls of old party chiefs in Ba Bao Shan, the heroes' cemetery in Peking)? In Chufu, though they dug six metres deep, they found neither bones nor traces of a coffin. Kung wasn't buried here after all, they announced. Just another lie spread by the Confucians.

"How did all this happen?" I ask the guide, who is head of the department of monuments in Chufu and, like many in the city is called Kung. So he belongs to the family of Confucius. With a smile he says: "The Red Guards were very amateurish archaeologists. They couldn't have found anything where they were digging."

"How do you know his grave must lie here? The ruined tombstone must have been relatively new."

"Yes, Ming dynasty, about five hundred years old. But on the same spot we've found a stele from the Han dynasty, in other words two thousand years old. The deciding factor, however, is that it's his family burial plot. Over there is the grave of his son, there the grave of his grandson, there his pupil Dsi Gung. Many thousand of his descendants are buried all over the forest. Down to the 76th generation."

"And where is the direct descendant, generation number 77?"

"He lives in Taiwan", says Mr. Kung without a flicker.

"And the grave of Confucius' wife?"

"Only men are buried here."

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I WAS LAST IN Chufu forty-three years ago, as a young student. In October 1936 I was on a train, travelling (fourth-class) from Peking to Nanking. Half-way, in the little town of Yanzhou in the province of Shantung, I broke my journey, and found lodgings with the fathers of the Steyler Mission. Chufu and the grave of Confucius are some 25 kilometres apart, with no bus connection. I couldn't afford to hire a car, even if there had been one. There was no hotel in Chufu, and I had to go there and back on foot in a day. The head of the Mission provided a rickshaw coolie to act as my guide. Han wasn't much older than me, and had a face like a Tang horse.

We set off at first light. Children were kindling fires in the little stoves they had placed in the street, and the smoke went straight up into the dawning sky. Women ground corn for the breakfast meal between two horizontal quern-stones. Scenes from the Middle Ages. . . .

When we reached the open road, peasants were already working in the fields. The man, bending forward in the harness, pulled the plough through the dry, hard, clay; his wife guided the plough. On smooth-trodden threshing floors outside the villages men were pulling rollers over *kaoliang*, or maize-straw. Women threw the corn in the air, and the wind blew the chaff away.

We met no traffic, except for a few hand-carts with sails, which seemed to tack strangely across the plain like boats. The peasants went on foot; if they had a load, it was carried on poles over their shoulders.

The sky was high and blue; in the clear autumn air one felt one could see to the horizon. The broad plain had no rising ground. The earth was clay—yellow and dry. The little village houses were built of mud-bricks dried in the open air, yellow, dusty; they had thatched roofs. There wasn't a tree to be seen. Peasants ploughed, harrowed, threshed, carried burdens, lived a bare life in a bare country. When had anything ever changed? The further I went the stronger became the feeling that time had stopped.

On the wearisome way back in the evening, the feeling intensified. At dusk, when one could hardly see, the peasants picked up their things and went home from the fields. They were tired, and did not speak. As we walked, I felt I was no longer in our own time, nor even in old China, but, strangely, in biblical times in a biblical country. Walking on country roads in the dark, with people coming towards you. Where did the apparition come from? The experience lasted only a short time, perhaps a few minutes. But it was uncanny, as if I had secretly reached the limits, as if I had really been outside time. It still moves me.

ON THE JOURNEY, Han (pulling the rickshaw) and I were a novel sight for the peasants. They stopped working as we passed, and shouted jokingly to the coolie who was taking a Long-Nose on foot to Chufu. But he gave as good as he got, doubtless at my expense; in any case, they all laughed together.

When we reached the town gate, Han insisted that I sit in the rickshaw. He was a rickshaw coolie, not a tourist guide. With the shafts under his arms, he began to trot—first to the great temple of Confucius, then to Kung Lin (the forest of Confucius) a long way out of town. Later Emperors of China gave this land (supposed to be twice the size of Chufu) to the direct descendants of Confucius so that all the Master's followers and descendants could be interred near him. Only the men, that is.

Kung Lin is an open forest, with tall deciduous trees and many century-old cedars. Under the trees grass grows; there are even meadows with flowers in the clearings—unique in East China. The paths bend, divide, reunite. They have grown naturally, they were unplanned. Everywhere in the forest, not close together but isolated and in no disernible order, are graves from two millennia: stone guardians, lions, horses, fabulous creatures . . . and a pavilion, a little temple next to the path.

Suddenly Han stopped, laid the shafts of the rickshaw on the ground, pointed to a medium-sized tombstone and said: "Here lies Master Kung."

"Is this all?" I thought. Many of the tombs we had passed were larger and more ornate. But here were no guardians, no colours, no pomp, no decoration. His grave was a massive grey stone slab, some three metres high, set on a plinth. On top was a dragon relief. The inscription in old seal-writing did not contain the characters for "Kung", but only his posthumous honorific title: "King of Literature", one could perhaps translate it.

He loved ancient folk-poetry and music, but evidently did not concern himself with those questions which pre-occupied the pre-Socratic philosophers at that time. He was concerned with only one theme: the life of man in society. From his "Conversations" (Yun Lu):

> "The pupil: Dare I ask about the nature of death? The Master answered: If one does not yet know about life, how could one possibly know anything of death."

Confucius died in 479 BC, ten years before the birth of Socrates. He was buried by his pupils, who mourned the loss of a great teacher, an extraordinary man who had failed in life, who had not attained his goal.

> "The Master said: To hear early in the morning that the world is in order, and to die in the evening, is no bad thing."

But when he died his world was by no means in order. He had sought desperately for a post in Chufu in the principality of Lu in order to realise his political ideas. In the end one was allocated, but

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he gave it up after a few months: he saw that it was insignificant. Although in his late fifties, he took to the road and offered his services to neighbouring princes. But they did not want a man who claimed to have a mission and who disseminated dangerous new notions. A desperate period of wandering ensued, not without elements of tragi-comedy.

"Kung?" inquired the frontier guard, "Isn't he the man who knows that it's hopeless and who still carries on?"

After some ten years, when he was nearly seventy, he returned to Chufu empty-handed, and took up teaching and studying once again. He died several years later, no doubt aware of his failure.

> "To learn, and to apply your knowledge at the proper time: is that not true happiness?"

So begins the book of *Conversations*. He died without having applied his knowledge to political practice. Yet is there another man in history who over several millennia has left such a deep impression on the culture, the life, and the morality of his nation?

YANG BO is one of the acting provincial chiefs of Shantung, a kind of regional government minister in an area of about seventy million inhabitants. I had casually remarked to him over a meal in Peking that it was a shame people were not allowed to visit Chufu, where I had been on one occasion 43 years ago, and he invited my family and me to be the first foreign guests to visit the town as soon as the worst ravages of the Cultural Revolution had been remedied.

We arrived in Yanzhou by pullman in the early dawn, and Yang Bo had sent a car to the station. No longer do women grind corn with quern-stones; the children no longer light stoves in the street; the main road to Chufu is indistinguishable from a West European provincial road. There is nothing to remind me of my long march with Han the rickshaw coolie.

The plain is not so broad, the sky is not as high as they were then. Trees grow along the paths and field boundaries, not one of them older than the People's Republic of China. Power lines and telephone lines criss-cross the countryside. We encounter lorries transporting large containers, horse-drawn vehicles, cyclists, peasants taking pigs on wheelbarrows to the neighbouring People's Commune. By the irrigation ditches you can see electric pumps, and occasionally small tractors in the fields. The wheat stands high.

We are to be housed in the guest wing of the Kung family palace, they tell us. We drive into the inner courtyard and Yang Bo and his wife are there to greet us; they had travelled here the day before from Tsinan, the provincial capital. When we stand in front of the ruins, by the grave of Confucius, I ask Yang Bo why it was that the provincial government of Shantung had been unable to prevent this vandalism.

He said: "It no longer had any authority, it was internally divided. Anyone who took action against the Terrorist bands in Chufu might themselves have been attacked. We just didn't know who was shielding the students and the teachers from Peking who were terrorising the town. We didn't know who stood behind them in high places.... Well, we knew all right".... He was silent, and then described what took place.

A small action group of Red Guards, students from the Peking universities, from the teachers' training college, and a technical college—came to Chufu in September 1966 with the sole intention of destroying the memory of Confucius. For three months they controlled and terrorised the town.

"What about the inhabitants?"

"They were afraid. Nobody knew where the power lay...."

WE DRIVE TO THE centre of the town, to the Temple of Confucius. The Temple precincts cover about fifty acres. There is a bell-tower, a drum-tower, triumphal gateways, a thousand memorial stone pillars, cedars believed to be two thousand years old, the Great Pavilion of the Monarch of Literature (the library), the Hall of Memories of the Sage, the Hall of Rites and of Poetry, and various temples. The largest and most magnificent is the Temple of Confucius.

Opposite the entrance hangs a large picture of Confucius. It is new, and hangs here in place of the old statue which served as a model for statues of Confucius throughout the provinces. All the statues, including those of his fellow-philosophers and of his twelve pupils, were smashed by the Red Guards; the rubble was carted away and no fragments have been found. The Temple's greatest treasures, the old, irreplaceable musical instruments, were totally destroyed.

The most important Halls have already been restored; there is still scaffolding on the other buildings. They are in quite a hurry, since this year the Master's birthday (23 August) is once again being celebrated. Our guide from the Kung family adds: "And what is more, it will be in keeping with the old ritual, with the old songs and dances...."

Significant, barely credible news: four years after the anti-Confucius campaign the old ceremonies are being revived. They died out after the collapse of the last Dynasty in 1911 and were held only sporadically. Eye-witnesses described them as unusually colourful and impressive, especially when the drums beat at night and hosts of officials in old brocade gowns performed in torchlight the ancient

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musical and dancing ceremonies.

I saw temples for Confucius' father and for his mother, and also one for his wife. (She couldn't have had an easy life at the sage's side, and certainly deserved a monument.) The Master never mentions her, only his son, who unfortunately was not eager to learn (and perhaps for that reason did not get a temple to himself).

A pavilion stands on the site of the peach-tree beneath whose branches the Master conversed with his pupils. We see the academy building, the examination hall, the office for seals and decrees, an extensive archive which goes back a very long way, the office for music and for ceremonial. One courier's office served the sole purpose of handling correspondence with the Imperial Court; for the Emperors raised the descendants of Confucius to the rank of princes. They owned not just the forest but the whole town and surroundings of Chufu, and received money from the imperial purse—all to good Imperial purpose.

THE PALACE was for many years the power-house which transformed Confucius the man into the founder of a system and ultimately into a saint. Here his doctrine was supervised, tailored to the needs of the Confucians or of the Dynasty. What had been denied to Confucius fell to the share of the Confucians—political power and a decisive, formative influence on the development of China—who held their own for two millennia. They carried through Kung-dse's central theses, and not infrequently laid down their lives for them. In Chinese thinking, right up to our own time, they enforced the principle that leaders and officials must see to the well-being of the people; not the other way round. And that the people should have the opportunity to learn and to improve their minds (something which "the Gang of Four" and their followers would allow only conditionally). The Confucians can boast impressive achievements. But did they not also hamper free development with their moral dogmatism, narrow-mindedness, arrogance, humourlessness? Surely they contributed significantly to the decline of the Chinese Empire in the last two centuries.

Precious little was made of Confucius the man. He caused embarrassment; inconvenient passages were interpreted away or simply declared not genuine. Otherwise his words were taken with deadly seriousness, even when he expressly cautioned that he spoke in jest. Confucius was a man of contradictions: he could be bitter and impatient (he once struck an opponent on the shin with his stick) but allowed his pupils to contradict him and even to persuade him (he could, on the other hand, snap their heads off with biting sarcasm). This master at recognising hidden motives, at unmasking people with a phrase, who in a disordered age wanted to help his fellow-man acquire firm ideas and recognise true values, now became, through the skill of the Confucians, the unctuous prophet of banal truths—of dutifulness, rectitude, patriarchal order in family and state. As the Christian church with Jesus, Marxism-Leninism with Karl Marx, so Confucianism concealed Confucius the man, simplifying his teachings, falsifying them, reducing them to formulae and doctrines. Is this, then, necessary? Is this what great teachers and initiators must undergo if they hope to influence future ages?

Used Cars

Suggest the smells of backseat awkward loving,
flesh and upholstery and the steamed-up moon
above the lay-by,
when wives were girls and headlamps swallowed light
discreetly, while volcanic fathers slept;

then windscreen silhouettes on coastal roads,
the dog, the children and St Christopher.
His hands are on the wheel, hers in her lap
that one night gripped the handbrake by mistake
and sent them nosing gently in a hedge;

spare parts and renovations, then, and the assumption
of coloured skins, the ashtray cleared again
of rusted apple-cores;
and afterwards the repose of being parked
forever, the rough grasses spearing through.

Frank Ormsby

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Beverley Hooper

Upstairs Downstairs in "New China"

IT'S NOT EASY to beat the system in China: difficult enough for a Chinese, almost impossible for a foreigner. Since the Communists came to power in 1949 they have kept a tight rein on the people they describe as "foreign guests." Despite the new relaxed policies, it is still impossible—at least in theory—simply to pack up one's bag and travel independently around China the way one might journey through Europe, America, or non-communist Asia. All travel, whether by an officially invited delegation, businessman, or tourist group, is channelled through the official travel organisation, China Travel Service. But there is a tiny crack in the system: a crack created by the bureaucracy itself.

I had become aware of this during my time as an exchange student at the Peking Languages Institute and Peking University in 1975–77. During that politically dramatic period, independent travel was virtually impossible and, like other foreigners, I had to be content with the occasional escorted, blinkered tour of carefully selected factories, communes, schools, and hospitals.

By last spring there seemed to be some chance of evading officialdom. Arriving in Peking with visas issued on the basis of an invitation from an Australian Embassy official, my travelling companion and I applied to the Public Security Bureau for permission to visit other parts of the country. Foreign residents and their guests, on receiving a travel permit, are expected to request China Travel Service to make all the necessary arrangements: plane or train bookings, waiting cars at airports and railway stations, hotel accommodation, and more cars and guides for local sightseeing. But what happens if one simply by-passes the official network?

Armed with our precious green permit (authorising travel by plane, train, or boat to places ranging from Chengtu and Chungking in the western province of Szechuan, to Shanghai in the east and Kweilin in the south), we set off on a seven-thousand-mile trip around the country. It did not take long to discover the "Upstairs-Downstairs" distinction of travel—and life—in China. Foreign guests and a few privileged Chinese, including high Party and Army officials, travel "upstairs." "The masses", as the Chinese describe the bulk of their near one billion population, travel "downstairs."

"UPSTAIRS CHINA"—often literally upstairs—is invariably spacious, calm, clean and comfortable: carpeted or at least floorboarded waiting-rooms with deep armchairs and frequent cups of tea, segregated sections of restaurants, railway carriages with private compartments and Western style lavatories, and uncrowded, Japanese-made tourist buses and taxis.

"Downstairs China" is a different story: concrete or dirt floors, dingy grubby restaurants, jam-packed trains and buses, and—above all—the overcrowding, confusion, and sometimes sheer chaos that have always been characteristic of life in China.

It's little wonder that Chinese officials, combining traditional hospitality with an anxiety to impress visitors, do their utmost to encourage, cajole, and virtually force foreigners to eat, travel, and relax "upstairs", isolated and protected from the realities of everyday Chinese life. "Foreign guests are not accustomed to conditions in China", is the standard justification. The privilege of being permitted to rough it with the masses (something one often tries to avoid in other countries) demands patience, perseverance, and an ability to argue convincingly in Chinese. When protests that one is in China to get to know ordinary people—not travel guides—fall on deaf ears, there is always the plaintive plea that eating and travelling "upstairs" are simply too expensive.

Why pay up to £8 (two weeks' average wage) to eat Peking Duck in sterile upstairs isolation when

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an identical meal in the crowded and lively, if not always sanitary, downstairs section of the same restaurant costs little over £1? And why travel by plane when CAAC (the national airline) charges foreigners two to three times the amount Chinese people pay? Rail travel does not discriminate against "foreign guests" quite so blatantly, but a "soft class" bunk (normally reserved for foreigners and a few top officials) costs about twice a "hard class" one. The biggest railway rip-off for the unsuspecting foreigner is the initial one: a ticket for the one-and-a-half hour rail-trip from the Hong Kong border to Canton, purchased at China Travel Service in Hong Kong, costs about £13. A ticket to travel with "the masses", bought at the crowded, earthen-floored, downstairs station just over the border at Shumchum, costs under £2. As one travel official explained, "the current foreign tourist boom is of great importance in helping China pay for its modernisation programme. . . ."

Even to the hardened train-traveller, a Chinese "hard sleeper" carriage (the would-be classless society's equivalent of second-class) comes as something of a shock: a drab mobile dormitory with 20 rows of 3-tier bunks and a corridor down the side. But those people who manage to get a bunk at all are the lucky ones; apart from "hard sleeper" there is also, at half the price, the aptly described "hard sitter." It's hardly surprising that most people stagger groggily out of the "hard sitter" carriage after the 33-hour trip from Canton to Peking.

LIKE MANY JOURNEYS, our trip from Peking to Sian, then on to Chengtu in Szechuan province, began in the late evening. As we prepared to settle down for the night, the loudspeaker in the carriage warned us not to remove our watches, lest they be stolen, and to keep all personal possessions well away from the corridor. A few people slept in all their layers of clothing, simply covering themselves with a blanket. The young soldier in the mid-level bunk opposite mine removed his army-green cotton trousers to reveal the latest fashion in undergarments—bright-red long cotton underwear. (Two years earlier most people had been wearing dark blue.) Below the soldier a well-built man and his four-year-old daughter shared the same two-foot bunk. Few people travelling with children could afford the cost of an extra bunk (almost as much as the basic ticket for the journey), so a carriage ostensibly intended for 60 usually held 70 or more.

It was still dark when the rude awakening came: the 6 a.m. national alarm clock, *The East is Red*, booming out over the loudspeaker, followed by the morning news-broadcast. If these were familiar sounds from my time as a student at Peking University, what followed came as a surprise after those ideologically extremist days at the end of the Mao era. Our fellow-passengers stirred themselves, not to high-pitched revolutionary songs, but to the strains of *The Sound of Music*. "*Doe a deer, a female deer*", rang out in English as they put on their outer layers, collected hand-towels, enamel mug and toothbrush, and queued up for their early morning ablutions in front of one of the two cold-water basins at the end of the carriage. The morning music programme was interrupted by the increasingly familiar voice of the train's broadcaster, reminding us to be clean and tidy, to be helpful to the cleaner when he came through the carriage with his wet cotton mop, and to ensure that children were taken to the lavatory and "not permitted to pee indiscriminately on the floor."

After breakfast—for some an aluminium box containing rice and a few vegetables, for others a visit to the dining car for a bowl of noodles—our travelling companions settled down for the day's journey and began to take an interest in the two strange foreigners in their midst.

"Why aren't you travelling soft class?" they all wanted to know. Chinese people were poor and used to the rigours of hard-class travel, said one young man; but he knew from recent television programmes that Westerners were much more affluent. "That's why we have to learn from the West so we can modernise the country", he added, in striking contrast to the contempt for Western teaching and products which had existed in the Maoist days of extreme "self-reliance."

My reply that we were paying for our own trip, not funded by the Government or an institute, struck a responsive chord.

"Oh, paying for yourselves—that's a quite different matter", said my soldier neighbour, telling me that most people on the train were travelling "on business." As the Chinese do not have annual leave, only the occasional public holiday, the concept of travelling solely for pleasure does not really exist. The only people who were *not* on business were those who had obtained special leave to visit relatives, sometimes even husbands or wives, living in other parts of the country. Not that everyone could afford a private trip; the 1,500-mile return journey Peking-Sian, for example, cost about £23—well over the average monthly wage.

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BUT THE CARRIAGE was filled almost entirely with men. Didn't women travel on business?

"Not many", the young soldier said solemnly. "Travelling on business is too arduous for women. Getting on and off trains, going to out-of-the-way places—they're not really up to it." So much for all the media propaganda about male-female equality and about Iron-Girl teams sinking oil-wells and repairing high-voltage power-lines. And so much for the passing North China scene: women used as beasts of burden to haul huge loads of wood and bricks.

Some of our fellow-passengers were almost as surprised as we were that we could travel thousands of miles around China freely and unescorted. Even the Chinese normally need a valid reason for travelling from one part of the country to another. But there was a further, more fundamental, question.

"How do you get permission to leave your own country?" asked a young school-teacher. When I said that we did not need permission he looked surprised: "It's not like that here, you know—we can't just leave China if we want to." His friend had a ready explanation: "They know that if they let us out we wouldn't come back. . . ."

This was hardly the response the new leadership was seeking. The new press and television coverage of life in modern, industrialised Western countries was calculated to inspire the Chinese to strive to modernise the country, but some young people were already recognising that the gap was just too vast. For them, the West had become the new Utopia. A talkative young engineer showed me the first issue of a new magazine, *Culture and Life*, featuring photographs of Western-style clothes and modern electrical appliances.

"They think they'll make us work hard so that we can look forward to having such things ourselves", he said, "but that sort of life is only for top Party members and officials." Looking out of the train window as we passed ancient stone villages and ragged-clothed peasants, he added cynically: "It's just as well those people don't see the magazines, even though the Government *is* promising them a better deal."

DESPITE THEIR FRIENDLINESS and curiosity, our fellow-passengers seemed rather disappointed in the two representatives of the modern Western world. Apart from my travelling companion's battery-run razor, which one middle-aged factory-worker tried out with almost childish delight, they were singularly unimpressed with our meagre belongings and rough travelling clothes. The Chinese are now succumbing with a vengeance to the new officially-approved materialism. After being deprived for so long of all but the basic necessities, it seems almost inconceivable to them that some people might actually choose *not* to exhibit signs of obvious prosperity.

"You cannot be as poor as you look because you can afford to travel all over China", commented a woman school-teacher. What was more, we had no choice but to stay in hotels reserved for "foreign guests"—that was the one barrier we were unable to break down. While a Chinese person paid about 30p for a bed in a Chinese "hotel" (a communal dormitory with cold running water), a double room in a foreigners' hotel (complete with private bathroom) cost on average £6 a night.

"That's more than I earn in a whole week", exclaimed the teacher, horrified at hotel charges in "upstairs China" but impressed by the fact that we could afford to pay them.

As we neared Chengtu, the conversation switched to the best bus to take to the hotel.

"Don't worry about a bus", burst in a young factory worker. "The factory jeep is picking me up and we can drop you off on the way." When we arrived at the station, his fellow-workers were open-mouthed with amazement at being introduced to "two foreign friends." As the young man had explained, some of his friends working on the outskirts of the city had never seen a foreigner before, let alone actually talked to one. When we drove through the gate of Chengtu's immense Chinchiang Hotel and right up to the front entrance, it was the turn of the well-dressed members of an American tourist group, just alighting from their modern bus, to look astonished as we poured out of the dusty, crowded jeep with our new Chinese acquaintances.

NOW, UNAVOIDABLY, we found ourselves in "upstairs China."

The hotel staff were confused. "But China Travel Service did not inform us that you were coming", said a puzzled booking-clerk. "We didn't even send a car to the station to meet you." We produced the magic permit and she happily arranged a room, but not before admitting: "This really is most unusual . . . although our experience with foreign guests is still very limited." Officials and ordinary people accepted our presence, strange though it sometimes might seem, because there was simply no question of a foreigner being anywhere in China without official approval. The complex bureaucratic system saw to that.

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In newly opened areas, officials did not have the painful heritage of ten years' strained, even hostile, relations with foreigners which existed from the time of the Cultural Revolution until after the death of Mao. Even the hotel's China Travel Service personnel, paying a prompt visit to our room, were amused rather than indignant when we said we did not want to hire a car, driver, and guide to see the local sights. If local officials regarded our evasion of the travel network as something of a novelty, the opportunity we gave them to defy the central authorities in Peking was a challenge too exciting to be missed. (The residents of Szechuan, China's most populous province, have a well-deserved reputation for independence.) In Peking we had been refused permission to travel from Chengtu to Kunming, capital of the south-western province of Yunnan, presumably because of the current hostilities along the Yunnan-Viet Nam border. When we told a Chengtu travel official that we would like to reapply he offered to send someone to the station immediately to buy two rail-tickets. Our suggestion that we should *first* get permission from the Public Security Bureau only made him grin and shrug his shoulders: "They can hardly refuse you permission once you've got the tickets, can they?"

Next morning we visited the Public Security Bureau to register our presence in the city, a necessary procedure at each stop along the way. The good-looking, lively young official seemed less interested in bureaucratic formalities than in the rare presence of two foreigners in his office. As the tango *Jealousy* boomed out over the radio, he quizzed us about Western music and dancing. With memories of 1976 and my Peking University room-mate's contempt for "bourgeois Western music", the portrait of Mao Tse-tung staring down from the office wall seemed to me more incongruous than ever.

It took a while to get used to the heavy local accent. Although I had devoted three years in Australia and 16 months in Peking to a study of Mandarin Chinese (*p'u-t'ung-hua*: spoken as a native language by two-thirds of the population and now used officially throughout the country), I found that trying to understand the Szechuanese was rather like a Chinese person who had learnt English from the BBC finding himself talking to a "Geordie" from Newcastle. Fortunately, young people living in areas where I found the native speech completely incomprehensible—such as Shanghai and Canton—had learnt Mandarin at school and spoke it with a more standard accent, although many of the older people knew virtually no Mandarin at all.

Still somewhat apprehensive about the apparent official laxity, we insisted on getting formal permission to visit a town about one hour's bus ride from Chengtu. We needn't have bothered; the ticket salesman at the bus station didn't even ask to see our travel permit. The further one got from Peking, it seemed, the further one also got from the rigid bureaucratic control of the Communist state.

WHEN WE GOT OFF THE BUS at our destination—not an isolated village but a medium-size town—it was like being whisked back to traditional China. Not bicycles but wooden wheelbarrows were still the main means of transportation. Peasants wheeled their fattened, snorting (but securely tied-down) pigs to market. A wizened old man with a wispy white beard wheeled his wife along, her tiny bound feet a symbol of past female subjugation. In contrast, a bright-faced, rosy-cheeked young woman in her mid-20s huffed and puffed as she hauled a foul-smelling "honey-cart" up the street. She had collected the night's human refuse and was delivering it to the collection pit to be mixed with water and later bucketed on to the surrounding vegetable fields. Not a drop must be wasted. I couldn't help being reminded of the smart "pre-Liberation" landlords who recruited peasants from the other side of the village so that they would be forced to use the "conveniences" provided by their employer.

My venture into the women's section of the public lavatory, a rough brick enclosure of not-so-freshly-dug dirt, provided an amusing diversion for my five or six female fellow-users. Oblivious of their smelly surroundings, they chatted merrily as they squatted on the ground. If the appearance of my foreign face brought their conversation to a surprised halt, the sight of Western-style bikini briefs provoked them to offer some friendly advice.

"You'll catch cold wearing underwear like that", said an elderly woman as she pulled up her voluminous cotton bloomers.

"Perhaps they don't get as many cotton ration tickets in foreign countries as we do in China", rationalised one of her friends.

Despite the advances made by women in urban areas where, at least according to the popular slogan, they "hold up half of heaven", in this Szechuanese town they seemed to be holding up at least three-quarters of it. By disregarding the Government's family planning policy their "double burden" as worker and housekeeper-mother had

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not been eased. The slogan of a few years ago—"Women should have only two children"—had apparently not reached their ears, let alone the latest drive to control the teeming population ("One child is best, two at the most").

Grubby-faced, runny-nosed infants peered out from every doorway. Babies crawled over the stone and earthen floors of the ramshackle wooden huts. The young woman waiting at the bus stop was a not uncommon sight: a toddler by the hand, a baby on her back, and another "little treasure" on the way. When I commented on the number of her children, bearing in mind the free supply of birth-control pills and condoms at the local chemist, she just shrugged her shoulders: "I've already got two girls—everyone still wants to have boys . . . and the more the better."

It was usually grandmothers, rather than mothers, who were looking after small children while they sat on bamboo chairs outside the wooden huts or did their washing and cleaned vegetables around the local well. In China, as in Russia, motherhood often skips a generation. But where had all the grandfathers gone? To the local teahouse, still as much a feature of Szechuan life as the private vegetable markets, the noodle stalls with their hot sauces, and the open-air barbers turning their customers into skinheads. I was not sure whether the pipe-smoking old men—and many not-so-old men—were more surprised by my presence as a foreigner or as a woman.

"It's not the custom for women to come to teahouses", one old man told me. "They're usually much too busy at home."

BACK IN CHENGTU, with Kunming duly added to our travel permit, we said farewell to our friendly officials and set off on the 24-hour train-trip to the far south-west. The recently completed Chengtu-Kunming railway line (of which the Chinese are justifiably proud) passes through some of the country's most difficult terrain and most spectacular scenery—mostly out of sight since much of the line was tunnelled through the mountains. When we arrived at the "foreigners' hotel" in Kunming by local bus, our reception was cool and formal. Unlike the friendly, outgoing Szechuanese, the Kunming officials seemed nervous of foreigners and reverted to the bureaucratic stonewalling with which I was only too familiar from my earlier days in China.

"No, we do not know of any foreigners living at the hotel", an official replied coldly when we enquired about two American friends who had recently arrived in the city to teach English. Half-an-hour later we ran into them in the lobby. "Of course they know us—there are only three foreigners living here!"

The sooner we got back to "downstairs China" the better. This time the attraction was the Stone Forest, a famous tourist site about 75 miles from Kunming. A taxi for the return trip would cost approximately £40, said a dour hotel official. "There is no other suitable transport—most foreigners are willing to pay the amount charged." After constant urging, he reluctantly admitted that there *was* a daily bus but warned us that it was "really most unsuitable for foreign guests." The return fare; just under £2 per person.

It was only when we made the journey that we appreciated his caution. This was the ultimate "downstairs China." The outward trip in a creaking, antiquated bus was crowded but orderly; the return journey—taking almost five hours—was sheer chaos. The booking system had broken down, we were told, but then it always did on buses going to Kunming. People lucky enough to board the bus at the terminus got seats; those joining at the next bus station found *their* numbered seats already occupied. All tried to force their way on to the already crowded bus.

"I have to go to the doctor in Kunming", pleaded one young woman with a baby and a toddler.

"Well, I have to sell my vegetables", shouted an elderly peasant trying to push her out of the way.

Eventually the driver took command, ordered some people off the bus, and told those milling round the door: "You will have to wait until tomorrow, or the next day!"

People who did not have seats leant against those who did, or squatted on the floor. In the aisle next to me the young woman with the baby sat on a box, holding on to her little boy. When I offered to let him sit on my lap she stared at me wide-eyed, before stuttering: "You're the first foreigner I've ever seen! Even your skin is a different colour from ours. . . ."

A couple of hours later I wasn't really sorry she had refused my offer. The rough, winding trip through the mountains of Yunnan took its toll and a number of small children, including the little boy, were sick on the floor. Another small boy, unable to control himself any longer, peed down the bus steps. Eventually we reached a straight stretch of road and the driver stopped the bus. While Japanese tourists whizzed past in their modern

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buses and taxis, the women whose children had been sick collected straw and cleaned up the mess as best they could. Others held out infants in their split pants on the side of the road.

WHEN WE ARRIVED BACK at the hotel in Kunming, no doubt looking somewhat shaken, our formerly dour hotel official grinned broadly: "I was right, wasn't I? The bus trip is not suitable for foreign guests." But we had passed the test. From then on he was only too willing to tell us about local bus routes and even recommended restaurants which, as he put it, were "most unsuitable for foreigners." But this was one evening when even I rebelled against the quest for contact with the Chinese people. Upstairs I went to the spacious hotel dining room with its polished floorboards, white linen tablecloths and enthusiastic tourist groups: highly-organised Japanese, serious Germans and elegantly-coiffed American widows who had carefully "dressed for dinner."

After the rocky bus ride to the Stone Forest and back, the 24-hour return trip to Chengtu, with a "hard sleeper" bunk to oneself, seemed almost luxurious. At Chengtu railway station we hailed a passing pedicab, the bicycle-drawn successor to the rickshaw. Only too aware of the "unreformed" ways of so many people in "New China", I took the precaution of asking the cost of the short ride to the hotel.

"Well, it depends", replied the muscular, toothless old man in patched cotton trousers and tattered shirt. "Do you have an expense account?" An expense account? "If you have an expense account", he explained in a thick Szechuanese accent, "I'll charge more but you'll be reimbursed by your unit." We assured the old man that we were paying our own way, but there was some spirited bargaining before we agreed on a price (later we found out that we had been grossly overcharged).

The expense account, often combined with the business trip, is not the monopoly of high Party officials on jaunts overseas; it goes almost all the way down the line. And it helps to explain a few other Chinese puzzles. Chatting to three long-distance truck-drivers in a Chengtu restaurant, I asked why there were usually so few women in restaurants. "Most of the people eating out are travelling on business", replied one young man, assuming I already knew that few women enjoyed the perquisites of the business trip, let alone the expense account and the extra food ration tickets which enabled truck-drivers to eat in the best local restaurants. Even in some major cities meat was rationed to two pounds per person per month—little wonder that restaurant patrons were invariably in a jolly mood.

THE FOLLOWING DAY we wandered around one of Chengtu's major tourist attractions, the hermitage of the 8th-century poet Tu Fu, with four men from Wuhan in central China who were attending a conference on aeronautical engineering. But their opportunities for combining business with sightseeing paled in comparison with a group of Szechuanese construction engineers who shared our restaurant table a few weeks later in Shanghai. Like us, they had travelled all the way down the Yangtze from Chungking: "the trip of a lifetime", as one of them put it. Two days later we bumped into them again on a tourist launch on Hangchow's famous West Lake. "We finished our business in Shanghai early", explained a jovial middle-aged man, "so we decided to stop off here for a few days on our way to Canton."

The perks of business trips and expense accounts do not go quite *all* the way down the line. As a fellow-passenger on the "hard-sitter", 14-hour train-trip from Chengtu to Chungking said, most of the peasants in the tiny villages we were passing would probably never go much further than the next village in an entire lifetime. No wonder Mao Tse-tung described the "urban-rural gap" as one of the basic contradictions in Chinese society; with the new emphasis on professionalism and modernisation the gap might well become wider than ever.

THE 1,400-MILE BOAT-TRIP down the Yangtze from Chungking to Shanghai came as a welcome relief after over 4,000 miles of train travel. Once patrolled by British gunboats to protect their treaty ports, the first stretch of the journey—through the Yangtze Gorges—is now invaded by the foreign package-tour brigade. Until their specially-built tourist-ships are completed, they travel in the same boats as the Chinese, but, of course, in isolated "upstairs" splendour. The lucky occupants of the comfortable two-berth cabins on the upper deck can relax in their own spacious front lounge, surveying the dramatic gorges through the huge windows without even going out on deck. Of the 800 or more Chinese passengers,

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the only ones likely to be sharing this superior accommodation are top officials. As a cabin attendant put it, "You have to be either a foreigner or of very high rank to be allowed in that part of the ship."

Unlike the soft-hard class distinction of rail travel, *The East is Red No. 35*—all the main passenger boats sailing the Yangtze are called *The East is Red*—had numbered classes. But high officials did not suffer the stigma of travelling "first class"; accommodation ranged from the second-class two-berth cabins to dormitory-style fifth class. Even the 30 or more soldiers crowded into the dormitory had little to complain about; many passengers slept wherever they could find a space—on the narrow decks, in the foyer, in passageways. The Yangtze Gorges might be regarded as a famous tourist attraction but below-deck passengers were more concerned with staking out a claim to a small piece of territory, dumping their possessions and children on it, and avoiding being trodden on by people on their way to the canteen or the lavatory.

From the grey rocky banks of the river came the incessant clinking sound of the breaking of stones, just as it had no doubt been going on for thousands of years. A team of young men hauled a huge boulder up a steep slope, their melodic chanting reminiscent of past days in America's Deep South. Men, women and children collected water from the river and made their way up the bank, carefully balancing the buckets on age-old shoulder-poles. The modern appliances in the shop windows of Shanghai's fashionable Nanking Road seemed a long way away—what would a Szechuanese peasant who knew nothing of tap water make of the model kitchen, complete with stainless-steel sink?

As the boat pulled into Wanhsien, a major Yangtze port, one of my fellow-passengers warned me not to buy anything from the peddlers who came down to the landing stage. "And don't pay the first price that's asked, even in the private markets on the main street!" he added. For a while it seemed I was going to have trouble buying anything at all. One young woman with a bagful of oranges simply stared at me open-mouthed, turned on her heel, and ran.

"She's an amateur trying to make a bit of money on the side", explained the man from the ship. "She thinks she'll get into trouble selling goods to a foreigner at more than twice the official price."

Less intimidated was a grizzled old "professional" who insisted that one pomelo (a yellow citrus fruit resembling a large grapefruit) was worth five *mao* (about 15p). A middle-aged woman shouted that it was worth no more than three *mao*, and a teen-age girl whispered in my ear: "He's trying to cheat you because you're a foreigner, and he thinks you don't know any better. . . ."

As we approached Nanking, China's capital before the Communist victory, a tough old People's Liberation Army soldier pointed out familiar landmarks on the Yangtze's south bank. A young soldier in April 1949, he was with the Communist troops excitedly waiting for the order to cross the broad river to capture the city from the Nationalists. Peking and Tientsin had already been "liberated" (or had "fallen", depending on whose side one was on), and within a few months the People's Republic would be officially proclaimed in Peking by Mao Tse-tung.

THAT WAS thirty years ago. Now Mao is dead and Communist China is headed on a "new course." But the sense of freedom, even euphoria, that I had experienced at Peking University after the so-called "smashing of the Gang of Four" in late 1976 seemed to have given way to questioning and confusion. My former "peasant" room-mate at the University—one of the last intake of "worker-peasant-soldier" students—was back again on the farm, disillusioned at discovering that she belonged to the "lost generation" of poorly-trained students whose studies had been interrupted by large doses of manual labour and political activity. Even more bitter were those members of "the lost generation" who because of their non-proletarian class background had been deprived of higher education altogether.

"It's too late for us", wailed a highly intelligent young woman in her early 20s in a Shanghai bookshop. "Now they're enrolling most university students straight from school! My generation has simply missed out. . . ."

Expressions of frustration were not limited to discontented youth. "For almost 30 years we've been told that socialism is a superior system, but we look around and wonder what's superior about it", commented a disillusioned middle-aged technician in the privacy of his own home—a dilapidated two-room shack in Hangchow. He seemed surprised by his own words.

"You know, a few years ago I would have been afraid to say that even to members of my own family."

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BACK IN UPSTAIRS CHINA people still regurgitated the official line, using "the Gang of Four" as scapegoats for everything that was wrong in China: from faulty plumbing to inadequate hotel accommodation. When we returned to Canton during the Trade Fair, a hotel official informed us that all the hotels were fully booked. Indeed, irate Western businessmen had arrived in the city with confirmed reservations only to find themselves sleeping in dormitories hastily set up in lounges and reception rooms.

"Anyway, we have no information on you", said the frazzled official. "What is your purpose in coming to China, and where is your China Travel Service itinerary?"

"We're not coming—we're going", I replied. "We don't have a Travel Service itinerary. We've just been travelling around the country by ourselves for seven weeks." He looked at me disbelievingly, and shook his head: "That is just not possible for foreigners in China. . . ."

Hotel des Bains

On the one hand I am all at sea—
On the other, I regard the poplar trees
Pliantly defending the Church of Our Lady.
Boisterous passions and grey lamentation
Have shaped the aspiring granite
That is Our Lady's worn habitation,
But her green guardians, firmly footed in sand,
Possessors of less rigid attitudes,
Keep countless edges clearly defined in wind.
It rained yesterday, it rains today,
But dark leaves turn to make light of weather
And tune my mind to a song of yesterday
Because I think the trees peculiarly French.
I hear *Roses are Shining in Picardy*—
And roses appear to be shining on every branch—
Although love is not watching by the poplars
To a plaintive piano accompaniment.
There is nothing but rain and parked cars.

On the other hand, against the firm line of the sea,
The tallest and prettiest girl in France
Stoops low, like an anxious swan, preparing coffee,
Cherishing each potion closely as though she were Iseult—
All because she will not wear her spectacles.
I could tell her, if language were not difficult,
If, like the trees, we had common tongues to share,
About the music in my head and inconsequential
Explosion of roses filling the leaden square.
I could tell anyone, if experience had not taught me
Language is safer left furnishing the mind.
But smiling, mademoiselle approaches with coffee.
We both smile, Our informative smiles are splendid,
As celebratory today as they were yesterday.
Slowly I drink my brew. Slowly I break my bread.

Freda Downie

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A Conversation with Mircea Eliade

On the Pursuit of "the True Dreams of Mankind"

ALTHOUGH YOU ARE *a "mythologue", a specialist in comparative religious history, you have written several novels, and it was one of these which made you famous when you were still a young man.*

ELIADE: Yes, that was in 1932. I had just come back to Bucharest after spending some years in India studying the philosophy of yoga. I was an academic assistant at the university, but I was also a writer, and I won first prize in a literary competition, which led to the publication of my book *Maitreyi*. It was a novel of exotic love (subsequently published in France under the title of *La Nuit bengali*) and much to the publisher's surprise and my own it was enormously successful. So at the age of 21 I became famous: the Romanian papers wrote about me, I was recognised in the street, and so on. But it was quite easy to shine in a provincial culture where nearly everybody knew everybody else—not at all the way it is in Paris or New York. That was a very important experience for me, because I found out what it meant "to be admired" while I was still fairly young.

—Was that your first literary effort?

ELIADE: Not quite. When I was 14 or 15 I had written some travel pieces, stories of adventures in the Danube delta and the Carpathians. In particular I'd written a very autobiographical book called *The Story of a Short-Sighted Adolescent*, because I was already very short-sighted and I had a complex about being ugly and unlovable. I published only a few fragments from that book, and then nothing till very much later. I also published articles about insects, and when I was still a schoolboy I wrote a short essay entitled "How I Discovered the Philosopher's Stone."

—You were at secondary school at the time. When did you find time to write?

ELIADE: I wrote at night-time, and I'd worked out a technique to shorten my sleeping hours, which involved reducing them by five minutes each night. When I had managed to gain an hour—for instance, when I had got my sleep down from six hours to five—I would keep up that rhythm for a month; and then I would go on from there. But when I went from 4 hours 30 minutes to 4 hours 25 minutes, and then 20 minutes, I wasn't getting enough sleep any more, and I started having dizzy spells. So I was compelled to stop. . . . Reluctantly, because I felt I had so many things to read, so many foreign languages to learn.

But at the same time I was a bad pupil who got interested in history when I should have been studying maths, or picked up the rudiments of Sanskrit when I should have been persevering with Latin grammar. I was in rebellion against the excessive rigidity of the school system. In particular I was positively allergic to school textbooks, and I used the money my father provided for buying them in order to buy "real books"—meaning books which weren't imposed by teachers. He only noticed that after four or five years.

—What did you buy . . . novels?

ELIADE: No, not exclusively. I was fascinated by the sciences—entomology, botany, chemistry, and already by the roots of chemistry, meaning alchemy. What fascinated me was the unity of matter, and also its transformation into energy. So when I learned from my reading that the dream of the alchemists had been the transmutation of matter

WHY IS THERE *such an extraordinary obsession, in the industrial and scientific West, with Yoga and Zen, with alchemy and ancient or exotic myths? Is there, beyond faddism, a deeper meaning to this resurrection of the seekers of "the philosopher's stone"?* MIRCEA ELIADE *is an historian of religion, but also a novelist, poet, philosopher, orientalist, and ethnographer. Born in Romania in 1907, Eliade began his intellectual career in India and has been a professor at the University of Chicago for the last 20 years. Nevertheless, most of his books have been written in French. Among his publications are "The Myth of Eternal Return" (1954), "Myths, Dreams and Mysteries" (n.e. 1968), "From Primitives to Zen" (n.e. 1978); one of the most important, recently published by Payot in France and Collins in Britain, is the first volume of his History of Religious Beliefs and Ideas, "From the Stone Age to the Eleusinian Mysteries."*

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into gold, I was interested to see how and why. And I very soon discovered the mythic dimension of transmutation. Because the traditional science of alchemy works not only upon the matter under transmutation, but also on the soul. The alchemist who sought to make gold transmuted himself in his researches, so that gold, in alchemy, is not only a metal but also—and primarily—the symbol of perfection, of freedom, of immortality. This is perfectly clear from the alchemists' writings. We are a very long way from objectivity in the modern scientific sense of the word.

In Chinese alchemy, for example, which is very important, the alchemist also dreams of making gold, but it is not something which really involves him. The alchemist in China was principally seeking the elixir of long life. The alchemist's laboratory is like the yogi who does exercises in order to master both his body and his spirit.

—What happens in the mind of an adolescent who studies chemistry and finds himself led on to alchemy?

ELIADE: What fascinated me was mastery over time, since in so far as the alchemist transforms his ore in the course of a few months or a few days, he thereby takes the place of nature, and so manages to speed up time.

In the pre-alchemy of primitive societies, in fact, ore was considered as an embryo contained inside the belly of mother earth. And these same societies believed that it took two or three thousand years for the ore—iron, for example—to be turned into gold. Hence the alchemist, once he takes the place of the work of nature, is accelerating time.

But, on the other hand, terrible consequences spring from this because in the 19th century, with the birth of organic chemistry and biology, man becomes the master of time, and also bears the enormous responsibility and burden of it. All techniques, all knowledge, and all action once had a sacred aspect. When alchemy became chemistry, this was lost. Nowadays we work in the laboratory as we work in the factory. The trans-historic and transcendental meanings have disappeared. Modern science no longer aims any further than knowledge, mastery over matter. Its goal is different. That is a new phenomenon, and a very serious one.

—Yet the alchemists remain the great precursors of modern science?

ELIADE: Yes, of course. They work with minerals and plants, so it was the alchemists who paved the way for the sciences. Alchemy became not only chemistry but also botany and medicine. There is a continuity.

But what has utterly changed in our own time is the universal attitude which characterises the archaic stage of cultures. Once, all human activities—agriculture, mineralogy, metallurgy, medicine—were modelled on the creation of the world, on cosmogony. Always the same question was asked: how Being came into Being, how the world came into Being. Not only in theory, but in practical applications too.

In Tibet, for example, when someone is ill, the lama who comes to tend him begins by reciting the cosmogonic myth, then the myth of the origin of illness, and then the myth of the first shaman who cured the sick. The patient is thus projected into the dawn of time, before the creation; he symbolically re-enacts the whole process of creation. And he is restored, he is healed, because the great healer has literally succeeded in taking the illness away.

This means that traditional man, in primitive cultures, does not believe in his own ability to mend things. He does not dare to mend them because there is no model—mending is complicated and it can be dangerous. He is only sure of doing right if each time he tries to mend he symbolically re-creates the world. To the extent that alchemy already acts upon matter, it denotes the shift from one system to the other.

—Are there still alchemists today?

ELIADE: Yes, a few. I have known two contemporary alchemists, the German von Bernus, who practised alchemy as a therapy, and the Frenchman Eugène Canseliet.

—How do you explain the current popular interest in alchemy? What accounts for its surprising comeback in our scientific industrial society?

ELIADE: 25 years ago, alchemy was considered as a kind of pre-chemistry or proto-chemistry, and elementary, embryonic chemistry. That was the viewpoint of science historians. Today, because of our renewed interest in myths and symbols, and also because of certain translations of alchemical texts which have finally become accessible, we see things quite differently.

The attraction exerted by alchemy in the United States, England, France and Germany derives from its fantastic power over the imagination. As we read the alchemical texts, and look at their powerful illustrations, we are fascinated, even if we do not always understand them. It is this formidable power of fascination which seems to me to explain the current success of alchemy. Gaston Bachelard was right when he said that the nocturnal life of the spirit possessed a primordial importance compared with the diurnal life represented by knowledge. *Le régime nocturne de l'esprit* is perhaps the most significant thing about alchemy.

IS IT NOT POSSIBLE *to explain our interest in myths and symbols by the decline of spirituality in our modern civilisation? And in conjunction with that, by man's need for spirituality?*

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ELIADE: It is certainly no secret to anybody that we are going through a spiritual crisis in the Western world: the desacralising of the cosmos, and of the Churches, and of human relationships. This creates a void which each person tries to fill, in the practice of yoga, in Zen, or in alchemy, but without going to the roots of their own religion, and that is a very odd phenomenon.

Once it was the priest or the rabbi who gave the answers and prescribed the books to read. Now, conversely, it is the Christian or the Jew who is often the most completely cut off from his own tradition, and he makes no attempt to try to come closer to it or understand it. Yet I also believe that it is the longest road that leads to home. The immense Western fascination with yoga, Zen, and alchemy expresses the new freedom of each individual to seek out his own path among the vast variety of beliefs which mankind has produced. In my opinion that is the roundabout way whereby we shall some day be restored to our own spiritual and religious beginnings.

—You yourself spent several years in India when you were young. Would you be the person you are if you had not lived in the Far East?

ELIADE: It is true that I took that *détour* myself. When I left for India I was 21 years old. At that time I was deeply interested in philosophy, and it was then a great adventure for a Westerner to go to the Far East. I chose India for two reasons: Indian thought, and particular the peasant culture which had remained intact there.

It was my Indian experiences that made me truly understand the gesture made by a Greek or Romanian peasant when he kneels and crosses himself before an icon. Before my stay in India I was rather disturbed by the fetishistic side of such an action, and I thought that "true religion" was first of all contemplation and meditation, like any Christian who sees himself as an enlightened believer. But when I saw the extraordinary importance of symbolism for the Indian people, I realised that until then I had very much underestimated the existential scope of symbol and image.

—Was there any experience which particularly caught your attention in that context?

ELIADE: Yes, what struck me most was the veneration of women known for their great chastity for the god Shiva, who is symbolised by the *lingam*, the male sexual organ. The phallus is immediately identifiable, and it is not possible for anyone to fail to recognise it at a glance. But it is also the symbol of a god at the same time as the clear expression of his fertility, as creator of the world. Well, those women were capable of making a total distinction between object and symbol, as if the object were suddenly blotted out. It was very impressive.

This enabled me to understand, by analogy, how a European peasant population saw, for example, an image of the Madonna and child. Here the mother really does become *autre chose*, "something else" in the true sense. It was my experiences in India that convinced me of the power and transmissibility of the symbol.

—What is the comparison you make between the alchemist and the yogi?

ELIADE: The yogi works on his own physiology, for example on his breathing; he tries to maintain a "stable and agreeable" posture, as Patangali puts it. Through ascesis practised on his own body he achieves a refinement of matter exactly comparable with the alchemist who "tortures" metals—that is the expression used—and purifies them in his laboratory. In both cases a state of complete spiritual autonomy is reached in the end, because the spirit is no longer conditioned by psycho-physiology or by the external material world. In both cases we are dealing with taking leave of time. These two ways run altogether parallel to each other.

ARE YOU YOURSELF not deeply involved in this problem? Does the writer, scholar and philosopher in you "cherche à sortir du temps", have his own longing to escape from time?

ELIADE: Yes, and undoubtedly because my whole generation, from the Marxists to Sartre, was dominated by the discovery of history and historicity, and this is bound up with the extent to which man is a creature who lives in irreversible historical time. But personally I am opposed to such an act of reduction, not that I am afraid of history but because man also lives in a non-historical time—the time of dreams, the time of the imagination, and the like.

In particular I do not see why we should exclude cosmic time, which is not irreversible but cyclic, and very important for the human race, which is also a part of the cosmos—something which too often tends to be overlooked. I simply wish to say that you cannot ignore what the whole world lives and knows—the rhythm of alternating day and night, the constantly repeated cycle of the seasons. These are human experiences of a cosmological type, in which time truly is cyclical. To take them into account does not involve some escapist flight from history but openness to a wonderful transcendence of a thoroughly concrete kind, which makes possible communication with nature, animals, and plants.

—Do you go so far as seeing this openness to the cosmos as also meaning openness to the Whole, "une overture vers le Tout"?

ELIADE: Yes, that's it! Because openness to the

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cosmos also means being open to the deep meaning of everything. Take springtime: it does not merely amount to the time when the plants grow. Any adolescent feels in his bones and flesh that there is something more than that in springtime—a renewal, a rebirth. It is the same with the sacred tree in some primitive religions. The sacredness of the tree does not come from the naive minds of a bunch of wretched natives who fell to worshipping it for no good reason; it comes from the symbolism of the leaves that fall in the autumn and grow again each spring. *L'arbre sacré* is a marvellous expression of the mystery of the continuous creation of the cosmos.

That is why I readily speak of a "cosmic religion" in which the sacred is revealed through phenomena that bind us to the cosmos, and not solely through man, as in Judaism and Christianity, with a dominating God who is lord of history.

—You have been studying myths for many long years. What is a myth, then, and how does it function in ancient and modern societies?

ELIADE: An elementary definition of myth might be that it tells a sacred story. The myth is a sacred narrative, because the people in that narrative are always superhuman.

The cosmogonic myth, for example, is the story of the creation of the world by a god or gods. The myth of the origin of a plant or the origin of man is the narrative which explains how this or that plant or how mankind came into being. And the same goes for the origin of death, the origin of an institution, of agriculture. Something happened in mythic time: there was an event, and after that event came death, a particular social institution, or agriculture. As for the myth of the origin of death, it is perfectly clear, especially in African mythology. God had decided to allow men to live a long time, but men committed a crime, and because of that crime man is mortal. Myth always retraces the circumstances in which a particular condition came into being.

—But what exactly is the function of myth?

ELIADE: It has an exemplary value. It is a transhistoric model. One of the most characteristic cases is the myth of the origin of the kangaroo. At a certain moment a superhuman being created the kangaroo, in Australia. When they want to hunt the kangaroo, Australian tribes ritually repeat the myth; and a few days afterwards, kangaroos appear in the region. This myth very probably dates from the palaeolithic age.

It is the same in agriculture. If the harvest is threatened by drought, there is somebody to recite the cosmogonic myth, then the myth of the origin of agriculture, and so on. That is the great function of myth in traditional societies, where myth is something living. It is the keystone of cultural, social and religious life.

—Through your different examples it seems as if myth is also a kind of procedure, a technique which can ensure the proper outcome of a given operation.

ELIADE: Absolutely. The Polynesians are considered the best navigators in the world because we know that they used to cover distances of thousands of kilometres in their rudimentary canoes. Now behind this exceptional efficiency lay a myth which was told on the occasion of each expedition on the high seas. From the existential viewpoint this is very important. Imagine those seamen in a storm. If they repeated the lesson of the myth of the origin of navigation exactly, in every detail, they were sure that nothing could happen to them.

It is quite conceivable that they were perfectly relaxed even in the midst of the direst dangers, which would give them an extra chance of success, and it is not a negligible factor. And if, in spite of everything, there was a wreck, the cause was very easy to understand: they had not stuck faithfully enough to the myth, the model.

Do Greek myths still have the same rigour, the same effectiveness of behaviour?

ELIADE: The difficulty is that at a certain moment the whole of Greek Olympian mythology was rewritten by the poets and mythologists, who interpreted certain fundamental mythic themes in their own way. All those adventures of Zeus not only mating with his wife Hera but also transforming himself in order to seduce various local goddesses are reinvented versions of the central myth of the god of the atmosphere uniting with the Earth goddess. The Greek myths are less significant than those of primitive societies, because they are very adulterated.

—And today . . . do great myths still exist in our scientific and industrial society?

ELIADE: Yes, there are at least two. Or rather there have been at least two, because they are dead, or dying.

The first is the myth of everlasting Progress, linked to the effects of science and technology, which was current all through the positivistic 19th century, and which has been considerably weakened by the terrible slaughter of the two World Wars. Until 1914, the West believed in an all-powerful technology capable of delivering the world from its bondage.

Nowadays, nobody has any great belief in that. Atomic physicists for example, are all pessimists. They do not dare to believe in the impossibility of nuclear war. They doubt whether man as a species can still be saved, even if they don't say so out loud. But on the other hand if you tell the man in the street that one day the oil will run out, he puts his trust in the scientists—they're "bound to find something" to replace it.

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—But why has "le mythe du progrès infini" not survived the state of crisis created by two World Wars?

ELIADE: I feel that it is because people believed that all progress was to be equated solely with the development of technology. The originators of the myth are, in the 18th century, the Encyclopaedists, then came Auguste Comte, and the brilliant creators of organic chemistry who achieved the first syntheses of matter (such as fat, or milk). It was on the basis of stunning discoveries of that kind that people came to believe in progress. But on the other hand none of the great prophets of progress were mystics, in the sense that science and technology were supposed to help people to become better. It was soon obvious that neither their confidence nor their optimism was capable of changing human nature. The myth of everlasting progress acted at what we might call a purely secular level, which explains why it was killed by the first great historical crisis.

—And the second myth of our society?

ELIADE: The Communist ideology. It is quite clear that there was a messianic myth inseparable from the thinking of Marx: class struggle interpreted as an apocalyptic battle between the forces of Good and Evil, to be followed by the victory of the forces of Good, from which there emerges the classless society—paradise on earth, in fact. At the beginning of the Bolshevik Revolution there were some workers so convinced that communism would transform the world that they worked as many as 18 hours a day in the factories to hasten the process. Such a tremendous physical effort was only possible where work had a messianic, millenarian meaning, implying that the Revolution was to be the saving of mankind.

—But doesn't the rise of dissidence in the USSR indicate that the Marxist myth is already dying there?

ELIADE: Yes. Fatally wounded by the Gulag, without a doubt. Yet unlike the myth of progress the Marxist myth possesses all the features of a religion, because it gives (or used to give) an overall meaning to human life, and justifies (or used to justify) the world and history.

IS MYTH *prior to religion? Can it arise or survive without religion or outside of religion?*

ELIADE: Obviously not. And in any case the Marxist vision is perhaps more "sublime" than religious. . . . But spiritual values are directly linked with certain very crucial historic events, and they are not even conceivable without or before those events. Let me give just a single basic example, that of the appearance of agriculture.

Mankind is more than two million years old, while agriculture appeared about fifteen or sixteen thousand years ago. During those two million years, man was the hunter, and his wife was the fruit-picker or seed-gatherer. This had far-reaching consequences. The hunter knew only two seasons, winter and summer, which correspond to the periods during which wild animals give birth. He was interested only in game, so much so that he created a protector for it, *le seigneur des fauves*, the lord of the beasts, who was also his own protector. And the important thing was to preserve the skeleton, because from the bones, so hunters thought, the lord of the beasts could always re-create the animal.

But agriculture discovered the fertility of seed and the fertilisation of the earth, and that was to change everything. Not only the nomadic existence being replaced by fixed settlements, which have multiplied the human population a hundredfold in a few thousand years, but also the kinds of religious belief.

It was the appearance of agriculture which gave us the symbolic assimilation of the Earth with woman, the Earth Mother who must be impregnated by the Sky god, so that the fertility of the soil is interpreted as the outcome of that marriage. Woman thus took on great religious and social importance, and it even seems that when agriculture began, the ownership of the land was hers. A cycle was instituted: animal fecundity/plant fecundity, rain/moon, Sky god/Earth goddess, death and resurrection.

Mort et résurrection: the seed which makes a new plant grow each spring was a great discovery for man. It was this which engendered the hope that the cosmic circle was repeated in the human race. Such a concept is unthinkable before the Neolithic period. All the great religions of the world extend the discoveries of the Neolithic. The religious and spiritual consequences of the appearance of agriculture are considerable.

—That may be true of agrarian societies, but is this type of belief or religion still possible in our present society?

ELIADE: The agrarian religions have survived for a very long time. Subsequently they were integrated with urban cultures, in which the town symbolically becomes the emblem and centre of the world. That was until the end of the Middle Ages. But the huge problem of the present day is the total desacralisation both of the cosmos and of human society. This has never previously occurred in history.

DO YOU BELIEVE *that this desacralisation is irreversible?*

ELIADE: Oh no! I have been teaching in the United States for years, as you know. I have had the opportunity, for example, to observe the "Hippie movement" at close range and to follow its effects

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among my own students in Chicago. Well, with the hippies it is quite clear that they have rediscovered something which had been thought of as lost since the days of the prophets: "cosmic religiosity"! And at the same time the meaning of life as a sacramental epiphany, as something more precious than it was for their parents, whom they see as representing the old Establishment.

Their valorisation of nudity and sexuality is of a ritual not a physiological type. In love they have discovered not an orgiastic pleasure but a deliverance from their own feelings of inferiority and guilt. In the same way, music, poverty and serenity possess, for them, a spiritual value. They have rediscovered nature as an epiphany of the sacred.

—Yes, but don't you have the feeling that the "Hippie movement" is in decline?

ELIADE: I'm not so sure. The people who went through that movement are now ten years older. They have gone into the libraries where they have since discovered religious texts whose very existence was previously unknown to them. They have gone into the primary schools, where they have discovered the creative spontaneity of the child. Something has persisted, and been strengthened. Whereas they were more like a protest movement to begin with: streaking naked in the street or going in for "free love" was mainly considered a good way to annoy parents and teachers.

—So you believe in the potential of small groups for human and spiritual renewal?

ELIADE: Without anticipating the future, all the same I do profoundly believe that. For example, people in Europe have no idea of the way the American civic rights movement has given a new sense of religion to the young people who took part in it for ethical and political reasons. Living alongside each other, the marches, the songs, the difficulties encountered have transfigured some of them. They have moved on from the social to the religious. That could not be predicted at the start.

—You mean that certain movements believed to be political today are already "transpolitical" movements which herald a religious revival?

ELIADE: Once again, but without wanting to anticipate the event, I do not doubt it for a moment. When it started, Christianity was not considered a religion but a kind of atheism; and that was only to be expected, since the Christians refused to offer up sacrifices to the Roman gods. We ought not to try to identify nascent religious structures with what they later became, namely great universal religions. Judaism, Christianity, Buddhism, and Islam began as a number of little cells, for generations. It is highly possible that something analogous is happening now. But maybe not in the traditional Judaeo-Christian sense which is usually recognised, or in a form already known.

—In what form, then?

ELIADE: What is utterly new, I believe, is that we are now condemned to culture, by which I mean that the oral traditions on which the old civilisations were once built have practically vanished, just like the occult traditions, so that now we can only gain our initiation through the written word. We are a bit like the educated people of the late Hellenistic world. We know, for example, that the great treatises of the *Corpus Hermeticum* (written between the 3rd century BC and the 2nd century AD) were reputed to contain the secret of the supreme *gnosis*, an esoteric science which ensured salvation. The simple fact of reading, pondering, and understanding these texts amounted to an "initiation." This new type of individual and purely spiritual "initiation", made possible by careful reading and meditation on an esoteric text, developed in the imperial era, and particularly after the triumph of Christianity. It resulted partly from the prestige enjoyed by "holy books" reputed to be of divine origin, and partly—after the 5th century AD—from the disappearance of the Mysteries and the eclipse of other secret organisations.

In the perspective of this new model of initiation, the transmission of esoteric doctrines no longer implies a "chain of initiation." The sacred text can be forgotten for centuries, but it only needs to be rediscovered by a competent reader for its message to become intelligible and immediate once again. That is what happened with the *Corpus Hermeticum*, which was rediscovered and translated into Latin in the 15th century by Marsilio Ficino. But today the phenomenon is more extensive and more profound. We know practically all the sacred texts of all the religions—they are all accessible to us. The situation is unprecedented in the history of mankind.

—Which means that we are condemned to scholarship—like Nietzsche's "short-sighted librarian in a far-flung library"....

ELIADE: Yes, but we have to be precise, Nietzsche's librarian is modern man reduced (according to the German philosopher) to being unable to do anything but comment. Whereas I myself believe in scholarship complemented by a creative hermeneutics. For it is through study of that mountain of texts that it is—or will be—possible to lay the foundations of new values.

—Aren't you at least a little afraid that these texts will cancel each other out instead, and make any return of religious faith impossible?

ELIADE: Absolutely not, because the work of hermeneutics is a matter of deciphering the meaning of the phenomenon which we call the religious

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phenomenon. I believe that the job of the religious historian goes beyond scholarship proper—and beyond any other kind of history, whether art, law or language—because here we are in the presence of spiritual positions as they have been lived out from the time of the palaeolithic hunters all the way to the present day.

All existential situations, all the crises, hopes, and despairs of man are reflected by religion. At these different stages and phases of history, it is the human spirit as a whole which we ultimately rediscover and study. For that reason I believe that history of religion is a privileged discipline which has a more serious meaning than any other historical discipline.

—What exactly do you mean by "hermeneutics"?

ELIADE: It is the study of the sense, meaning, or meanings which given religious ideas or phenomena have had in the course of time. We are dealing here with a *herméneutique totale*, since it sets out to decipher and clarify all man's encounters with the sacred, from prehistory to our own time. By their very nature, religious facts constitute a subject matter which calls for thought and creative study, of the kind devoted by men like Montesquieu, Herder, and Hegel to the study of human institutions and their history.

—Which is why you speak of a "creative" hermeneutics.

ELIADE: Exactly. Because a true hermeneutics changes people; it is more than a process of investigation, it is also a spiritual technique which can change the very fabric of existence. A good book about the history of religions ought to have an eye-opening effect on the reader. By presenting and analysing Australian, African or Oceanian myths and rituals—or commenting on Zoroastrian hymns, Taoist texts, or shamanic mythologies and techniques—the religious historian lays bare existential situations unknown or unimaginable to a modern reader; and the meeting with these "foreign" spiritual worlds is bound to have repercussions. Remember the 20th century's *rencontre* with African sculpture and masks. These are more than simple cultural discoveries, they are creative encounters.

—But these "myths" of yours, are they fiction or reality?

ELIADE: Reality for members of traditional societies, where the myths are still alive, and where they are the basis and justification of all human behaviour and activity—fiction for the rest. That goes equally for Christianity. The Nativity, the Passion, the Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ are a "holy story", *une histoire sainte*, for Christians, and consequently a true story, sharing the same ontological conditions as myths in traditional societies.

—May we in conclusion return to your more purely literary activities? How many novels have you written?

ELIADE: Ten or more, I think.

—How does the Romanian best-seller writer in you get on with the American professor? Can artist and scholar coexist?

ELIADE: The scientific imagination is not very far removed from the artistic. My scientific books nearly all express the true dreams of mankind. The two tendencies are, for me, very much at home with each other.

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Mark Abley

Garefowl

1

The sea was spattered with icebergs
And grim and the prize of ten shillings,
Put up by the chief mate when drunk
Should any man swim the breadth of the harbour,
Bounced in his pocket. At seven o'clock
We sailed for the islands: three rough hours
With a dripping wind battering
Storm clouds into a fleet.

The rocks inshore being spiky,
Being feathered in mist, we laid anchor
And seven gunners took to the boats,
One singing *There's no discouragement*
Shall make me once relent . . .
On the first rock Mr Braithwaite
And I discovered puffins
And gulls; and the second; the third.
But after noon on the fourth rock
I noticed two of our prey:
They peered from a ledge at us, easy
To kill, their trust their undoing.

Our meagre haul made the captain
Lose his Irish temper.

And now I doubt if any remain
Even on the secret islands
Off the Faeroes, nor have I heard the name
Spoken lately. The ship's boy
Whaling last year near Tahiti
Thought it a goose or gull.

2

Breath clangs shut, demanding
The freedom of air in the mouth's deeps:
Gare the high beak for fishing,
Air the sacs that detained the bird two minutes
Underwater, *ir* its croak of a song.

Then the glottis hurls open the name:
A fricative presses out of its throat
Before the tundra vowel whirls
Down the feathers past muscle and fat—
Sonority, grease, the eyes' hard flame.

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The word enfolds the bird. Its foretoes
Web together, two syllables, two diphthongs.
Some names—phalarope, sanderling—fly
But these black rudiments,
Runt-wings, get wet in the current.

While the pickled skin and bones
Adorn museums "this most honourable
And ancient foule" lingers in its dying name.
Garefowl: night and snow, island and ocean,
One mate and one egg, one body

For all the stern winds.

3

The words breed so lustily that in less
Than half an hour I filled two boats.
Inspected, rejected them all.
Some of them sidled back, whispering
I am beauteous, take me or
I am heavenly, married to hellish,
A happy compliant couple. I dumped them.

And launched a dory
For the Isle of Old Nouns,
Fogbound as ever. I practised aim
On the pebbles, rolling
My tongue on their bite and sheen:
Obsidian, basalt, coy *magma.*

I found the bird waiting
In the interior, sitting up straight
On a granite shelf facing me.
The white patch beside each eye
Said to me *milk, ivory, salt,*
Salt meat for the long winter.
The white patch said *paper,* said *cumulus*
On ice. The white patch took me
And I took the fowl
From its lair but its egg
Lurched into the air.

Behind a window my booty
Faded with other prizes, and now
I am letting it out to preen
Its dusty extinct feathers,
Tremendous under surf
Till we knew the bird by name.

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UNDER WESTERN EYES

Play it Again, Uncle Sam!

By Leopold Labedz

"The historical record of Soviet-Afghan good-neighbourliness is a vivid practical example of the peaceful coexistence of states."
Lenin and National Liberation in the East (Moscow, 1978)

"Of the late 5th-century Romans, it could at least be said that whatever their other faults, they did not mean *to be followed by the Dark Ages. . . ."*
Samuel McCracken

KABULS come and go, Western progressives remain. They may be stunned by the Moscow Trials or by a Stalin-Hitler Pact, by a Hungarian Revolution or an invasion of Czechoslovakia; but after the initial shock, they soon recover their composure and revert to their old ways, pretending—after a speech by Khrushchev or a book by Solzhenitsyn—to have absorbed the lessons of events. Is there any reason for supposing that the Afghanistan affair will become the first pillar of liberal wisdom? They continue to behave like those hapless Greeks who were quite ready to adjust themselves to the Ottoman conquest even before the fall of Constantinople. Their attitudes are a permanent threat to intellectual hygiene.

For it was these attitudes which created the dominant intellectual climate which conditioned Western foreign-policy misperceptions in the last two decades. In the 1960s they succeeded in creating a general anti-American political atmosphere, and even induced an orgy of masochism and self-flagellation in the USA itself. In the 1970s we could see the results of these lunacies in the surrealistic conceptions of international developments shared by Western governments and peoples alike. American foreign policy in particular became the plaything of illusionists. Fashions of progressive thought flew into Washington, and members of the foreign-policy establishment began to disport themselves according to the prevailing winds. Many of yesterday's "hawks" became today's "doves" without so much as batting an eyelash as opinions went into reverse. Malcolm Muggeridge once remarked about British policy-makers in the 1930s: "Nothing is more ridiculous than a ruling class on the run. . . ."

Under the Nixon-Kissinger *détente*, the Soviet Union was deemed to have abandoned its expansionism and accepted a whole set of new rules-of-the-game. In 1972 a solemn agreement proclaimed that neither power would seek "to obtain unilateral advantages at the expense of the other." Generous trade policy, transfer of technology, and the abandonment of nasty criticism of its peculiar ways were supposed to "Gulliverise" the USSR, tying it up by "linkages" of common interest which would make it a "normal . . . responsible . . . non-aggressive" power, at long last satisfied with the international *status quo*. The logic of this policy even demanded that the Soviet Union should be helped to maintain its domination of East Europe—the famous "organic relationship" of the so-called Sonnenfeldt doctrine. The 1972 agreement solemnly declaring that no country would "be subject to outside interference in their internal affairs" was followed by the 1973 agreement in which both countries reiterated that they would "refrain from the threat or the use of force" in order not to "endanger international peace and security."

Under Carter the growing Soviet military build-up was soft-pedalled, while new US arms projects were either abandoned or postponed. Nixon proclaimed "the end of the era of confrontation" with the USSR, and Carter went on to deride "the inordinate fear of communism." The East-West conflict was declared to be no more important than the North-South relationship, with the Soviet Union allegedly running "the risk of becoming historically irrelevant to the great issues of our time" (of which the ill-fated Andy Young was held to be the authentic spokesman). In short, the "conceptual breakthroughs" of the early '70s were followed by the equally absurd "global" misconceptions of the late '70s.

THE NET RESULT was that the Soviet Union expanded its power and influence, exploiting, as it always did, the opportunities which presented themselves. In 1973 it supported the attack on Israel as well as the Oil Embargo. It failed to consult the US, contrary to its pledge, and subsequently opposed the Jerusalem–Cairo peace efforts. In 1975, after the Paris Accord, it helped Hanoi to overrun South Viet Nam. In 1976 it used the Cubans to establish a Communist Angola. In 1977-78 it intervened in the Horn of Africa to bolster the

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revolutionary régime in Ethiopia. In 1978 it unleashed the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia. In 1979 it did more of the same in supporting South Yemeni troops who invaded North Yemen; inciting the Iranians against "American imperialists"; and sponsoring a number of *coups* in Kabul, culminating in invasion. It also violated the 1962 agreement on Cuba, introducing there military forces, MIG-23 warplanes, and nuclear submarines. (Explaining its withdrawal from a confrontation on this affair, the Carter administration divulged that it had not wished "to humiliate the Soviet Union" over this issue . . . !)

Meanwhile, down at the ranch, America was exporting millions of tons of grain to Russia, and even helped, if only indirectly, Soviet military efforts (trucks built with American technology were later used in occupying Afghanistan). "Doves" and "détentniks" were tireless in providing rationalisations and self-delusions. US strategists opined that it was morally better for the USA not to be the dominant Super-Power. The West German ally found nothing to worry about, and Herr Herbert Wehner proclaimed (in Prague of all places!) that the Soviet Union was simply not an expansionist power, for its vast military forces were "defensive." George Kennan declared that he could muster no respect

> "for most of the talk about recent gains of Soviet imperialism in the Third World. In many instances people who raise these charges studiously ignore the distinction between the use of Soviet forces and the use of puppet ones."

Ironically, this was published in *Die Zeit* in the week the Soviet tanks and air force, paratroopers and infantry were spreading over Afghanistan. In the next issue of *Die Zeit* (11 January 1980), Professor Kennan hurried to explain that the Soviet action was "a defensive step". . . .

THIS ONLY rounded out the many inanities of a silly decade. The voices of reason and experience were drowned by the chorus of wishful thinkers denouncing them as "inveterate Cold Warriors" or "unreconstructed hawks", with something of the same ferocity by which the opponents of appeasement in the 1930s were branded "war-mongers."

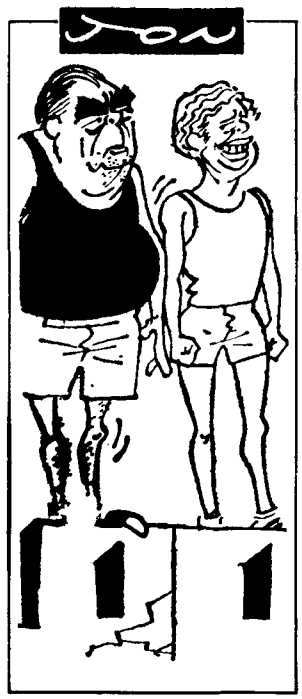
It was the invasion of Afghanistan, which violated not only the alleged "code of *détente*" but also the assumedly inviolable Yalta rules of the game, that created a mental shock among the "doves" and "appeasers." It even evoked the charmingly innocent admission by President Carter that

> "this action has made a more dramatic change in my own opinion of what the Soviets' ultimate goals are than anything they've done in the previous time that I've been in office."

After all, in "the previous time" the Soviets had extended their influence over Ethiopia, Southern Yemen, Laos, and Cambodia.

Only those born yesterday (or "born again") can avoid the painful feeling of *déjà vu*. During the decade which has just ended the West has once more been deluding itself about the dangers it preferred not to face. The outcome of these pleasures of self-deception through one-sided *détente* and the "SALT process" is that the Soviet Union was permitted first to achieve strategic parity and then to aim at the achievement of strategic superiority, markedly gaining in super-power confidence, while the morale and political will of the West steadily eroded.

Was there ever any mystery about Soviet motives, strategy and tactics? The American "Committee on Present Danger" and many observers on both sides of the Atlantic issued steady warnings about the false assumptions underlying prevailing policies. A number of Europeans testified before the Congress to that effect. In my own testimony in July 1979, I drew the attention of the US Senate Foreign Relations Committee to the fact that Moscow had officially proclaimed Afghanistan a member of the "Socialist Commonwealth", and thus a fresh application of the "Brezhnev doctrine" was in the offing.



Daily Mail (London)

RUSSIA'S THRUST to the South did not stop when on 31 August 1907 it concluded an agreement with Britain based on a division of interest: Persia was divided into a Northern (Russian) and a Southern (British) zone of influence, with Afghanistan remaining outside the Russian sphere of interest, as the Czar officially declared.

The expansion continued under both Czars and Commissars. Exactly a hundred years ago Britain's Prime Minister, Benjamin Disraeli, was preoccupied with what

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he described (in a letter to Queen Victoria) as a "possible disintegration" of Afghanistan. A year later the British Viceroy of India offered help to the Emir of Kabul, Abdul Rahman Khan, "if any foreign power should attempt to interfere in Afghanistan." The Foreign Office was constantly concerned with the lengthening shadow of Russia beyond India's Khyber Pass, and its memorandum of 25 September 1880 has some strangely topical connotations:

> "The first result of our vacillating Afghan policy has shown itself at Teheran where our staunch supporter the late Prime Minister has been driven from office to be replaced by a notorious Russian partisan and where accordingly we may expect to see Russian influence completely dominant in the future. The natural results, indeed, of our retirement from Afghanistan under present circumstances... would be to leave the field completely open to Russian ambition and intrigue."

The continuity of Soviet geopolitical appetites was strikingly confirmed during and after Molotov's visit to Berlin in November 1940. When Hitler proposed that the Soviet Union should join the Tripartite Pact of Germany, Italy, and Japan, and offered a Soviet advance to India as bait, Stalin tried to pin him down by putting a long list of demands as the price of his friendship. They included, in particular, the Soviet right to advance through Iran towards the Persian Gulf. In a candid expression of expansionist aims, Stalin declared that Soviet

> "national aspirations centre south of the national territory of the Soviet Union in the direction of the Indian Ocean."

Stalin was forced to withdraw from Persia in 1946 and sacrifice the Pishevari régime which he had sponsored in Northern Azerbeidzhan. But the Soviet pincer movement towards the Persian Gulf (observed by President Truman before President Carter) was merely postponed. Today, six months after the Carter-Brezhnev kissing session in Vienna, the Soviet Union is in a strategic position, based on the Horn of Africa, South Yemen, and Afghanistan, and closer to its traditional goal than ever before. This time the area is not what the 19th-century Foreign Office memorandum called "an unproductive region inhabited by uncivilised and hostile tribes", but one which contains the vital oil territories on which the economy of the industrial world depends.

Is there anybody around who believes that the Soviet decision was made "in a fit of absent-mindedness"? Obviously the risks taken seemed to Moscow to be worth the candle. Nor is there anything new in its straightforward strategy of diplomatic deception, which would outrage an honest Baptist used only to truth-telling. Western habits of wishful thinking have shortened all memories, but the style is all of a piece. In Kabul the Soviets first organised the killing of the "friendly" Prime Minister Daud, and then murdered the unacceptable leader of the "fraternal" régime, Amin, having treacherously induced him, "for reasons of security", to move from the centre of Kabul to its suburb where he could more easily be trapped.

DOESN'T ANYBODY REMEMBER that when the Soviet Union was taking over Poland in 1945 it induced the 16 leaders of the anti-Nazi resistance to reveal themselves and be transported to Moscow for "negotiations"? Once there, they were promptly arrested and sentenced in a show trial. In 1956 General Pal Maleter, the leader of the Hungarian troops resisting the Soviet invasion of Hungary, was similarly induced under false guarantees of security to come out to "negotiate" the Soviet withdrawal. He was arrested, and (like the Prime Minister, Imre Nagy, who was later ensnared from the sanctuary of the Yugoslav Embassy) was shot. When the Soviet Union had already decided to invade Czechoslovakia in 1968, Brezhnev met Dubcek at Cerna-na-Tissu and performed his kissing act. After the invasion, Dubcek and his colleagues were taken in chains to Moscow and brutally mocked by the members of the Soviet Politburo. Even such details as the "cynical lies" justifying Soviet invasions in 1968 and 1979 were similar: the alleged invitation by peace- and freedom-loving elements to "prevent invasion"—of Czechoslovakia by "Strauss's Germany" in one case, and of Afghanistan by "US imperialism" in another.

When the "coexistential" mask is off, the style of false joviality so pronounced in Soviet diplomacy is given up and is replaced not by anything "cynical", anything surprising, merely a cold candour. One should remember the way the Soviet envoys talked to the leaders of the Baltic states in 1940 or the slamming of the door in the Royal Palace in Bucharest in 1946. Recently the following conversation was reported from Teheran where the Soviet envoy warned the Iranians what would happen if there were a repeat of the US embassy takeover at the Soviet Union's mission:

> "Taking off his watch, the diplomat said: 'You see, it's now 3 p.m. By 3.45 p.m., there won't be an Iran!...'"

AS ON OTHER SUCH OCCASIONS Afghanistan has disconcerted the "progressive" Western Mind. Many have joined the chorus of condemna-

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tion, but few have made the effort to draw honest conclusions from this new proof of the failure of their perceptions. All their expectations and recommendations in the realm of foreign policy have gone awry. What must be done to exact a price for aggression? The same old tired arguments which were used so often before were paraded once more, warning against "over-reaction." Such mild proposals as the boycott of the Moscow Olympics or the suspension of grain exports and technology by the West were somehow considered sinful. Even those Euro-Communists who, unlike the French, condemned the invasion focused their hostility on the West. The call of the British C.P. to withdraw Soviet troops from Afghanistan was published in the *Morning Star* (14 January) under the title "*Western Cold War Campaign Condemned*" and the *Tribune* editorial on the same subject (11 January) concentrated mainly on the iniquities of US policy, with hardly a word of indignation about Soviet aggression. In its subsequent issue *Tribune* summed it up in a headline: "Afghanistan: Détente More Important than Selective Moral Outrage."

The non-ideological appeasers showed a bit more originality in finding new Orwellian euphemisms. It seems that the Soviet government was obviously "frightened" and did not realise that it was against its own interest to get involved in the Afghan "quagmire." The invasion could not be presented (as was Hungary in 1956 or Czechoslovakia in 1968) as being within the Yalta line or as some Cuban initiative, and it was now dubbed "a defensive aggression", a wonderful new concept which can be applied to a wide variety of historical cases from the rape of the Sabines onward.

Naturally it was not the moderate Leonid Brezhnev who was to blame. The responsibility was placed on the shoulders of some mythical Soviet "hawks." As *The Observer* (13 January) claimed in an eyebrow-raising story from, tantalisingly enough, "an exclusive Soviet source" (every editorial office can have one for the asking . . . from the local KGB disformation agency)—"Kremlin hawks dictated the invasion":

> "Brezhnev faced the choice of abandoning *détente* or resigning."

The same type of nonsense was written, with or without the help of "exclusive" Soviet sources at the time of Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Indeed, during World War II Stalin cleverly pressured Roosevelt and Churchill into concessions by intimating that he might be deposed by the Politburo's "hardliners" if the concessions were not forthcoming.

This new "blow to *détente*" was generally taken as presaging "a new Cold War", but as Robert Conquest wrote in *The Daily Telegraph* (12 January):

> "The extent to which the public mind has been muddled by childish word-play about '*détente*', 'Cold War', and the rest of it is ridiculous. But if we are to use them, the definitions are simple: Cold War is waged by the Russians all the time,

International Herald Tribune (Paris)

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while '*détente*' is simply Cold War with the West offering no resistance.

President Carter has told us that events in Afghanistan have changed his view of the Soviet leadership. Which means that his earlier views—the views of the Government of the West's leading Power—were erroneous."

Indeed the logical implication of President Carter's discovery of Kabul on his road to Damascus is a complete reorientation of a US foreign policy which pre-dates his and his predecessors' incumbency and has been shattered by the events which culminated in the invasion of Afghanistan.

A year before it, Major M. A. Ziyeminsh wrote in the Soviet Army's newspaper, *Red Star*:

"It must be said how important it is to conceal one's true intentions, manpower and equipment, and combat resources from the enemy. Frequently, in order to achieve this . . . it is necessary, for example, to use military cunning, sometimes even on a very large scale."

If the West is to survive, perception of the danger and of attitudes towards it must be fundamentally changed—and that includes changes in the administration. Why should Soviet leaders take seriously new Carter "doctrines" unaccompanied by the replacement of personnel who embody the old illusions? One cannot implement Churchillian (or Trumanesque) policy with a Chamberlain administration. As George F. Will remarked in *The Washington Post* (3 January):

"We are governed by people inventive at finding reasons for believing that the Soviets do not mean what they say."

THE EDITOR OF *Die Zeit*, Theo Sommer, recently wrote in *Newsweek* (7 January) that "during the '70s many a beautiful dream died. . . ." Will Kabul be a sufficient warning to the West to abandon its foolish "dreams" and face the humdrum reality of the danger looming in the '80s? The occupation of Prague by Hitler in March 1939 provided one such occasion; the February 1948 *coup* in Prague had a similar effect on Western attitudes towards Stalin's power-drives.

After the "Good Uncle Joe" period, when the USSR had swallowed Eastern Europe, the USA, under President Truman, found the political will to resist further Soviet expansion. Between the proclamation of the Truman Doctrine and the advent of *détente* the West managed to maintain the balance of power. But the idea of resistance to Soviet encroachments began to be eroded in the 1960s, with the result that at present the West is facing unprecedented perils. Soviet expansionism is now emboldened by increased military strength and by Western political and strategic weaknesses which, for the first time, provide the USSR with opportunities for a global break-through. Europe and the Middle East are endangered as never before.

ALL THIS HAS HAPPENED because certain very elementary truths about foreign policy have simply been forgotten. In particular, the West has disregarded

"the lesson that Britain failed to learn in its dealings with Germany in the 1930s. When an ambitious country is bent on achieving great military power, and is willing to use that power in pursuit of its ambitions, its actions are eventually going to cause a war unless it is made to realise that those actions involve the paying of penalties, and that its power is going to be blocked by counter-power."

(*The Economist*, 12 January 1980)

As a result, all countries, including the non-aligned, are asking: "After Afghanistan, who next?" All the recent cases of Soviet expansionism failed to stimulate the West's survival instinct. The outcome of the present historical contest will depend on whether the West can once again find enough strength to recover its political will, as it has done a number of times before. But the West European countries are already displaying "neutralistic" tendencies. Unless America, shocked by the invasion of Aghanistan, for once provides real leadership, resistance to further Soviet expansionism will be increasingly paralysed by Western weaknesses.

Try playing it again, Uncle Sam!

"Visit the Soviet Union—before the Soviet Union visits you!"

Die Welt (*Bonn*)

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NOTES & TOPICS

European Diary

The Very Latest from Paris

Paris

ANYONE WHO follows in the slightest the atmosphere of French cultural life knows that the "latest" could only refer to the emergence of a "New Right" on the crowded scene. The phenomenon has commanded pages of critical analysis in *Le Monde*, all in tones of grave concern. Meanwhile, the various working groups flourish—such as the "Club de l'Horloge", or the circle around the review *Nouvelle Ecole*, and many others which like the "Synarchie" of pre-War times have their connections with a few leading politicians and high officials.

The curious spark for the new fiery controversies in the Paris press was provided by *Le Figaro*—not so much the daily newspaper as its week-end colour section, *Figaro Magazine*, edited by Louis Pauwels, which has become the tribune of a new self-styled reactionary philosophy. Its newness lies in the fact that it has precious little to do with the old nostalgia for a Bourbon monarchy or the decrepit sentimentalism about Marshal Petain's régime but rather with a few lingering surreptitious sympathies for the German Nazis. It is also unusual in a political scene where all conservatives like to think they are crowding "the centre" and there is nobody on "the Right."

The owner of *Le Figaro*, the Press Lord Louis Hersant, may perhaps be a sympathiser of "the New Right", yet the curious fact of the matter is that the daily newspaper is conspicuously more liberal than its magazine. The columns by Frossard, as well as the political commentaries by Annie Kriegel, are often in striking conflict with the week-end pieces, and not infrequently polemicise against them.

But for the most part the excitement is about details of style and manner. This has always been the case in post-War Paris where one wave of newness has always followed another. Who remembers now whether the "New Look" was a little longer or shorter, or whether the "*nouvelle Vague*" was really different, and if so how much difference did it make?

One thing is clear: whenever the old "newness" fades, there is room—no, there is a vacuum—in Paris cultural life. On the Left there has lately been a full and fascinating period of defections, self-criticisms, revisions, and break-throughs. For all its excesses, it brought to a long overdue end an intellectual monopoly of *gauchisme*; and few people regret its break-up. The spotlight, if not exactly the pendulum, now swings to the other direction.

THE TRADITIONAL French Right was not exactly a "stupid party." From Joseph de Maistre and Balzac to Taine and Renan, not to mention Charles Maurras, the French reactionary movement had no dearth of brilliant minds. But strangely enough our "New Right," as it has emerged, is rather short on mental and political qualities, and rather strong on that ruthless bitter tone which marked some of the more dispiriting quarrels of the past. It is a movement without old virtues, but with all the new vices: it is fashionable, very chic, even when it is calling up spirits from the vasty deep of ancient Indo-European or Celtic traditions, and mixing these with a bit of the latest conclusions of genetics and experimental psychology. Needless to say, the unfortunate Nietzsche—forever doomed to fall into the wrong hands—also figures in the élitarian promotion of "superman" ideas, a mystagogical mélange of a new heathenism . . . to combat the new religiosity which is showing itself on the Left, as in the recent book by Bernard-Henri Lévy on the virtues of Monotheism. The lines cross and criss-cross; and with them goes that Breton extremist, Edern-Hallier, now on the Left, now on the Right, but always in the middle of things.

No compass will help to find one's bearings. The other day, the ultra-Left daily newspaper, *Libération*, came to the conclusion that the New Left and the New Right had so many things in common. What is true, however, is that there has been taking place a quite extraordinary "transvaluation of values" (to drag Nietzsche into the matter again). The Left has been traditionally linked with the Enlightenment and with atheism; the Right has always been tied in with French Catholicism. The "new" intellectuals may be making historic shifts in position; but is it conceivable that "the masses" of "the People" will ever follow?

Still, there is much that is familiar and unchanging. The New Right, like the Old Right, believes in small, superior, privileged élites, and wants to have done with "the superstition of Equality." It also wants to finish off certain traditions of civility, and

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the comments on the death (by his own hand) of the writer Jean-Louis Bory were wild and vicious. More in this acidulous style than in its intellectual conceptions is the French Right recognisable. As Raymond Aron has pointed out in *L'Express*, the old baggage of anti-Semitism has been jettisoned.[1]

Is the New Right conceivably a new and coming power in the land? I may be wrong, but I don't quite see it. It still would appear that the old Right has been dissolved by great 20th-century events, and that the Centre can yet hold.

FOR THE TIME being the whole controversy appears to be a kind of "escapism", since it is so much easier in Paris to occupy oneself with the fireworks of intellectual polemics than with the far more complex and difficult problems of analysing the crises of French and European society. Even within the ranks of the editors and writers of *Figaro* itself there is now an open tendency to put distance between themselves and the strange extremism which has obsessed its week-end colour supplement. "Figaro here, Figaro there..." one inevitably hummed, as Jean d'Ormesson who was once the paper's editor-in-chief, writing under the sign of the quilled *F* to his readership ("between centre right and centre left"), tried to sound a warning against the spectre of new fearful doctrinaires—it was all only "another Loch Ness monster...."

François Bondy

[1] But this is not to suggest that the problem is not in the air, and topicality can be ominous. General de Gaulle once remarked to a wartime group of Jewish *maquis*: "Today anti-Semitism is impossible; but remain vigilant, for it will come again...."

(*1*) Alarming was the recent much-discussed interview (in Madrid) with the old Pétainist, Darquier de Pettepoix, who still is pleased with the persecutions and deportations under the German occupation.

(*2*) Dispiriting was the interview the other day with the famous Renault chief, Pierre Dreyfus, scion of an old Alsatian family (an ancestor served as doctor in the court of Louis XV) who as a boy took religious instruction from Rabbi Simon Debré (the grandfather of the Gaullist leader Michel Debré). When asked whether he could expect any help from the French in the event that Israel's very existence was endangered, he replied: "Not for a single moment...."

(*3*) Surprising was the newly-revealed role which "Jewishness" played in high French Communist policy, determining whether "too many Jews" were in top Party committees, and yet whether it wouldn't be a good idea to let the electorate in certain *quartiers* know that the Party's candidate Comrade Frémontier's real name was "Frydmann."

(*4*) All in all, it is very much a sign of the times that a widely-noticed new novel, *Le livre des égarés*, indicates an inward turning, a search for "roots", on the part of an author—François Debré (son of France's most strident nationalist)—who is only "a quarter Jewish" and yet is searching for protective ethnic traditions.

TYRANNY AND LEGITIMACY

A Critique of Political Theories

James S. Fishkin

By what principles should a government be guided in making social choices? In a systematic critique, James S. Fishkin argues that virtually all contemporary political theories are defective—because they would legitimise tyranny. Fishkin's critique, and his proposals for theory, an alternative, should be read by political scientists, moral and political philosophers, and anyone studying or teaching political theory.

Fishkin's analysis ranges over classical democratic theory, John Rawls's theory of justice, Robert Nozick's theory of the minimal state, utilitarianism, equality, theories of individual rights, criteria from modern welfare economics, and other principles. They all fail a minimum test, the author argues. They all would justify policies imposing severe deprivations, *even when an alternative policy would have imposed no severe deprivations on anyone.* They would all destroy a person's most essential interests, deny him an adequate life chance, or deny subsistence needs—when all such deprivations could have been avoided for everyone.

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Shades of '29

Paris

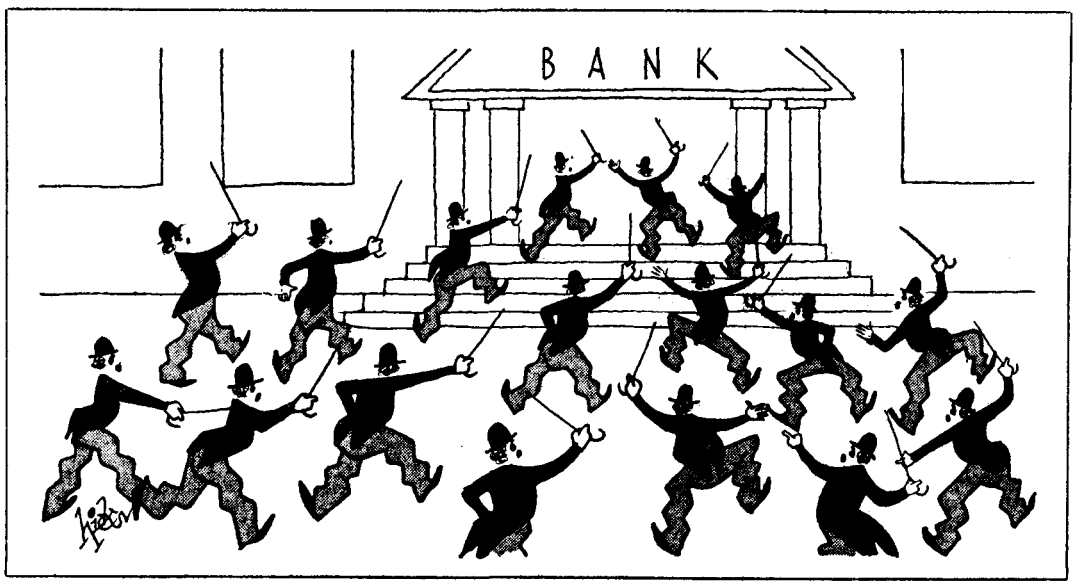
RECENT DISTURBANCES in the gold and commodity markets coincided with the anniversary of Black Thursday, 24 October 1929, the day of the Wall Street Crash and the start of the Great Depression. Consequently the memory of a disaster now half-a-century old is being revived not only among economists but also among ordinary citizens, most of whom were not born at the time and have only a vague idea of what it meant.

The pundits have had a field day pointing out all the various differences and similarities. Share values did not rise extravagantly high before 1973, nor before 1979. If we allow for the devaluation of the US dollar against other currencies and in purchasing power, the Dow-Jones Index has in fact declined in the last ten years. The minority who were ruined by the collapse of the stock market in 1929 were getting a much higher share of the national income than the minority today affected by Wall Street. But the comparison is only valid for inflation and monetary disorder, the contrast being most pronounced in income distribution.

One French research centre has just published some findings which contradict several common misconceptions. Individual incomes rose at a rate of 4.8% per annum from 1970 to 1974; that rate has fallen to 3% since 1974. That is a statistical fact quite out of tune with the main tenor of political speechifying, not to mention the assertions or suggestions made by most of the media.

The levelling of incomes which started in 1967 has continued, so that the disparity between the incomes of workers and managers which rose from 3.3% to 4.6% between 1950 and 1967 had fallen to 4% by 1973 and 3.4% by 1978. Between 1970 and 1978 the average yearly increase (in average monthly income per household) was 5% for farm workers, 3.6% for manual workers, 3% for clerical workers, 3.6% for higher management and 1.9% for the independent professions. So slower growth and a slower rise in incomes did not stop the general tendency for the range of wages and incomes to narrow.

Some observers have been surprised to note that the French crisis years have produced neither an



Gold Rush (1980) *Die Welt (Bonn)*

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electoral drift *à gauche* nor signs of imminent popular revolt. The figures gathered by economists provide what is at least a partial explanation. The French government has succeeded in maintaining a rise in the standard of living (although at a slower rate) at the expense of productive investment. What is happening in France has not been exactly repeated in other Western countries where income distribution was rather more "egalitarian", but the fact remains that Western Europe has not suffered either a fall in production or a noticeable and general decline in the standard of living.

If the voters of Western Europe have not been tempted by extremist ideologies—by any of the contemporary versions of fascism or communism—it is because the crisis has worried them but not stampeded them. *L'inquiétude* propels them towards politicians or parties that can reassure them, rather than towards prophets who promise to change their lives.

"THE CRISIS is not behind us but is still to come" is the objection which may be raised by the economist who compares 1929 and 1979. It was after the collapse of Wall Street that monetary chaos spread throughout the world. American banks demanded repayment of loans they had made in central Europe, particularly in Weimar Germany. The *Kredit-Anstalt* of Vienna went bankrupt; the German economy fell victim to a deflation which threw millions of workers on to the streets. In 1931 the pound went off the gold standard and "floated", and in 1933 it was the turn of the dollar to break its moorings. It was in 1971 that the dollar was devalued, and in 1973 that it ceased to be valued in gold and floated freely on the world's markets. The dollar had been over-valued during the 1960s, just as the pound had been after its revaluation at pre-War rates.

Present-day monetary confusion can, at a pinch, be compared with that of the 1930s—the reign of sterling was coming to an end, and the dollar was not yet king. At present the dollar remains the only transnational currency and the only viable pivot of the international monetary system. But it is performing the various functions imposed on it by circumstances badly, and every year more so. As a reserve currency the dollar must inspire confidence. Failing that, banks, businesses, and private individuals are tempted not to put all their funds into the same currency. Dollar-holders seek to diversify their investments.

Once having severed the ties between gold, which is good and real, and paper, which is purely notional, governments enjoy a freedom which they then proceed to abuse. In order to prevent excessive devaluation of the US currency, the central banks in Germany or Switzerland buy dollars, not in order to meet their own needs but because they are anxious to preserve a reasonable exchange rate. The rocketing price of gold, which in theory is

"It Can't Happen Again"

New York City

ACCORDING **to John Kenneth Galbraith, author of** *The Great Crash,* **a study of the 1929 debacle: "It would be hard to find any buildup of speculative** *hubris* **that would make us as vulnerable as we were in 1929."**

The Wall Street player today is not like the 1929 Fifth Avenue cook who quit because her mistress would not install a stock ticker in the kitchen or the shoeshine boy who passed on to Joseph Kennedy the insider's tip to "buy oil and rails." In the past decade, 7 million small investors have pulled their money out of Wall Street and spent it on real estate, gold or simply a new mink coat. Over half of today's market is dominated by professional investors representing pension funds, insurance companies, or mutual funds. They have better financial backing and are far less likely to take a flyer than were their predecessors. As a result, the market is less fun but more stable.

Wall Street is also safer today because, in the aftermath of the Crash, the Government moved to outlaw some of the abuses that permitted the 1929 bubble. Fifty years ago, a buyer had to put down only 10% of his own money to get a stock; he could use credit for the rest. Today, under a Federal Reserve rule, customers have to put up at least 50% of their own funds. The Fed can also slow bank credit to stop speculation from feeding a boom, a step it took last week. In addition, there was no watchdog Securities and Exchange Commission in 1929 (it was set up in 1934). Today the SEC closely polices financial markets to stop inside dealing and fraudulent company reports, which were rampant in the '20s. While a stock market fall is always possible, it is less likely now to ripple through the economy, as it did in 1929.

Some economists now wonder if the nation has so successfully insulated itself from a 1929-type depression that it is condemned to 13% or worse inflation. Robert Heilbroner argues that the postwar measures to avoid another Crash and Depression have "put a floor under the downward movement of the economy." This guarantee against disaster, in Heilbroner's view, has changed economic expectations so much that corporations raise prices and unions demand higher wages more recklessly than they otherwise would. The result is faster inflation.

Thus the cure for the Great Crash, seen from this perspective, has created side effects that must be treated if the nation is to avoid the Great Inflation.

TIME MAGAZINE

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demonetised, is explained by the quest for a shelter, a means of conserving values. (And raw material prices have climbed too, not just the price of gold.)

MUST WE BE AFRAID OF a stock market crash comparable with what we French call *le krach boursier*, the crash of 1929? I think not. Not that share values in New York or elsewhere may not fall gradually, or even suddenly and dramatically. But the market situation in 1979 is, in my view, too different from that of 1929 for a possible crisis to take the same form. What bothers some observers is the growing US national debt, the unreliable quality of certain banking debts, the accumulation of "Eurodollars" abroad, and the inevitable recycling of "petrodollars" to support the non-oil countries of the Third World.

The whole world is living in an inflationist economy which will not be cured by the probable downturn in economic activity. The Americans have been stepping up their efforts to break speculation in gold—but even if they succeed they will only have snapped the thermometer rather than reduced the fever. The fever has to do with inflation; with the vulnerability of the dollar, and the absence of a Western currency or field of investment which can inspire complete confidence.

The question remains: Is the inflationist flight forward bound to lead to a large-scale banking and monetary crisis? This fear is nourished by memories of 1929, and it is not altogether ungrounded. But it is neither fore-ordained nor inevitable. Thus far, the Western governments have retained their good and proper sense of mutual interdependence. They probably still have the means to avoid the worst, and to steer some sort of groping course between the twin hazards of a great depression and galloping inflation.

Raymond Aron

The Goal

New York City

THERE IS FAR TOO MUCH *easy and glib talk these days about the need for Americans to tighten their belts, accept a reduction in their living standards, even resign themselves to an economic philosophy of no-growth. It is dangerous and irresponsible talk. Yes, of course, the American democracy can cope with a* temporary *cessation of economic growth, as it has done in wartime. But only if it is perceived to be temporary. What few seem to realize is that a prospect of economic growth is a crucial precondition for the survival of any modern democracy, the American included.*

FOR OVER **two thousand years, the consensus among political philosophers was that democracy—the rule of the majority—was an inherently unstable and therefore undesirable form of government. The reason they came to this conclusion was not because they were snobs or disliked the common people, or because ordinary people then were inferior to the people of today. It was because they believed, on the basis of experience (in the ancient Greek city-states especially), that in a democracy the majority, being poor, would always use its power to expropriate the wealth of the more affluent minority, and that this would lead (as it always had) to economic chaos, followed by political chaos, followed by the restoration of order by a dictator.**

WHAT CHANGED *the attitude of political philosophers was the emergence of modern capitalism, with its promise of economic growth—of an economic system in which everyone could improve his condition without having to do so at someone else's expense. It is because this promise of economic growth has been kept that democratic politics has survived in the United States, in Western Europe, more recently in Japan. And it is only so long as economic growth remains a credible reality that democracy will remain an actuality. It is the expectation of tomorrow's bigger pie, from which everyone will receive a larger slice, that prevents people from fighting to the bitter end over the division of today's pie.*

THE 1980s **will see a disintegrating international order in which economic growth is going to be extraordinarily difficult to achieve, and in which even economic stability will be hard to maintain. It will therefore have to be an overriding goal of American foreign policy to help shape this world so that the growth of the world economy can continue. This will require many sacrifices, but so long as the goal is visibly there, the sacrifices are tolerable. If the goal is not there, our situation will gradually deteriorate until we end up divided among ourselves and destroying our institutions in a frenzy of recriminations.**

Irving Kristol

in THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

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Looking Back on the '70s

Hamburg

THE GREAT EVENTS of the decade simply happened elsewhere, out there in the outside world (mostly in the so-called "Third")—the fourth Israel war, the collapse of South Viet Nam, the new course in China after the death of Mao, the splits in the Arab camp after the breaking out of peace between Jews and Egyptians, and finally the revolution in Iran and the Soviet putsch in Afghanistan. By contrast the German political scene was poverty-stricken so far as important news was concerned, quite unlike the turbulent 1960s which was full of movers and shakers and which ended in a sharp change in governmental power in Bonn. Still it goes without saying that the disorders abroad had their effects everywhere in Western Europe and gave to the German decade its aggravated tone of worry, discontent, even whimpering.

One thing should, however, be recorded, namely the East-West developments in the heart of the Continent which were of very direct concern. There was nothing like the drama about them which made Third World developments so sensational, but their consequences for Germany's future will continue to be so much more immediate. I mean of course *détente*, the so-called *Entspannung*, the attempt to defuse the Cold War hostilities between East and West, and the building of some cooperative understanding between the two Super-powers. It was an attempt which, in a sense, had been begun by Kennedy and Khrushchev, was interrupted by the ferocity of the Viet Nam War, and came into high gear only in the '70s. When one recalls how Dr Kissinger winged around the world and Messrs Nixon and Brezhnev kept their regular scheduled meetings to sign this-or-that agreement (including a solemn treaty to prevent Atomic War), how long ago it seems! The high point of East-West *détente* was reached exactly in the middle of the decade, 1975 in Helsinki, as some 35 nations—led by the USA and the USSR and trailed by the two halves of the old German *Reich*—duly celebrated the signing of a piece of paper promising "security and cooperation" in Europe.

Since that time the *détente* has gone into a tail-spin, and in the second half of the decade new (or old) tensions filled in where relaxation was to reign: mutual mistrust has returned, the two Super-powers were involved in a world-political "war of position" (or at least a jockeying), with the Soviet Union establishing itself in various parts of Africa, the USA moving closer to China; and by the time the last day of the year had recorded the events from Kabul, what Raymond Aron had called some 30 years ago *le grand schisme* was with us once again.

BUT WITH ONE awful little difference. Within these ten years the Soviet Union has become stronger, the United States weaker, both militarily and, more importantly, politically and psychologically. For the Americans it was clearly a disastrous decade—first, the Viet Nam *débâcle*, then Watergate, and finally the pathetic Presidential powerlessness of Jimmy Carter. For the Germans in this short span the image of America changed from the great admirable model (and Uncle Sam, the powerful protector), worthy of all trust and confidence, to something calling for help and pity.

And this is one of the reasons, perhaps the main one, for the *Unbehagen*, the discontents, which marked the '70s for the West-German *Bundesrepublik*. The West Germans, at the beginning of the decade, went happily ahead with the various Eastern treaties, the *Ostverträge* (with the Poles, with the Russians, recognising in effect the post-World War II frontiers); and no doubt it was the right thing to do and even brought certain advantages. The endless series of Berlin Crises disappeared, and the average West German citizen could now manage to get across the barriers of Wall and National Frontier to visit relatives in the *DDR*. But all the German chips were put down on this East-West wager. What happens when the game is no longer on—when, in fact, a choice may have to be made—between going through thick-and-thin with a weaker and unpredictable American super-Ally—and accepting some kind of quasi-Neutrality which would leave West Germany completely unprotected against the shifting good and bad moods of a Kremlin leadership? The very thought of having to make such a miserable choice is the depressive factor in the psyche of many political Germans.

Mind you, it is not a subject for public discus-

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sion. What keeps public opinion agitated is less sinister issues: the general Western problems of inflation, unemployment, and the threatening energy crisis. Yet here also, concern (for the moment at least) is more for the future than for the present: for the Germans have "never had it so good", nobody's hungry, nobody's freezing, more cars than ever are on the road, factories flourish, business prospects appear rosy, and the busy little affluent West German would appear to be the envy of the Western world. Indeed no other Western economy has mastered the problems of the '70s as effectively, as profitably as have the Germans, no one has so much stability, such low inflation percentages, so few jobless. Still, there is worry, possibly because some people feel better when they worry.

After all, what the 1970s did witness was, in its sombre way, the end of the post-War *Wirtschaftwunder*, the "economic miracle" of the Adenauer-Erhard era. The German illusion (and they were certainly not alone in this) of restless, unceasing, automatic economic growth has been very severely shaken, and the psychological tremors can be felt. Materially, to be sure, the accent still remains on "more" (and "more"); but the general fear that things in the near future are likely to be radically different is not easy to live with. Taken together, all the shadows of things to come are beginning to bring about something old in the German character which one would have thought to have been overcome. The traditional weaknesses which I seem to detect increasingly are, among others, a certain lack of prudence and proportion, a tendency to overstate and exaggerate, indeed something special which in German is called *Lust am Untergang* (or a kind of pleasure in decline). I call attention to the odd enthusiastic relief which many Germans felt at the discovery that Growth has its Limits, and how the impulse to the so-called "Green Movement" was mixed in with this "post-Industrial" ecological escapism.

IT WAS, in my view, in the beginning a quite reasonable reaction to the proliferating pollution of the industrial urbanising world. But our *Grünen* have become a political movement with a programme which seeks to reverse the course of modern history, turn back the Industrial Revolution, return to old times, possibly even the good old days of the Stone Age or, at a compromise, only some romantic year in the early 19th century. That the actual consequences of any such programme would be the plunging of millions in Europe, not to speak of millions elsewhere, into the most abject misery is

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hardly in dispute; but the "Greens" persist in denouncing Growth as bad, Technics as worse, and the whole of Industry as evil, irresponsible, sinful. Civilisation has taken a wrong turning: let us all turn back before it is too late (and the end is nigh) . . . back to a simple life. The fact that the Oil Crisis will be keeping oil supplies short—artificially, prosperously short, as far as the oil-sheikhs are concerned—fills our Green men with *Schadenfreude* (another old facet of our German character); and the possibility that we might be able to make up the energy deficit by means of nuclear reactors drives them to enraged militancy. *"Atomkraft—nein danke!"* is only the polite form which one can find sticking on the windshields of innumerable German automobiles—and just don't ask what our green friends will be doing with their vehicles when rationing comes. At any rate an automobile driver behind that deadly wheel—there were more than 10,000 killed in car accidents last year—should not be taken as the appropriate moral guide to "human safety" and the mortal dangers of Harrisburg. . . . The "Greens", however, are growing in numbers,[1] all devoted to stopping the world and getting off. One had really hoped that the Germans, of all peoples, had been cured of this kind of short-circuiting of reality, what we call sadly *Kurzschlussdenken.*

ALAS, OTHER INSTANCES are in evidence. The whole terrorism of the '70s, so full of violent energy and mindless slogans, which attracted so many young Germans from the best bourgeois families. The dogmatic feminism of the decade, with its ferocious female faces full of hate for every passing male. No, I am no old-fogy enemy of women's liberation (and all hail to Europe's first woman Prime Minister). But I am appalled at all the feminist bookshops (with books only by women writers) and those awful *Frauenkneipen* (special cafés, only for mothers and their daughters, no boys allowed).

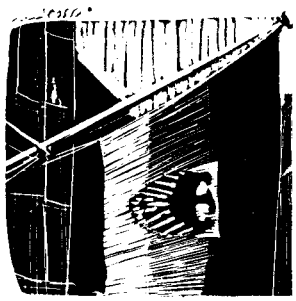
It could be that all these are only peripheral happenings, but from the periphery often come important signals—and in these last years we have been getting altogether too many German signals of an inner distress and discontent, although the land and the people have been spared every difficulty. If one has to go rummaging among old German national qualities it might help to come up with a few others for the brave new world of the 1980s, *Tapferkeit* for example—a little courage, I mean.

Sebastian Haffner

[1] Should the "Green" electoral percentage mount from the current 3% to the P.R.-required 5%, it would throw the whole present Parliamentary calculations for a governmental majority out of kilter, and thus be the determining factor in 1980 as to whether Helmut Schmidt or Franz-Josef Strauss becomes the next *Kanzler.*

The Philosopher & Afghanistan

Bonn



HE didn't want "to philosophise" about the future, said the *Bundeskanzler*, in his New Year's nation-wide TV commentary on the new decade, "merely to present a few thoughts about realities. . . ." It sounded especially significant, since only a few hours earlier in his Christmas holiday retreat on Mallorca he had still been hectically busy cutting and re-taking the tapes in order to iron out those philosophical bits that were no longer in tune with fast-breaking reality. A whole TV-and-Radio team from the *Norddeutschen Rundfunk* had been flown out from Hamburg in military aircraft just to help with the job.

It seems that in the original version the Chancellor had presented an account of the "will to peace and relaxation" on the part of the Soviet Union and the East German Republic; and this would indeed have been an odd way to begin the year, in view of the fact that the Soviet army had already rolled across the frontiers of Afghanistan, cheered on by their loyal Party fans in East Berlin. To be sure, not even the canny Helmut Schmidt could have predicted the event; but then did he have to be a prophet in order to offer a little realism? Were there no other events and happenings in the last year of the '70s which might have moved a realistic German statesman away from the standard cliché phraseology of East-West good will and peace unto all men?

The Vietnamese divisions in Cambodia and the thousands of Cuban (and East German) soldiers in Ethiopia are surely as much evidence of the non-defensive intentions of the Kremlin as the Soviet tanks in the streets of Kabul. The waves of refugees from Cambodia into Thailand and from Ethiopia into Somalia differ only in colour, but not in dimension or political import, from the Afghan refugees fleeing into Pakistan. Truly it would call for some exact faculty of philosophical discrimination to see in one event a calculated military aggression and in the others some odd peripheral accident of world politics.

Realism it is not. Nor was it clearly realistic to contend, as Chancellor Schmidt argued in the second and revised version of his non-philosophical remarks, that one could not at one and the same time conduct a policy of *détente* relaxation in

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Europe and a policy of military expansionism in Asia. But this is obviously what "one" can do, and is in fact doing. As far as the Soviet leadership is concerned, the two strategies are but two sides of the same coin.

In Asia the movement forward is into the power-vacuum which the USA and the West as a whole have created over the last decade, especially after the fall of Saigon. The same is true for Africa, especially after the fall of Angola. But in the European theatre of operations, where they encounter an existing (if still not very imposing) will to defend, Soviet tactic is merely one of undermining the *status quo*, claiming "only" that the irreconcilable implacable hostility between East and West is confined to the "war of ideologies"—although the noise of polemical arguments is more than matched by the build-up of a Red Army machine which would have little hesitation one fine day in responding to friendly calls for help across some troubled European border.

THE TROUBLE WITH our German realism is that it has restricted itself to the earthy matters of political economy, to graphs of growth and financial tables, where a map of the world tells us at a glance, not of armies and navies that could protect or endanger us, but of export successes and investment prospects. In the German Chancellor's perspective the world seems to be ruled exclusively by hard currency and the resourceful release of economic energies. World-political quarrels appear to be conflicts over the division of the spoils, and the way to peace can only lie in some new global arrangement of the world's wealth, some "fairer" or "more equitable" international economic order in which all nations and peoples would work peaceably together.

It is a kind of "philosophy", and is illustrated by former Chancellor Willy Brandt's devotion to the "North-South" dialogue and the increasing risk of nuclear war through the tensions among the Have and the Have-not continents. Indeed it almost amounts to a very special, very German contribution to the theory and practice of international affairs in our time—World-Political Economism. It does allow, if only barely, for the "unproductive" expense of some local military preparedness (even new nuclear weapons, "if all our neighbours also agree"). But for what used to be a sense of *Realpolitik* on a larger world-political scale there is little use in Bonn nowadays. "Ranters and ravers" are passing nuisances; romantic ideologies and religious enthusiasm are simply not to be taken as serious factors of de-stabilisation. Yet there is more such reality there than is dreamt of in current German philosophy—irrationalism is real and earnest; nationalistic passions and racial neuroses will not be simply damped down with aid and subsidies; the new power-centres which are cropping up all over the globe will, with or without fully developed economic underpinnings, continue to function as independent disruptive variables. The simple parameters of a world-political economism are proving to be very narrow-minded, just not "philosophical" enough.

Coupled, then, with such danger from the outside is the West's grave internal problem. The Germans with their self-indulgent economism are not alone; the whole of the Western community shares related illusions, a mixture of cultivated naivety and wilful blindness. The result can only be a series of constant "surprises", with armies moving their expeditionary forces across far-away frontiers, making yet another chimera of some Western hope for stability and security.

WHAT SHOULD one recommend to one's countrymen? I am tempted to say: try reading Karl Haushofer, try putting your minds to Geopolitics! Of one thing I feel sure: Europe cannot go on living and thinking in the '80s the way it has in the previous post-War decades. But there are still some who fancifully conceive they are addressing themselves to world problems by convening yet another economic Summit (with recondite help from experts on Icelandic fishery, Ghanaian cocoa, and Swiss central banking procedures)—how absurd!

Günter Zehm

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A Special Book Section

Sociology

Unfinished Business

Traditions in Social Analysis—By JULIUS GOULD

LEONARD HOBHOUSE—whose work and ambience are the subject of Stefan Collini's *Liberalism and Sociology*[1]—was from 1907 until his death in 1929 the first Professor of Sociology in Britain, occupying the Martin White Chair at the London School of Economics. As an undergraduate I had read (with profit) his polemical *The Metaphysical Theory of the State*—one of four volumes, published between 1918 and 1924, which Collini calls "his curiously entitled *Principles of Sociology*, at least three of which would now be classed as moral or political philosophy." I later came upon his genre of sociology "proper", learning much about him from his colleague, disciple and successor at LSE, Professor Morris Ginsberg. Yet it was not easy to know what manner of man he was—though he was clearly a versatile scholar, who had come to the LSE after a period as an Oxford philosophy don (producing an anti-idealist book on *The Theory of Knowledge*) and then as a leader-writer with the *Manchester Guardian*,[2] a newspaper with which he maintained a talented and influential connection for the rest of his life.

I was able to learn much from Dr Collini's scholarly and entertaining book—especially from his hunt through the Hobhouse Papers. I discovered, for example, what I had not previously heard but had half-consciously suspected; that, like more than one of the generation of the "founding fathers" of sociology, Hobhouse had had "nervous breakdowns which were to plague him ... and which surely contributed to that volatility of humour and those fits of depression which characterised his personality." In a sense the book, by pursuing so many fascinating byways, opens up all the questions you might care to ask about Hobhouse but were too afraid to ask: almost but not quite. For Collini seeks neither to give a full biography nor to expound all his writings—some of which are forgotten and are probably best left that way. His concern is, quite fairly, summed up in the book's subtitle—"L. T. Hobhouse and Political Argument in England 1880–1914."

My impression is that Collini believes that Hobhouse's intellectual development virtually ended by 1914—and that his sociological writings, flawed by a meliorist form of evolutionary theory, did not form the basis of a "science of society." I find it hard to agree that the last fifteen years of Hobhouse's Professorship were quite so fruitless. And while I agree with Collini's overall view on Hobhouse's sociological failures, or muddles, I think that what is to be found in his 1906 book, *Morals in Evolution*, in respect of citizenship, law, and justice still merits attention. Indeed Hobhouse's treatment of citizenship (though Collini detects in it a Panglossian element as well as "a recommendation in the form of a tautology") has had a continuing influence on very recent British, German and American writers on political sociology—an influence largely mediated by the incisive work of T. H. Marshall, the third occupant of the Martin White Chair. (Marshall, now Britain's senior sociologist, is flourishing in retirement at Cambridge).

COLLINI, THOUGH HE DOES range beyond 1914, gives an illuminating account of the mixture of intellectual and political currents in the Oxford—and more especially the London—of his chosen period. Hobhouse wrestled with the issues of a liberal socialism, with the concrete problems of the nascent Labour movement (the subject of his first book in 1893), with the tensions between collectivism and individualism in late Victorian and Edwardian England, with the tangled threads of social Darwinism and imperialism. In so doing he developed a form of secular preachment—becoming the exponent, not least in his political journalism and less technical essays, of a progressive but non-revolutionist dogma. There were other sources of the "progressive outlook" of his day—

[1] *Liberalism and Sociology*. By STEFAN COLLINI. Cambridge University Press, £12.00.

[2] Reading some of the material in the contemporary *Guardian* I have often mused that a paper which had employed both Leonard Hobhouse and Malcolm Muggeridge as leader-writers could not be entirely bad....

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backwards to T. H. Green and forwards to the Fabians. (Characteristically—and he was not alone in this—Hobhouse took the dimmest view of the political influence of Bernard Shaw).

That progressivism looks dated and dented today: and Collini would, I think, agree that the doctrine of progress took a hefty knock just after his chosen period ends—at Ypres, for example, the Somme, or the Dardanelles. Yet, from mid-Edwardian days until the late 1950s, British liberalism and, later, social democracy found intellectual roots and shelter under a meliorist doctrine of the kind espoused by Hobhouse. In that sense he was part of, and for a time at the heart of, a school of social thinkers and activists who were responding to what they saw as the social needs (if not the social crises) of their time. And that school, in its day, was—for good and for ill—highly influential in Britain. Perhaps, too, his links with the *Manchester Guardian* symbolised an influence—a politics of conscience and reform—that had strong provincial as distinct from metropolitan roots. His sociological concerns, his sensitive use of the comparative method, never got the better of his social ethic.

Collini, as an historian, is not concerned to evaluate that ethic; but he writes sceptically about some of its London advocates and wittily about some of their little local intellectual difficulties and debates. It is also an historical fact that this ethic, and the concern with *doing* good which it rationalised and promoted, could not permanently survive the period of its genesis. Indeed the remarkable thing is that it enjoyed such influence for as long as it did.

SOCIOLOGY HAS certainly come a long way since the years of Hobhouse's almost solitary eminence at the University of London. Of course, even then, it had been pursued in other directions, with different ethical prejudices, in Continental Europe and the USA. But its "reception" in Britain came relatively late. It began slowly in the 1950s and then came the torrent in the '60s when it became an expanding vogue-subject in our Universities and Polytechnics.

In today's harder climate it could be argued that, in retrospect, the expansion was wider than it was deep: that its reception into the world of learning was over-sudden; that those who "received" it did so with, to coin a phrase, a "forked" hand; that its practitioners were spread too thinly in too many locations; and that *some* of those who thus became established academics in sociology are, like Malcolm Bradbury's "History Man", ill-suited to the tenure that they enjoy and through which, despite their selfless concern for others, they will for years exclude from the academy a generation of sociologists more gifted, and surely more agreeable, than their own. All this could be argued—and much of it is true.

There is however more to be said—and to be understood. It is part of sociology's problem in 1980 that, despite much public discussion, it is in fact so little understood—often even within the social science faculties of distinguished British universities.[3] Why this is so is itself a sociological problem—into which, as the cant phrase goes, "research may be needed." . . .

WHAT, THEN, IS IT that can and should be understood about sociology in the wider "republic of letters"? In their joint introduction to *A History of Sociological Analysis*, the collection of essays which they have edited, Professors Bottomore and Nisbet[4] offer some signal indications.

Firstly, the subject is "a systematic form of enquiry, possessing a distinctive, though varied, array of concepts and methods of research."

Secondly, sociology is not a parvenu—certainly not in the last years of the 20th century. For well over a hundred years now men of learning and insight in many lands (and a smaller cadre of very gifted women) have explored the key issues of social structure and social change: they have wrestled with the epistemological and ideological questions (and suffered the traumas) that cannot be avoided in the proper study of mankind *by* men. They have approached these tasks in ways that differed from those chosen by, for example, economists or psychologists. And at their frequent best they have been acutely aware of the philosophical sources of their *angst*.

Thirdly, what it is now fashionable to call "alternative paradigms" have been rationally shaped and invoked in sociology. Such paradigms should not be confused with "theories" in a sense of the word "theories" which a contemporary researcher in, say, particle physics will quite rightly employ. Sociological paradigms may "breed" their successors but they tend to go on living themselves—often, to use Bottomore and Nisbet's adjective, in a "comatose" condition—capable of resurrection and reinterpretation. The study of such paradigms, and of their moral underpinnings and purposes, may not be part of a course in *literae humaniores:* but they are certainly a proper focus for a literate human intelligence. The very fact that rival images of man and rival conceptions of human purpose enter actively into the *doing* of

[3] In other faculties the will to understand seldom aspires to actual acquaintance with sociological perspectives or literature. This abstemiousness sits easily, of course, with both fear and denigration of the unfamiliar.

[4] *A History of Sociological Analysis*. Edited by TOM BOTTOMORE and ROBERT N. NISBET. Heinemann Educational, £12.50, paper £5.00.

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sociology—and indeed are inseparable from it—is of the highest educational importance.

A similar challenge to those who wish to be educated comes from the debate over where and how the ideological element in sociology ends and the scientific impulse begins. Furthermore, the strength of the scientific content (and the merit of the paradigms) is dependent upon quite specific historical and political challenges—whether those classically presented to Marx (in so far as he was a sociologist),[5] Durkheim, Weber, Spencer and Pareto, or those that confront their would-be successors in the concluding decades of this remorseless iron century. And, not least, the international context of sociology (even the derivative grubbiness of its emanations in the Soviet Union since 1956) gives a new twist to all these issues, helping us to avoid the pleasures and pains of a Western ethnocentrism.

IT IS THE MERIT OF *A History of Sociological Analysis* (henceforth *HSA*) that its editors and their fifteen symposiasts deal with these central concerns. *HSA* is one of those rich and weighty works which one has learnt to approach with fortitude and caution. If written by one self-nominated sage it may offer at best an acute intellectual synthesis, at worst a form of premature thought-stopping closure. If compiled by an assembly of sages, the work of many hands, all devoted, some clumsy, it can become a muddle rather than a model of eclecticism. The book stands clear of these traps.

It is true that its editors—a British marxist at Sussex University and an American conservative now at the American Enterprise Institute—may seem oddly conjoined. Writing on "Marxism and Sociology", Professor Bottomore shows his deep interest in the Austro-Marxists—such as Karl Renner, Otto Bauer and Rudolf Hilferding—in whose work he sees

> so many attempts to establish Marxism as a system of sociology by formulating precisely its basic concepts and method and carrying out, in the framework of this paradigm which guided all their research, studies of the most important empirical realities of their time

Professor Nisbet, on the other hand, has long been a distinguished authority on the "conservative" origins of sociology, and of what he calls conservatism's "profound effect upon the creation and the development of sociology in the 19th century." For Nisbet, sociology (following insights from Tocqueville as much as from Comte) is to be seen as a sustained reaction to the Enlightenment and the French Revolution. In earlier writings, for example in his *Social Change and History* (1969), he has documented the historical roots and far-flung consequences of the Enlightenment emphasis on "nature" (natural order and natural rights). He went on to trace the way in which the abstract idea of "natural order" resurfaced in various guises in 20th-century sociology—diverting its exponents from the study of historical forms and the impact of intrusive historical events upon observable social change as distinct from an underlying (or overriding) "social system."

Such a "system" was always an abstraction from actual events and its inner motions were first postulated and then "explained" by the structural functionalists who from the 1940s to the late 1960s loomed so large in American sociology. *Contemporary Sociological Theory*, by Margaret Poloma,[6] a more than usually interesting textbook, puts the content of structural functionalism and the debates it evoked (including some attempted syntheses with conflict-theory), in the setting of what she calls "naturalistic or positivistic sociology—committed to the idea that sociology is a science just as the natural sciences are science." This, as she recognises, was aim rather than achievement—and an aim not always pursued as ignorantly or blindly as is implied by some of its critics who came to advocate the "interpretative" and "evaluative" modes. The objectionable positivism was, indeed, more evident in some forms of behavioural-exchange theory than in the work of many "accredited" functionalists.

It is their revulsion from the "orthodox" naturalistic theories—a revulsion fed by different conceptions of the ideal society but by a common concern for historical complexity—that seems to unite Nisbet and Bottomore. They are also united in their important joint conviction that Marxist ideas do not (as is often supposed) form a direct replacement for an allegedly "conservative" structural-functionalism. On the contrary, they claim, albeit cautiously, that, in Leszek Kolakowski's words: "what is permanent in Marx's work will be assimilated in the natural course of scientific development."

HSA PROVIDES a thematic treatment rather than an all-inclusive encyclopaedia. Pareto gets less than adequate attention in these essays and, interestingly, Hobhouse rates only one bare mention even in Kenneth Bock's very helpful Chapter 2 of *HSA* on "Theories of Progress, Development, Evolu-

[5] It is not necessarily disrespectful to the historical Marx to hold that he had other and more varied preoccupations. . . .

[6] *Contemporary Sociological Theory*. By MARGARET M. POLOMA. Collier Macmillan, $9.55, £5.25.

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tion." Piquant too, despite the book's exhaustive discussion of the history of sociology in America, is the apparent neglect of George Fitzhugh's *Sociology for the South* (1854). This was, I believe, the first English-language book that included the word sociology in its title. Its anti-capitalism was linked to a defence of slavery—and this seems to have rendered it unmentionable even by those who take seriously the conservative roots of sociology.

It is invidious to single out the most interesting of *HSA*'s many excellent and well-written chapters. But in the ordered sequence in which the book treats European and American approaches the essay on Durkheim by Edward A. Tiryakian is an especially fresh account: Anthony Giddens' essay (reprinted from one of his books) on "Positivism and its Critics" remains invaluable: Lewis Coser is as learned and lucid as ever on "American Trends."

Three chapters—a joint chapter by the editors on "Structuralism", Kurt Wolff on "Phenomenology and Sociology", and Alan Dawe's highly sceptical "Theories of Social Action"—provide, if taken together, one of the most comprehensive introductions to what, of late, have been sociology's most ambitious debates. With the decline, though not the obliteration, of functionalism, new approaches to the study of meaning and causality have been widely canvassed. Hermeneutics, for example, has flourished (often, paradoxically, in incomprehensible terms), to shake up the functionalist's complacency over questions of meaning and perspective. And structuralism (though there is a sense in which "we are all structuralists") has produced an impact on historical sociology, not least in France, as well as an over-determinist brand of Marxism in the work of Althusser. It has also crossed bridges into and out of linguistics—partly following fashion, partly from necessity. This part of "sociological analysis" is still unfinished business—and, as all too often happens, the important intellectual babies struggle in a bathwater of considerable verbal mush.

HSA also raises questions of *what* the analysts analyse. Thus Frank Parkin's account of stratification, though unfriendly to the status quo in, I should think, most existing societies, is exceptionally acute: Steven Lukes stands by his earlier views on "Power and Authority" but happily shows that the frontier between analysis and social philosophy is still a hard one to demarcate; and James Coleman, on the relevance of analysis to social policies, raises fundamental questions of relevance and responsibility in an American context which will be, I am afraid, novel to the more insular British practitioners in the social sciences. These targeted essays illustrate much in the previous debates on "analysis", although I would have wished that *HSA* could have included an account of the sociology of religion,

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which has been one of the subject's most exciting growth-areas.[7]

LAST BUT NOT LEAST I turn to Rom Harré's *Social Being*.[8] Dr Harré is lecturer in Philosophy of Science at Oxford—and has proved a gadfly to those most "naturalistic" of cadres, the professional psychologists.

Social Being is subtitled "A Theory for Social Psychology." I have enormous sympathy with his purpose—for I share his sadness that there has been too little successful traffic between sociology and social psychology in their various forms. He will be criticised by many for saying difficult things in too difficult a language—or, by others, for re-stating (I myself think amusingly and truthfully) "obvious" points about the act of smiling, rituals, games, and ceremonies. I think he is right to say that

> social psychology cannot be studied successfully without drawing upon an explicit microsociology of a symbolic interactionist cast. Only thus can we find out what people can do—and only if we know what people can do can we find out how they do it.

I applaud what he writes on "the failure of traditional methods" in experimental psychology and questionnaire sociology. But on his own positive "theory" it is really hard to form an easy judgment.

In a sense, of course, he is offering a sensitising perspective rather than a theory—or rather a set of such perspectives drawn from Oxford philosophy, the images of performance and the drama, rival psycholinguistic views, and so on. I confess to a difficulty in drawing it all together and I suspect that Dr Harré himself may have had the same difficulty in connecting up his dazzling arrays of distinctions and classifications.

I grasp the central idea—the concern with structures and meanings. I accept as a key question: "if structured entities are conceived as essentially determined by their structural properties, what are the sources of those structures?" But I am very doubtful whether he has shown us how to move from the microsociology to the more complex (and to me more interesting) "macro" level. I feel that this is the target which he sets himself—but that the target, if it is indeed attainable, gets obscured by a welter of words and

[7] Some indication of what I admire will be found in the paper "Theories of Religion and Social Change" by Thomas Luckman in *The Annual Review of the Social Sciences of Religion*, Vol. I (Mouton, 1977).

[8] *Social Being*. By ROM HARRÉ, Blackwell, £15.00, paper £5.95.

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compacted, coruscating ideas. Dr Harré is remarkably learned and genuinely open-minded. But, *pace* his concluding section on political activity, the "big" issues which macrosociology confronts can, I suspect, only be illuminated by quite hard, specific, historical enquiries—and the hazardous exercise of a genuinely sociological imagination. There remains the nagging question—and Dr Harré's book does a service even if it cannot solve it—whether we can marry that specificity to the most modern, elaborate, and widely based sets of psychological "deductions."

The Worst of Crimes

On Poverty & Theory—By FRANK PARKIN

IF THE POOR are always with us so, fortunately, are those who are professionally dedicated to letting us know it. Their instruction does not usually fall upon very receptive ears. When poverty is plainly visible, it can comfortably be explained as a form of retribution visited upon the thriftless and the idle. In more affluent times, the condition of the poor seems to arouse less public concern than the unexpected hazards of excess. A society preoccupied with the maladies of over-indulgence is unlikely to promote serious talk about poverty.

In the popular mind, poverty is thought of as a condition of acute material deprivation. It conjures up images of the soup kitchen, barefoot children, the begging bowl. These images fade into the past when the helpless and the indigent can always turn for protection to the all-caring state. As the state enlarges itself, it is poverty that withers away.

This is the cheerful view that Peter Townsend seeks to dispel in his remarkable, encyclopaedic study of *Poverty in the United Kingdom*.[1] For a thousand or so pages Townsend painstakingly itemises the many different ways in which a sizeable minority of people in Britain today suffer degradation through want of the things that the rest of us regard as ordinary necessities of life. It is an impressive intellectual monument in a career already well staked out with scholarly contributions on behalf of the underdog.

In measuring the extent of poverty, definitions are everything; small alterations in wording can shift large numbers of people in or out of pauperdom. Conventionally, poverty is defined by some standard of material subsistence. Rowntree's strategy of calculating the sum required to feed, clothe and house the average working family was widely adopted as a handy way of drawing the poverty line. It is on this kind of measure that poverty in western societies can be looked upon as little more than a residual problem. In so far as it exists at all, poverty is something said to be found only in isolated pockets of the community, and then usually as the peculiar attribute of "problem families."

Townsend will have none of this. He defines poverty as relative deprivation, by which he means

> the absence or inadequacy of those diets, amenities, standards, services and activities which are common or customary in society. People are deprived of the conditions of life which ordinarily define membership of society. If they lack or are denied resources to obtain access to these conditions of life, and so fulfil membership of society, they are in poverty.

Measured against this yardstick, 25% of all households in Townsend's national sample are in poverty. This contrasts with the figure of 7% arrived at by applying the government's own, less exacting, standard.

IF POVERTY IS DEFINED in relative terms, the prospect of putting an end to it looks none too bright. Short of complete egalitarianism there is bound to be some segment of the population whose material and social well-being falls below that common to the rest of society. At what point does merely having less than the norm qualify as a descent into poverty? The answer is: the point at which there comes about "a sudden withdrawal from participation in the customs and activities sanctioned by the culture. The point at which withdrawal 'escalates' disproportionately to falling resources could be defined as the poverty line."

Paradoxically, Townsend's cultural definition of poverty means that the poor are found almost exclusively in wealthy industrial countries. In countries of the Third World the great majority of the population tend to live on the very margins of subsistence. Where hunger, squalor and disease are the everyday conditions which "ordinarily define membership of society" there can hardly be a surviving substratum of those who fall below the norm. Since there can be no poverty where immiseration is the common fate, the final solution

[1] *Poverty in the United Kingdom: A Survey of Household Resources and Standards of Living*. By PETER TOWNSEND. Allen Lane, £15.00, Penguin £7.95.

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to the problem looks appealingly simple. Lenin once defined the dictatorship of the proletariat as "democracy for the poor", meaning that where the wealthy had been done away with, the poor would remain but the condition of poverty would not. Poverty was not so much a matter of material hardship as of the flaunted wealth of the favoured few. By bidding farewell to this few, the dictatorship would remove the humiliating sting of poverty and create a society of dignified and equal poor.

Townsend would appear to have certain reservations about this kind of solution. He is certain enough that the poverty of some is created by the amassed wealth of others. An assault on the problem must therefore begin by making a "substantial reduction" in the wealth of the rich and in higher incomes. At the same time, though, "poverty is not inequality", which is to say that the bottom 10 or 20% in society need not necessarily be poor. The lowest income groups in Sweden are cited as an example. Their lot is contrasted with that of their counterparts in the United States who do, it seems, qualify for the label of poor. Oddly enough, no evidence is offered to show that the worst-off Swedes are less socially incapacitated than their equivalents in the United States or Britain. Since there is considerable private wealth in Sweden it would be instructive to know why it has not produced its own mirror image in the shape of poverty.

A crucial question in all this is how the poor themselves conceive of their condition. Townsend rightly points out that his findings do not fully endorse the myth of the contented poor. But they do not completely demolish it either. Much depends, of course, on the kinds of questions put to the people concerned. Even so, whatever form the questioning takes, a surprisingly large number of those living well below the average standard stubbornly refuse to think of themselves as being in poverty. Moreover, these same people are less inclined than the better-off to acknowledge that poverty still exists. And of those who are able to see poverty around them, about a third believe that the fault lies with the poor themselves rather than with government.

One reason for this, as Townsend says, is that most people continue to think of poverty in absolute rather than relative terms. Poverty is the cruel physical hardship that they or their parents suffered in the '20s and '30s. It is not the inability to afford holidays in the sun or family entertainment. It would be very surprising if this old-fashioned view of poverty were not given powerful reinforcement by the almost continuous display on our television screens and in our newspapers of emaciated bodies and homeless refugees in distant lands. Confronted by the devastated faces of the latest victims of flood, famine, or political despotism, it is little wonder that even the poorest in the welfare state should decline to think of themselves as paupers.

SEEN THROUGH THE EYES of the world's poor, the redefinition of poverty to suit western conditions is bound to seem somewhat bizarre. It raises the awkward question of where to draw the moral boundaries of altruistic concern. As Robert Pinker points out in his new book, *The Idea of Welfare*,[2] theories of welfare are often quite arbitrarily confined to the borders of the nation state. Durkheim's dictum that the moral sphere is always "a society having its own structure and character" is unusual only in being quite explicit in its parochialism. Since the international community is anything but a community it cannot be a moral unit. This is a useful, and perhaps necessary, idea to social reformers. If our redistributive impulses did not stop short at national boundaries we should be obliged to ask those of even modest means to decant most of what little they have into the large, empty vessels of Africa and Asia. Egalitarianism at home is normally accompanied by charity abroad. As Pinker says, internationalism is pretty much an élite concept, so that the extension of redistributive principles to the poor in other countries is unlikely to enjoy mass appeal.

THE FACT THAT A GOOD CAUSE is supported only by an intellectual minority does not necessarily do it much harm. As Keith Banting shows in one of his carefully documented case studies in *Poverty, Politics and Policy*,[3] it was largely through the effort of a handful of academics, Townsend among them, that poverty was rediscovered in Britain in the 1960s and subsequently turned into a political issue. The poor themselves were silent on the matter, as were the political parties and the trade unions. Public opinion held both that poverty did not exist and that in any case it was due to drink and idleness. Banting cites a survey of Common Market countries carried out in 1976 which shows that these beliefs are more widely held among the British than among the rest of the EEC population. The British were also more likely than anyone else to think that the government was already doing quite enough, or even too much, to ease the plight of the poor. Why this should be so is not explained. In view of our alleged distaste for the Victorian virtues of self-help, industriousness, and the creation of wealth, it seems strange that we should have

[2] *The Idea of Welfare*. By ROBERT PINKER. Heinemann Educational, £8.50, paper £3.75.

[3] *Poverty, Politics and Policy*. By KEITH G. BANTING. Macmillan Press, £12.00.

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preserved intact the Victorian attitude towards poverty.

THE PROPOSALS FOR DEALING with poverty show some interesting variations. Pinker is fairly unusual among welfare theorists in his willingness to consider whether the market might have a constructive role to play. He points out that, partly because of the influence of Richard Titmuss's work, the relationship between welfare and the market is generally regarded as one of antagonism. Titmuss contrasted the economic market with the social market, arguing that the latter embodied a higher order of morality than the former. The economic market was governed by principles of exchange and reciprocity, whereas the social market was governed by unilateral transfers or "the gift relationship."

There is an obvious tension between this doctrine of the gift relationship and the notion of legal rights or entitlement to welfare that social market theorists also endorse. It is difficult to see how we can have a right to gifts. In addition, as Pinker says, social market principles have more bearing upon the distribution of goods and services than upon their production. The problems of welfare allocation arise, he proposes, not because one set of moral principles is morally superior to another but because they are designed for different ends. A system governed solely by the social market might be unable to produce enough surplus to distribute to the poor and needy. "The first condition for a gift relationship is the existence of a gift worth giving."

Although Pinker is much less emphatic than Townsend in singling out the market as one of the chief causes of poverty, he is certainly no Friedmanite. Understandably so; the classical liberal economists are much too sanguine in their belief that the free market can be neatly reconciled with a humane programme of deliverance for its victims. A system of reward founded upon success in the market-place has as its necessary obverse a system of punishments for those who fail in it. Under this dispensation, even the most careful handouts to the poor and the weak are universally perceived as public stigmata. Guardians of the common purse are boundlessly ingenious in devising rituals of humiliation in their anxiety to be sure that help is given only to "the deserving poor."

THE POOR who are the subject matter of *The Nature of Mass Poverty*, John Kenneth Galbraith's latest essay,[4] are the poor in those

[4] *The Nature of Mass Poverty*. By JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH. Harvard University Press, $8.95, £4.95.

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countries where to be anything else is a stroke of good fortune. Professor Galbraith asks, and tries to answer, the puzzling question as to why some entire countries are poor while others prosper. Is it, perhaps, because of differences in natural resources? Plainly not, or else Japan would be among the poorest nations on earth. Has it something to do with the political and social system? If it is socialist, maybe a top-heavy and over-centralised bureaucracy is dragging everyone down; if it is capitalist, perhaps a predatory rentier class is squandering the surplus. Galbraith thinks not. Among countries that were once capitalist and are now socialist the divisions between rich (East Germany, Czechoslovakia) and poor (Bulgaria, Romania) are the same now as they were before. Capitalism and socialism, strawberry and vanilla. The legacy of colonialism is also given short shrift as an explanation. Many of the former English-speaking colonies are now better off than the mother country, while uncolonised Thailand and Ethiopia remain poor. One by one, Galbraith sets up the commonsense and scholarly explanations for mass poverty only to flatten them with well-chosen lumps of evidence.

Part of the trouble, we are told, is that the diagnosis of poverty has been shaped by the available remedies. Things which could not be altered—climate, ethnicity—could not be regarded as causes of poverty; things which could, were. Hence the official definition of the problem as lack of capital or technical know-how. What tends to be overlooked, says Galbraith, is the extent to which the poor are simply resigned to their lot. Moreover, the refusal by people to struggle against enormous odds is "a profoundly rational response. Given the formidable hold of the equilibrium of poverty within which they live, accommodation is the optimal solution."

To accept the fact of accommodation is not to accept that poverty is inevitable. The stranglehold of accommodation can be broken, as attested by the examples of Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore and Israel. At this stage in the argument it begins to look as if the problem of mass poverty has been restated rather than explained. The question now becomes, why is it that some people manage to resist or throw off accommodation while others do not?

Galbraith's answer is beguilingly simple. Countries which are on the receiving end of mass migration are much more likely to make the break with accommodation than countries with a stable population. "The energy and thrust for accomplishment so aggregated and concentrated explains, far more than any other factor, the resulting development." Migration need not be voluntary for this to occur. The forced expulsion of communities can have the same galvanising effect. By easing the pressure on domestic resources, especially land, migration benefits those left behind almost as much as those who leave. It follows from this that the best possible way for the rich countries to help the poor countries is by opening the gates to mass migration.

Galbraith has no difficulty in citing evidence in support of his thesis. But let us suppose it was one of the many theses he wished to knock down. He would surely have no less difficulty in showing that some countries managed to overcome mass poverty without benefit of mass migration—Japan, for example. Or that others which have been generous exporters of population have not appeared to reap great benefits—for example, the West Indies or pre-revolutionary China.

In addition, one of the main consequences of internal migration is to transform poverty from a rural to an urban problem. To exchange the squalor of village life for the squalor of the *bidonville* hardly seems much recompense for breaking the bonds of accommodation. Finally, an open-door policy is bound to be less than irresistible to western governments facing the difficulties of recession and heavy unemployment. How grim if Galbraith turned out to be right, so that the best hope for overcoming mass poverty was also the least acceptable of all possible political alternatives.

THE AMERICAN AUTHORS of *Poor People's Movements*[5] put forward the unusual suggestion that the best remedy for poverty lies in the hands of the poor themselves. The kind of self-help they advocate, however, is not the kind liable to meet with the approval of Sir Keith Joseph. What Richard Cloward and Frances Piven have in mind is a policy of "mass insurgency" by the poor against the state power. The poor in this context are again the poor in advanced Western countries, and more particularly the United States.

Cloward and Piven suggest that the politics of direct action is well suited to the condition of the poor. Orthodox party or pressure group politics is suitable only for those groups endowed with sufficient resources to stake a public claim for more. The leading assumption of pluralist political theory is that any group with serious grievances can press its case and get a hearing before the bar of democracy. The absence of pressure indicates the absence of genuine grievance. But the poor not only lack the wherewithal to articulate their demands, they also lack the sanctions useful for backing up these demands. There is only one resource they can withhold—"their quiescence in civil life." In short, they can riot.

[5] *Poor People's Movements: Why They Succeed, How They Fail.* By FRANCES FOX PIVEN and RICHARD A. CLOWARD. Basil Blackwell, £7.95.

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By way of a series of case studies, Cloward and Piven seek to show that direct action and civil disobedience are likely to yield greater dividends for the poor than anything that could be won through organised politics. Taking their cue from Robert Michels, they suggest that the moment a popular movement replaces spontaneous mass action by formal organisation it sets in motion the machinery of its own destruction. Organisation produces élites, and élites naturally prefer the decorum of routine politics to the turbulence of street politics. In taming the passion and resentment of the poor, the movement throws away its only strong card.

If the urban poor in the welfare state can only win out by keeping themselves in a state of continuous ferment the outlook for them is bleak indeed. The tendency to organise can hardly be singled out as the main cause of weakness among such an inchoate and fragmented population. The fact is that the modern poor do not share a common set of characteristics that marks them out as a potential collectivity. In earlier times, the condition of the poor was the condition experienced by a large sector of the urban working class. As a consequence, the struggle for a better lot was conducted under the umbrella of the organised labour movement. The modern poor are not so readily identifiable as a constituent part of a larger, organised class. As Townsend's work shows, they are a very mixed category, comprising the elderly, the chronically sick or disabled, one-parent families, and so forth. If they are in the workforce at all they are typically in jobs outside the protection of organised labour. Such diversity of circumstance and condition is about the worst possible vantage point from which to carry out the type of social action recommended by Cloward and Piven.

One factor slightly more to the advantage of the poor is the exploitability of liberal ideology. As Marx recognised, liberal ideals like democracy, freedom and equality were powerful moral weapons that could be turned against their manufacturers by the dispossessed. In our still prosperous society the case on behalf of the poor is more or less clinched when the rest of us can be forced into a reluctant awareness of their presence. And in this task of moral education there are few spokesmen for the poor as persuasive as Peter Townsend and his collaborators.

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The Enrichment of Boredom

Good Work & Bad Work—By MICHAEL ASHLEY

IS WORK important? Its importance in a utilitarian sense (for society, in terms of the production of goods and services; and for the individual, in terms of earning a living) is obvious enough. But is work important to the individual in a broader sense, in terms of the development of his personality, the satisfaction of psychological and social needs or goals, in terms of what it does *to*—rather than merely *for*—him? Is the work which an individual does, the occupation he follows, necessarily "fateful" for the other areas of his life, or is it possible for work to be successfully compartmentalised, segregated spatially, temporally, and spiritually from the other spheres of life, regarded as a disagreeable necessity but one which need not prevent the individual from finding the full range of life satisfactions outside the workplace?

"The meaning of work" has historically been an important and controversial subject of religious, political, and, more recently, of social scientific debate. It has become conventional to examine the way in which this debate has been fought out during the last couple of decades in terms of two (inevitably very broad and heterogeneous) approaches to the understanding and evaluation of the nature and meaning of work in contemporary industrial societies.

The first approach believes that work is, or rather, should be, important to the individual. In a properly organised society all workers, and not just a privileged minority of artists, craftsmen and professionals, should be able to derive *intrinsic* satisfaction from their work, and to *express* themselves through it. For want of a better label, I will call this the intrinsic-expressive approach.

The opposing school of thought accepts with what it feels to be realistic resignation or positive enthusiasm that for most people, most of the time, work is an irksome necessity, from which the worker looks to obtain predominantly *extrinsic* rewards. The worker's *instrumental* orientation to work and his concomitant emphasis on the satisfactions to be gained from the spheres of non-work, from consumption rather than production, are regarded as the conscious choice of a rational actor rather than the pathological, "alienated" reaction of the instrumental, privatised worker as seen by the intrinsic-expressive school. This is the extrinsic-instrumental approach.

The two schools of thought are agreed about many of the "facts." Both accept that the majority of workers find little intrinsic satisfaction in their work, that instrumental or "economistic" attitudes and motives predominate. Both accept that the characteristic response to work is one of unenthusiastic, low-key satisfaction ("It's all right, it's a job. . . .") rather than an openly expressed dissatisfaction or hostility. The typical worker, whether manual or white-collar, is seen as primarily interested in maximising his take-home pay, minimising discomfort at the workplace, and getting the best deal possible out of "the wage-effort bargain." Equally, both agree that this is, to a greater or lesser extent, a rational, adaptive response to the realities of the kind of work situation in which most people find themselves: large-scale, bureaucratic, impersonal organisations, with limited scope for informal patterns of sociability; and work design based on the principles of Scientific Management, involving extensive division of labour, and a multiplicity of specialised, short-cycle and repetitive tasks which require little training or skill—and also the deliberate removal of skill and discretion from the worker and their transfer to the technology.

Where the two schools of thought part company is in their respective evaluations of this situation. The intrinsic-expressive school argues that the worker's response of low-key satisfaction with the job and his strongly instrumental emphasis on financial rewards is more an adaptation forced on the worker by the organisation of production and by the dominant cultural meaning of work (that is, instrumentalism), propagated and reinforced by a range of socialising agencies, than a supposedly rational choice between a number of alternative, realisable goals or meanings. Alan Fox, the most eloquent and persuasive advocate of the intrinsic-expressive approach among contemporary British sociologists, has argued that the instrumental emphasis has "gained a predominant acceptance in the sense that probably most people regard it as 'reasonable' and 'only to be expected' that socially organised work should be designed in this way."[1]

> The voices which recommend us to seek—or at least to sample—intrinsic work satisfactions on the grounds that we may discover them to be enriching and significant for us are small voices

[1] A. Fox, "The Meaning of Work", in *Occupational Categories and Cultures, I*, Open University (1976), p.25.

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indeed; mostly inaudible to large sections of our society and rarely found to be emanating from those with the status, of, say, cabinet minister, top industrialist, senior administrator—or, for that matter, prominent trade-union leader.

THE INTRINSIC-EXPRESSIVE VIEW argues that work is, or should be, intrinsically rewarding, an end in itself, expressive of individual personality, and should contribute towards psychological growth or, as one variant of this school of thought expresses it, "self-actualisation." The most radical and influential expression of this view is that of Karl Marx.

In the *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts* Marx sees work as nothing less than the self-creation of man. Labour—conscious, creative, productive activity, undertaken freely, and for its own sake—is what separates man from other animals, and constitutes his "species-being." But, argues Marx, in any society based on private property and the division of labour—or, more specifically, as under capitalism, where the social organisation of production involves a majority of propertyless workers being forced to sell their labour power to a minority who own or control the means of production—man's labour is alienated. He is alienated from what he produces, because he works for somebody else who owns the raw materials, the tools, and the finished product, who minutely controls the process of production and has the right to dispose of the product. He is alienated from his "species-being" because his work is like the "work" of any other animal, a mere means to survival, rather than distinctively human in character. He is alienated from other men because "in the situation of alienated labour each man measures his relationship to other men by the relationship in which he finds himself placed as a worker." He is also alienated from the activity of production, because his labour expresses not his own needs and intentions, but those of his employer and the market, so that "the worker only feels at home outside his work and in his work he feels a stranger. . . . His labour is therefore not voluntary, but compulsory, forced labour. It is therefore not the satisfaction of a need but only a means to satisfy needs outside itself."

A more recent expression of this approach is C. Wright Mills' "ideal of craftsmanship" which he uses in *White Collar* (1951) as a yardstick against which to measure the increasing fragmentation of work in, and the bureaucratisation and impersonalisation of, contemporary large-scale work organisations. These are staffed by "one-dimensional", "cheerful robots" who spend their

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working life performing meaningless tasks in order to earn enough money to repurchase their alienated selves and to finance their leisure time.

> Each day men sell little pieces of themselves in order to buy them back each night and weekend with the coin of fun. . . . The weekend, having nothing in common with the working week, lifts men and women out of the grey level tone of everyday work life, and forms a standard with which the working life is contrasted.

The independent craftsman is seen by Mills, as by other writers in this tradition, as the personification of unalienated labour, of what counts as "good work." (However, in keeping with the shifts in the occupational structure from manual to non-manual labour, and from self-employment to employment by others, the professional employee is increasingly replacing the self-employed craftsman as the model of satisfying work.) What are the main elements in this ideal of craftsmanship?

First, the craftsman's work constitutes a rewarding end in itself. This is not to say that he must adopt an attitude of disdain towards material rewards, merely that concern for the latter should not come to dominate his attitude to work. Secondly, the craftsman's work displays a wholeness, a "unity of conception and execution." This phrase is Harry Braverman's, the divorce between conception and execution being the central theme of his influential critique on the fragmentation of work consequent upon the technical division of labour under capitalism.[2] Thirdly, the craftsman enjoys autonomy, freedom from close supervision, freedom to control his own work activity, discretion, and responsibility. Fourthly, he possesses a high level of skill, the complex product of knowledge of the craft and manual dexterity—again, the emphasis on wholeness, the unity of intellectual and manual abilities. Skill allows him the challenge and satisfaction of continuous problem-solving and the learning, psychological growth, or self-actualisation which flow from this. These four elements combine to ensure that for the craftsman there is no unnatural "big split", as Mills puts it, between work and play, work and "life."

ONE IMPORTANT FEATURE of the craftsman's work situation, not given particular prominence in Mills' model, is its small scale. The craftsman is seen working on his own, or in a small cooperative group, and with his own hand tools, rather than with machines or large-scale technology. "Small is beautiful." This proposition, the much quoted title of a previous book by the late E. F. Schumacher, remains the basic theme of his new book,[3] based on a series of lectures given in the mid-1970s, but it is incorporated within a more general philosophy of work which comes from the same stable as Marx's and particularly Mills'.

Schumacher's diagnosis of the ills of modern industrial society is self-consciously iconoclastic in intent and strongly evangelical in tone. He comes across as a wise, compassionate man, with a deeply-felt outrage at all manifestations of loss of human community and fellowship—whether produced by large-scale technology, bureaucratic and uncaring organisations, uncontrolled economic growth, autocratic management, or by the selfish pursuit of "private pecuniary gain." He presents an attractive vision of a future industrial society based on the principle of cooperative production, "organised in much smaller units with an almost infinite decentralisation of authority and responsibility." Strong on sentiment, then, but somewhat soft-centred when it comes to providing a theoretical understanding of what is wrong, where the real fault lies, and how the transition to a world of small-scale, cooperative production and work with real meaning might be effected.

At one level, this comment does him an injustice: he was not the romantic, armchair moralist he sometimes appears to be in his writings. Rather, he was an energetic and committed practical man, constantly attempting to translate his ideals into immediate reality, rather than wait for the millennium. He promoted "intermediate technology" in the Third World, introduced modest schemes of decentralisation at the National Coal Board (whose Economic Adviser he was from 1950 to 1970), and was involved in the Scott Bader Commonwealth—one of the relatively few successful examples of a cooperative productive enterprise in Britain, and one which takes seriously the "human scale" philosophy by not allowing any of its companies to grow above 400 workers.

What is Schumacher's view of modern work? "Mechanical, artificial, divorced from nature, utilising only the smallest part of man's potential capabilities, it sentences the great majority of workers to spending their working lives in a way which contains no worthy challenge, no stimulus to self-perfection. . . ." But to what should these evils be attributed? To Capitalism? Or to Industrialism? His answer is the latter, "irrespective of the social form", and he justifies his position with the aid of a decidedly crude technological determinism:

> Once a process of technological development has been set in motion it proceeds largely by its own momentum, irrespective of the intentions of its originators.

Against those on the Left who claim that the

[2] Harry Braverman, *Labor and Monopoly Capital* (1975).

[3] *Good Work*. By E. F. SCHUMACHER. Jonathan Cape, £4.95.

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problem is the capitalist system or the profit motive, and those on the Right who blame management for failing to provide the workforce with a sense of purpose in their work and a sense of belonging within the enterprise, Schumacher insists that the technology itself is the main culprit, rather than "the system", the social form, or the superstructure, which are only "the inevitable product" of the technology:

> As I compare the societies which appear to have different "systems", the evidence seems to be overwhelming that where they employ the same technology they act very much the same and become more alike every day. Mindless work in office or factory is equally mindless under any system.

SCHUMACHER'S REIFICATION of technology is an ironic testament to the strength and insidiousness of the very processes and ideologies about which he feels so strongly and of which he is struggling to make sense. What, after all, is technology, and what are we to make of his twin theses of technological determinism and cultural convergence?

There is, certainly, a usage of the concept of technology which does involve the idea of a system, a complete "package." This incorporates not merely the interrelationship of a set of machines or production processes, "the hardware", but also what might be described as "the social software" of a particular work design, division of labour, and method of working, which appear to be inexorably linked to the nature of the hardware. But are they? Surely the way in which a machine, or interrelated set of machines, or an integrated production process is operated—in terms of the extent of the division of labour, the scope of the tasks thereby created, the nature, indeed the very existence, of supervision, the degree of discretion, control and responsibility given to the workers, and so on—is not simply given by the physical nature of the machinery. It expresses the goals and conceptions of how work "must" be organised to realise those goals of the individual or collectivity which has the right to make authoritative decisions about the organisation of production. In short, technology can be used to perform the same technical operations under very different forms of work organisation and in pursuit of very different goals. These could be, for instance, maximisation of private profit, as against use-value to the community, or a deliberate commitment to forgo some part of the technically possible level of production in order to realise other valued goals, democratically decided by the workers in the factory or by the wider community, such as providing more interesting work.

It might well be argued that assembly-line work

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in car manufacture—whether located in England, Russia, or, more tellingly perhaps, in a hypothetical future socialist society (organised in such a way that it avoids neo-Marxist critiques of "state capitalist" Eastern bloc societies)—is, by its very nature, incapable of providing interesting, meaningful work. Such an argument might well accept that in the truly socialist society workers may take part in a fully democratic decision-making process at factory and society level about the organisation and scale of production, and that the conditions of work, including the speed of the "track", might be more favourable than in any of today's car factories. Following Marx's critique of the fixed occupational division of labour in *The German Ideology*, or the more modest Chinese experiment in giving intellectuals a taste of manual work from time to time, workers might not even be expected to work for more than a certain period of time in such a job. But however great these improvements, assuming they are seen as such, the actual work itself would remain repetitive and uninteresting.

This seems to me an important and defensible argument, one which tends to be dismissed too easily by some advocates of this future socialist paradise. The appropriate response is to question the alleged or merely assumed "necessity" of an assembly-line production system in the first place: cars do not have to be built with this kind of technology, as Aston Martin workers know. However, it is essential to remember the intense competitive pressures of the international market for mass-produced (as opposed to limited edition, specialist and very expensive) cars. Any car company or any country operating in this market would be courting certain bankruptcy if it decided to go it alone and hand-assemble its cars in order to increase job satisfaction among the workforce—and this provides a good example of one important structural constraint under-estimated by Schumacher: the impossibility of Socialism in One Country.

Schumacher would, of course, agree wholeheartedly with the proposition that mass production of cars could be undertaken in smaller factories, with a less rigid division of labour, small work groups rather than an assembly-line, and less supervision of and more discretion allowed to the workers. What he seems to shy away from is a recognition of the conditions under which such a change could take place, namely, the transcendence of the international capitalist system of production for profit, and the cultural values which are both the product and ideological underpinning of this system, such as instrumentalism. But Schumacher does not like the language of political change, or "the system." He prefers to see the world as a morality play, in which the heroic "little people" slowly undermine the villainous world of Massive Technology from within by developing their own "human scale" technology. At some point in the future the multinational corporations quietly wither away, and industrial harmony and human fellowship break out all over: a perfect omelette made out of good intentions, and achieved without breaking a single (free-range) egg.

IT HAS LONG BEEN RECOGNISED by the owners and controllers of industry that organisation of work based on the profit-maximising principles of Scientific Management not surprisingly produces low job satisfaction, lack of commitment, and a strongly instrumental motivation among the workforce. The "Human Relations" school of management thought vainly attempted to increase morale (and productivity) by fostering better social or human relations in the factory, mainly through friendly supervision and improved communications. More recently, the so called neo-Human Relations school, of which Frederick Herzberg is the best-known member, has acknowledged that any significant improvement in morale and commitment is likely to be achieved only if some attempt is made to change the actual nature of the jobs men do. In Herzberg's terms, this would involve worrying less about reducing the "dissatisfiers" or "hygiene" factors in the working environment (salary, working conditions, supervision), and instead focusing attention on the "satisfiers" or "motivators" which relate to the nature of the work itself (achievement, recognition, responsibility).

At a practical level, this has led to a minority of self-consciously progressive companies (such as Volvo in Sweden, Phillips in Holland, and I.C.I. in Britain) introducing schemes of job rotation, job enlargement, and job enrichment—often, and not by coincidence, linked to productivity deals. Jobs fragmented by the technical division of labour are now to be put back together again. It goes without saying that management has not experienced a disinterested conversion to the intrinsic-expressive philosophy of work. Rather, in capital-intensive industries the nature of the technology places a premium on a stable labour force, continuity of production, and responsibility among even the lowest level process operators, and so a work design and management system which encourages this is required. Given that management commitment to job enrichment is best understood as being in the main just another man-management technique—whose success will be ultimately tested against the criterion of contribution to profits rather than worker satisfaction—it is not surprising that various studies have discovered a large gap between the theory and reality of job enrichment, and that workers tend to be rather sceptical about the whole enterprise. As one of

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Theo Nichols' respondents put it, in a study of a chemicals plant:

> "You move from one boring, dirty, monotonous job to another boring, dirty, monotonous job. . . . And somehow you're supposed to come out of it all 'enriched.' But I never feel 'enriched'—I just feel knackered." [4]

AMERICAN WORKERS ABROAD is a very readable collection of essays edited by Robert Schrank,[5] reporting the experiences of some American workers (car workers, longshoremen, policemen, and nurses) who spent a few weeks doing their job in a European country. It includes an interesting account by Robert Goldmann of the experiences of six Detroit car workers at the Saab-Scania plant in Sweden, which, like the better known Volvo experiment, has shifted from assembly-line to group-assembly under the influence of job enrichment theory.

The reactions of the six were varied: there was general agreement that plant conditions were good, but most felt that the pace of the work was excessive. This was attributed to weak unionism, and to the over-zealousness and desire to please of the female and Finnish immigrant workers.

Various studies, and most recently Jonathan Power's journalistic, broad-ranging survey of migrant workers,[6] have pointed to the increased use by many Western countries of young, hardworking, and often chronically insecure immigrant workers (particularly those on temporary working permits) to fill the "dirty jobs" which the indigenous working-class is increasingly unprepared to accept, and to even out fluctuations in the demand for labour. A similar point, using the concept of "the dual labour market", is made in *Good Jobs, Bad Jobs, No Jobs*, a new book by Eli Ginzberg,[7] a rather uninspired examination of changes in the industrial and occupational structure and the manpower policy implications of these changes.

The most perceptive of the six Detroit workers, one Joseph Rodriguez (who, we are informed, reads philosophy and history in his spare time) was also most critical of the Saab system. He particularly disliked the excessive pace ("If I've got to bust my

[4] Theo Nichols, "The Socialism of Management: Some Comments on the New 'Human Relations'", *Sociological Review* (Vol. 23, No. 2, 1975).

[5] *American Workers Abroad*. Edited by ROBERT SCHRANK. MIT Press, £7.75, $12.50.

[6] *Migrant Workers in Western Europe and the United States*. By JONATHAN POWER. Pergamon Press, £12.50, paper £5.25.

[7] *Good Jobs, Bad Jobs, No Jobs*. By ELI GINZBERG. Harvard University Press, £9.00, $15.00.

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ass to be meaningful, forget it; I'd rather be monotonous"). More interestingly perhaps, he—like two of the others—felt very uneasy about the paternalistic, even repressively tolerant, atmosphere in the plant:

> "Somehow I have the feeling, and I don't like the feeling, 'you're being had'. . . they make it easy for you to swallow a hard pill. In the States, even though it's dirty and even though it's noisy, there you don't have to swallow anything. I mean you just come back and say, 'Hey, I don't know where you're coming from; I don't like it; get off my back.' "

He positively valued the Detroit situation of a clear "frontier of control", continuously and sometimes bitterly renegotiated between a traditional, aggressive management and the strong countervailing power of shop-floor unionism—something he felt conspicuously absent at Saab-Scania. As another worker put it:

> "Even given all these situations where workers have participation in what's going on on the floor, it's still a situation of benevolence by the corporation . . . something that is done *for* you . . . we are taking care of your problems, which tends to demean you as a man."

Well-intentioned managers can often be heard complaining about the attitude of their workforce; they appear surprised, even hurt, that workers respond to schemes designed to make work more interesting, or to give them more participation, with lack of enthusiasm or even hostility, and with a reaffirmation of instrumentalism. But do workers like Rodriguez really belong to the extrinsic-instrumental camp? Their hard-headed attitude to pay, working conditions, and the level of effort required of them suggests that they do. Yet many of their comments suggest that to label them—to dismiss them—as merely instrumental would be to do scant justice to a complex, ambiguous reality, and would miss the yearning for independence and control which they express. Workers should be given more credit for their canny recognition of the realities of their situation—"participation" and job enrichment do not add up to meaningful control—and for viewing with caution changes which remove genuine, albeit limited and essentially defensive, forms of control painfully won from management over many years.

Up & Down the City Road

Deciding How People Live—By DUNCAN MITCHELL

THE POST-NATIONALISTIC AGE of Europe has emphasised local patriotism at precisely the time when the forces corroding regional differences have been strongest. State-run radio and television and a high degree of geographical mobility, especially of school-teachers, have reduced what in earlier times were stark differences in accent and pronunciation: BBC English may not have been imitated but it has rubbed off the sharp edges of regional accents and standardised vocabularies. The general growth of uniformity and standardisation especially of consumer goods has reduced differences in dress and behaviour. Do not our high streets look remarkably like one another as we pass by M and S, Liptons, Tesco and Woolworths?

Yet despite this process there are growing signs of a deliberate emphasis on local and regional differences: Scottish and Welsh nationalism are obvious examples, Cornish self-consciousness less so. More particularly there is pride in belonging to a particular city or district. Liverpool since World War II has acquired distinctiveness, largely associated with football and entertainment; Newcastle's geordies aggressively adhere to a pub-culture almost unique of its kind. The same is true in Europe as a whole although the roots of local patriotism are often deeper and of more fundamental import. Italians, while recognising both their nationality and membership of the European Community, retain a powerful sense of being say Milanese or Bolognese. At the small-town level the commune may display a local patriotism as intense as it is fascinating—annually the people of Gubbio meet the citizens of San Sepulcro to compete in full medieval splendour at crossbow shooting—or even within a city as when in September the four quarters of Arezzo, again in the costume of the *quattrocento*, compete in the *Giost*. To some extent the same may be noticed in other European towns and cities where such local patriotism goes further than say the resentment of a Toulousain of Paris and the centralisation of power.

When considering our own urban life, town planning, provision of housing and general development we do well to heed local patriotism, and for this reason alone John Ardagh's *A Tale of Five Cities*[1] is timely. His discussion of life in provincial Europe

[1] *A Tale of Five Cities*. By JOHN ARDAGH. Secker & Warburg. £8.95.

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today provides a journalist's description of Stuttgart, Bologna, Newcastle, Toulouse and Ljubljana. Its judgments of necessity are very subjective but his experienced eye has identified significant differences and at different levels of urban life: politico-administrative as well as social and cultural. For him life in Ljubljana is clearly more agreeable than life in Newcastle, but he admires the bourgeois orderliness of Stuttgart with its work-ethic and reliability while also enjoying the elegance of Bologna's citizens and the chattiness of the Toulousains.

The more one considers his descriptions the more it is clear that most people, outside the great metropolitan capitals, do think of themselves as belonging to a city or town—and size does not appear to have much to do with it. Some cities are particularly conscious of themselves in opposition; despite its greater size Plymouth is resentful of Exeter, of its county capital status and its University. Others have a self-identity because of a dominant industry or special institutions; Bradford living on wool and closing down for Wakes week is a case in point. The popularity of local history since the war may be another indicator of this, as well as the growth of civic societies and heritage schemes.

Since so much urban development is controlled centrally, although to differing degrees in various European countries, the importance of local interests, both economic and cultural, and of local aspirations and capabilities is frequently underestimated. If it is true that the relative independence of Newcastle and its environment, with built-in Labour Party dominance, could with advantage be encouraged, it is nevertheless the case that different kinds of administrative machinery would be required, and not only adequate financial provision for the city but also suitable remuneration for elected leaders, if corruption is to be avoided. In Toulouse the rivalry between *préfecture* and *mairie* can be inhibiting to satisfactory development, especially when administrative ability is strong in the one and weak in the other; in such an eventuality local patriotism may exacerbate rivalry to the city's detriment. When a good relationship obtains much benefit can accrue quickly.

COMPARISON OF European cities may be neither easy nor indeed useful beyond a point but it can provide a perspective for viewing our own problems. Thus if industrialisation took place later in France than in Britain so also did its urbanisation, and its problems are only sometimes similar to ours. By and large, apart from the great metropolitan cities of Paris, Marseille and Lyons, the French have not had to face the kind of inner city problems that beset us here, while the RAF provided many German cities with a *tabula rasa*. Old housing stock, antiquated industries, and useless dockside organisation unrelated to modern industrial and commercial enterprise provide a backcloth to the dramatic changes needed for regeneration.

Serious as the situation is, British planners have much to be proud of. American students are astonished when they learn the story of Britain's New Towns, whose success is largely unsung, and the successful attempts to create and maintain Green Belts also arouse admiration. Yet as David McKay and Andrew Cox point out in *The Politics of Urban Change*,[2] disillusion with the effects of more than a generation of State intervention in housing, land-use and other aspects of urban life has become more and more apparent. Their analysis of this discontent leads them to argue not that there is too much government intervention, but rather that policies have often been insensitively developed, misguided, misdirected. Land-use policies have led to an inner-city decay contrasting unfavourably with suburban development on the one hand and New Town centres on the other. Land value policies have not checked the ridiculously high valuations of central sites. Trans-

[2] *The Politics of Urban Change*. By DAVID H. MCKAY and ANDREW W. COX. Croom Helm, £11.50, paper £5.50.

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port policies have not reduced traffic congestion or checked the damage heavy vehicles do to buildings. Local interests and feelings about the kind of urban milieu held to be desirable are largely ignored.

SOME INDICATION of the feeling generated in the UK may be obtained from the more critical and enthusiastic literature being published on environmental pollution, housing problems, and poverty. *Who Needs Housing?*[3] is frankly partisan, the strident note of criticism having angry and bitter overtones. Jane and Roy Darke, both university lecturers, assume the Marxist standpoint to be unassailable, and blandly assert not only that capitalism is generally acknowledged to be confronting a crisis but that it is responsible for this country's major housing problem: allocation. This is not argued but stated, although a knowledge of housing on the continent in other capitalist countries might have given rise to some questioning of their assumptions. Why Britain should have a diminishing private rented sector and France and Germany not, and the differences between the problems faced by these three capitalist societies are not touched on. It is sufficient for the Darkes that Marx's dictum about the housing problem (made over a century ago) should form the basis of their discussion. But it leads them to be highly selective. They concentrate on "the underclass of the deprived" but fail to say precisely who they are. It may be argued that they are not restricted to the poor. Not only the disabled may be included but also better-off middle-class people who own an unsuitable property and cannot find an alternative. The lack of flats suitably equipped for the elderly and disabled and suitably sited on level ground within easy access of shops and social amenities—that is to say for preference in the centre of a town, and available for renting or purchase—is becoming critical. This is not so much a result of capitalism as of entrenched attitudes with respect to private house property; indeed, a thoroughgoing capitalist society might be able to make this provision. People cannot purchase or rent what is not available to them.

Enthusiasm and concern are allowed to generate tendentious statements such as: "people in Britain have less control over their own lives than the urban poor in the shanty-towns of Latin America." A moment's thought would remind the authors that Brazil, for instance, where extreme poverty obtains in the hillside dwellings outside Rio de Janeiro, is a capitalist country to a degree that Britain, with its many controls, is not. Moreover, their churlish treatment of housing associations, voluntary enterprises and hence doubtless suspect, fails to indicate either the success of this movement or its great potentialities. The Darke book is almost entirely critical of this movement, pointing to corruption and fraud, the difficulties facing co-ownership societies, and so forth. But the facts are more interesting. Are these authors aware that in many instances young couples are glad to form a co-ownership scheme for five years, building up their savings and then after this minimum period taking a substantial premium payment which provides them with a deposit on a house they may purchase as individuals? And why should there not be a variety of housing and types of tenure and ownership? Surely it is by provision of alternatives that different needs are most likely to be met.

To do justice to the authors, they are aware of more extreme Marxist positions than they hold and are critical of the cynicism reflected by statements that grass-roots action over housing issues is "atheoretical and unrelated to wider objectives in the class struggle", and that "any improvement in working-class conditions . . . is counter-productive in terms of sapping revolutionary fervour." All of which makes it regrettable that they do not see how existing institutions and voluntary effort can be further used to make the provision they desire. This is not to say that the Marxist critique of urban policies should not be taken seriously, as David McKay and Andrew Cox do in *The Politics of Urban Change*.

Martin Loney and Mark Allen, in *The Crisis of the Inner City*,[4] attempt to put differing views, and they present Conservative, Labour, and Marxist discussions of the problems of the inner city, respectively represented by Peter Walker, formerly Secretary of State for the Environment, Alex Lyon, Labour M.P. for York, and two Marxists, Bob Davis and Judith Green, both researchers in the North-East. This book provides a useful introduction to the subject, discussing the initiative taken by Peter Walker and developed by Peter Shore in tackling the inner city areas.

IN THE IMMEDIATE post-war period, when I was engaged in sociological research into an aspect of Liverpool's problems, the task facing the planners appeared immense. Resources were very limited, the need for action was urgent. Even allowing for these conditions it is disappointing that it has taken so long for basic sociological research findings to percolate through to inform planning policies; much of the work done in the 1950s is only now beginning to bear fruit. The uprooting of inner city populations, often selectively, and their

[3] *Who Needs Housing?* By JANE DARKE and ROY DARKE. Macmillan, £7.95, paper £2.95.

[4] *The Crisis of the Inner City*. Edited by MARTIN LONEY and MARK ALLEN. Macmillan, £10, paper £3.95.

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resettlement on distant housing estates, often of poor quality and devoid of the most elementary social amenities, merely transferred some problems, at the same time exacerbating them and creating new ones. Much of the sharp rise in delinquency rates among juveniles in the 1960s may be laid at the door of local authorities insensitive to environmental influences.

The view that new housing would remove all troubles was a very one-sided attitude. The modern criminologist[5] focuses less on bad housing than on sub-cultural and environmental factors, and the kinds of juvenile sub-cultures and organisations that developed on many of these large impersonal housing estates with high densities of teenagers are a well-known feature of the decade following their construction. The subsequent development of high-rise accommodation in central areas of cities proved to be no adequate alternative and has produced its own problems. It is to the credit of the Labour Government of 1974 that a better-considered policy was devised, the temptation to go for new housing starts resisted, and local authorities encouraged to provide new housing of lasting worth and better design. But of course such a policy takes time to implement. On the other hand the granting of greater security of tenure to occupants of furnished accommodation was one factor in hastening the demise of the private landlord and so reducing the quantity of housing to let in the private sector. It is difficult to be rid of ideological elements in policy-making, and consequently a comprehensive and integrated policy is still awaited.

MEANWHILE, NEW FACTORS had to be considered, for the problems of the inner city areas were compounded as fresh waves of immigrants arrived. Between 1951 and 1956 the non-white population of Britain grew from 75,000 to over 600,000, the vast majority settling in the inner city areas and mostly in poor and deteriorating housing.

If much of the response to this phenomenon was reflected in the demand for more immigration controls, less concern was expressed for the economic and social welfare of these families. Some educational provision was made, and problems arising from language difficulties led to provision of compensatory education, but urban programmes to cope with housing got off to a fitful start. Areas of special treatment were designated, thus limiting the commitment of the central government, but the whole programme was vague and indeed misguided in that major factors contributing to inner city blight were largely ignored. Chief among the reasons for this was ignorance of local differences on the part of central government.

The needs of one city were not necessarily the same as another's, and the reasons for decline differed. Liverpool's problems stemmed from a declining mercantile and trans-Atlantic passenger trade and the closing of the exchanges, to say nothing of the diminishing demand for ship-building; Coventry's problems were housing and the provision of factories dependent on electrical power and semi-skilled labour. As Liverpool declined Southampton developed, the growth of the motor industry advanced the fortunes of Luton and Oxford, but the great northern ports on both coasts suffered progressively. The rapidly shifting patterns of industrial investment were changing the economic basis of urban life.

A general inattention to the location of industry was noticeable and if one ministry possessed some ideas on the subject they hardly penetrated the Home Office, which emerged strangely enough as the department responsible for implementing Harold Wilson's Urban Programme of positive discrimination. The Community Development Project which resulted was based on the assumption that those living in areas of multiple deprivation could be "lifted out" of their poverty by means of "self-help" and by measures specifically discriminatory in their interests. It is not without irony that this programme was initiated by the

[5] *Social Sources of Delinquency*. By RUTH R. KORNHAUSER. University of Chicago Press, £11.20, $16.00.

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party favouring planning, for it clearly followed as an expedient, prompted by the unforeseen but rising tide of criticism (of which one element was Enoch Powell's famous speech of April 1968, about the Tiber foaming with blood, warning the country of the dangers of continued immigration). It did not arise from a well-thought-out policy based on research into the inter-dependencies of urban problems; a possibility that presents itself again today but only after great delay and considerable disaster.

THE COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT PROJECT consisted of teams working with the local authorities. There were twelve in all, funded 75% by the Home Office and 25% by the local authority; research aspects of each scheme being paid for wholly by Government and guided by the Centre for Environmental Studies. The groups were not representative of local political party interests, nor for that matter of non-party interests. They were intended to make clear the needs of citizens and to bring such needs to the attention of local government, for it was intended that central government finance should be used in response to genuine local need.

The result should have been expected. CDP organisation soon found itself at loggerheads with local government. The designated areas of deprivation appeared to members of the teams as often no more deprived than surrounding areas; the needs of people demanded a broader strategy; the nature of deprivation was perceived quite rightly to be mainly connected with industrial and commercial investment, and all this led to teams being highly critical of the manner in which local authorities allocated resources. Furthermore, the resistance offered by local government proved to be too frustrating. Reports by the teams were therefore couched in strong terms, critical in fundamental ways of both political policies and administrative procedures as Paul Lawless describes in his *Urban Deprivation and Government Initiative*,[6] for as he puts it "no British urban experiment has come up with so many radical and politically unacceptable proposals." Yet paradoxically this initiative has had far-reaching influences on attitudes towards the causes and amelioration of urban deprivation.

The reports, later studied with care by Peter Walker and his officials, bring out the local differences. In 1970 the first four schemes—located in Coventry, Glyncorrwg (West Glamorgan), Liverpool, and London's Southwark—showed the differential effects of the growing depression. Later, the remaining eight schemes were set under way in Batley, Canning Town in Newham, Cleator Moor in Cumbria, Newcastle, Oldham, Paisley, Saltley (Birmingham) and Tynemouth. Populations varied greatly, some being under 10,000 and others over 40,000. Cleator Moor displayed the effects of a declining iron-ore mining industry in a semi-rural area, while the Vauxhall district of Liverpool was experiencing residential and road developments against a background of reduced dockside work.

The teams were engaged in active research designed both to promote communication between social services and to stimulate self-help among the inhabitants, but the programme was conceived too much in terms of social welfare and social work. What escaped the attention of the teams' mentors in the Home Office was that industrial shrinkage in both primary and secondary industries, which had not been replaced, was the prime cause of urban deprivation, resulting as it had in large numbers of poor, unemployed, and largely unskilled people. This is Britain's main national problem—changes in the structure of industry are resisted in the long term by employers and investment agencies, and in the short term by the local labour force. The current steel crisis is a case in point—highlighting the problem as well as replicating it.

The kind of solution required must necessarily entail central government intervention in collaboration with labour organisations and local authorities.

[6] *Urban Deprivation and Government Initiative*. By PAUL LAWLESS. Faber and Faber, £8.95.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL REVIEW

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Probably this can only be effectively accomplished on a regional basis, but quite clearly new methods, and above all new attitudes are required. The French system (the departmental *préfet* representing central government and its financing potentiality, and the local *maire* with a veto) is one possible arrangement designed to this end, but there are others.

HOW FAR DO THE PLANNERS determine the way we live in our towns and cities? Many people hold that the role of the planner is purely regulatory with respect to location, appearance and use of land and buildings; an impartial service, politically neutral. Perhaps this is a view that appeals to professional planners, but with respect to the inner city areas with their depressed and deprived communities this may no longer be possible; major decisions with far-reaching political implications will have to be made.

Today we have two broad approaches to the problem of inner city areas. The first argues that resources should not be wasted on declining areas, but invested where the best returns can be expected; labour will then be encouraged to move where it can be rewarded. However, the evidence points to great immobilities of labour precisely in these traditional working-class areas. The second argues for direct intervention to establish prosperous economies within the inner city areas, either attracting new investment by making infrastructure improvements, or else improving social amenities for the inhabitants with housing, retraining programmes and welfare facilities. This, however, is expensive and the results uncertain in relation to the goals.

Robin Thompson and Andrew Thornley ably discuss this in *The Crisis of the Inner City*. Can the planner act as a catalyst within the context of more local initiative? Given special powers local authorities could take out shares in local firms, support workers' co-operatives, or even promote municipal enterprises as has already happened in Greater Manchester. Such local economic strategy would, they maintain, advance economic stability in inner city areas, providing the prime condition for other successful initiatives. We may well ask if suitable administrators, possessing business acumen, can be found in local government for such a task, although they might be recruited on a consultancy basis to work in conjunction with planners. The authors recognise the limited experience of such pioneering work but do not offer a solution.

MCKAY AND COX are more sure that the task requires considerable national intervention, and find the solution in a revitalisation of political parties. They advance some interesting ideas about past failures to come to grips with the problem. In the three spheres of land-use planning, transport, and inner city policies, party politics and ideology have played little part in shaping urban policy. The explanations for this, they say, are various. Firstly, there are spheres of "valence issues", those issues on which everyone is agreed. They do not arouse the fierce and conflicting feelings of race relations or nationalisation. Secondly, there are spheres where political parties believe the technicalities involved are too great to permit adequate discussion, and hence officials tend to determine policy. But they add that "some spheres of urban policy have been profoundly influenced by party ideology, whilst others have not." Housing has certainly been "a political football", but land-use planning, urban transport, and inner city policies are relative newcomers on the political scene; none of them appeared in party manifestos until after the last War. They appear technical but are fundamental with respect to resource allocation and should be a major item in political thinking.

As it is, the field is left open to pressure groups protesting about this and that. In this respect middle-class protest movements are more successful than those by poorer folk, even when national organisations like Shelter and the Child Poverty Action Group have intervened. Moreover, protest

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movements have been most successful where government has failed to formulate policies in terms of welfare and other criteria of distribution, which is the case in these three spheres. Perhaps, say McKay and Cox, protest movements flourish because political parties fail to respond to the demands and needs of citizens by offering realistic alternatives.

To be fair, it should be remembered that in June 1977 the Labour Government issued a White Paper entitled *Policy for the Inner Cities* (Cmnd 6845) which did recognise that semi-skilled and unskilled men are over-represented in Birmingham, Manchester and Glasgow, that populations have declined there in the previous decade as elsewhere, and that this decline was accompanied not only by physical decay but also by social distress. The White Paper argued for a housing policy to be geared to employment opportunity and mobility, rate support grants to be adjusted to take account of inner city needs, and so forth. It also suggested increasing the powers of local government. So there are not only signs of an integrated programme but an acknowledgment of the importance of the local authority bearing major responsibility for it. Provided local political parties are active in thinking clearly about the issues and willing to accept expert advice from outside government, such a move could be hopeful.

In their conclusions about a national urban policy, McKay and Cox advance the view that there are two broad requirements: "the integration of a wide range of domestic policies and careful evaluated purposeful policy-making." This implies, they say, acceptance of the need for a planned society, and planning, they add, is not equivalent to socialism. Indeed the contrary, for many would argue that "corporatism" puts economic growth first and other priorities (e.g. "equality") second. Past experience is not encouraging, for whenever political parties have been active in urban policy they have been "inflexible and unresponsive, clinging to outmoded ideological precepts which have little relevance to the stated purposes of policies." It is recognition of this which prompts them to talk about the need to revitalise the party role. The present lack of clear support for the political parties in the UK may well spring from being out of touch with what people want and from their appeal to ideological positions which may have had some relevance to social structures in the past, but have little relevance today. They point to recent tax revolts in Denmark and California as indicators of the importance of both regional interests and middle-class populism. In short we need more and better political education to improve the quality of life in our cities and towns.

THE LITERATURE ON living in cities has greatly increased. There is a lot of thought as well as a lot of ill-digested ideas reflected in it. Sociology, social administration, social work, economic and physical planning as well as architecture have made contributions to it. The time has come for well-thought-out political policies to be formulated. The 1980s will probably decide the issues but if some sense of urgency is not apparent, the increasing discomfort, even distress, may give rise to that *ressentiment* which can give tacit support to extremism like that of the Red Brigades and their fascist counterparts in Italy, for these flourish in large cities where a local sense of community is breaking down and deep divisions can be exploited, as in Milan and Turin.

Writing about Newcastle, John Ardagh points out that Tyneside like the rest of Britain is a beneficiary of North Sea Oil and living standards have been rising there. But will the money from oil be spent on intelligent investment such as renewal of inner city areas? This, he says, is the major question for Britain at the end of the 1970s. He may be right. It is salutary, however, to note the words of an economic planner for that region: "It's a race against time, as many industries are growing daily more obsolete. Up here, we have to run to stand still."

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ENCOUNTERS

Auden, at Home & Abroad

By Charles Osborne

WHEN I FIRST encountered Wystan Auden he had not fully developed that extraordinary network of lines which connected up the remotest outposts of his features. I remember thinking that at moments he looked like Danny Kaye. Looking back now, however, at photographs of Wystan in the fifties, I can see more than a little of Jonathan Miller as well. I already knew many survivors from the English literary scene of the thirties, and now, within the period of a few months, I found myself meeting several characters from the pre-war Berlin which Wystan had known: Herr Issyvoo himself, as well as Jean Ross—Isherwood's "Sally Bowles"—and Gerald Hamilton ("Mr Norris"). Wystan was not only comparatively unlined—he was still in his forties—but also had not yet begun to affect that geriatric shuffle which characterised his last years and into which he grew slowly. The slippers, however, were already in evidence, though not invariably.

I was working for *The London Magazine* which was edited by John Lehmann who had founded it in 1954 (and named it after a literary magazine of the 1820s), and I thought it would be a good idea to interview Wystan at some length (as they say nowadays, "in depth" or, even worse, "in-depth") for the magazine. Wystan was agreeable, but for some reason the interview never got off the ground, and when John sold the magazine to Alan Ross in 1961, and I remained with it as Assistant Editor, I had only the notes of a number of conversations consisting almost entirely of gossip: not even literary gossip, most of it, but operatic. Wystan was going to the opera frequently in Vienna at the time, and spoke with passionate enthusiasm of many of the new young singers he had heard there. He seemed to know a lot about their private lives, which impressed me, but I thought I might surprise him with the news I had recently heard, that a certain soprano was having an affair with a well-known conductor in Vienna. "Don't be silly", Wystan said, "there are two good reasons why that's highly unlikely: one, she's black, and two, she hasn't got a cock."

The interview was never completed: after sessions at the house in Kirchstetten and the apartment in New York (both, I think, in 1962), I decided to abandon it because the copious notes I had made were mostly indecipherable, and also because, unless pressure was being applied by a deadline imposed by a commissioning editor, my natural sloth usually prevented me from completing most projects. One day, I showed Wystan a roneoed copy of *The Gentle Planet*, a collection of poems I had written in the early fifties. There were twenty poems, and he instantly dismissed sixteen of them as being "not properly finished." Three he thought were good, and one, a short poem of three stanzas, he made me rewrite. "The first two lines", he said, "'The poet's vacant / and engaging smile' promise one a poem about a poet's vacant and engaging smile, and then you go traipsing off into a pallid imitation of some minor Georgian." He struck out the rest of the poem, and handed it back to me. "Describe the smile, interpret it, if you like. But just do that, and nothing else. And it hasn't got a title. I like poems to have titles. Call it 'The Smile.' And keep it metrically regular. All those weak endings must go." He jabbed a finger at "betrayal", "shadow" and "reflection." "You can get rid of those for a start." I went away and did what I was told. Next time I saw him, I showed him "The Smile", and he read it through twice. "There you are", he said. "It's perfect now. It's small, but it's perfect. Well, almost. If you change the punctuation in the last stanza, and turn some of those commas into full stops, to get a more *staccato* effect, that would do it." I changed the punctuation:

The poet's vacant
and engaging smile
is even falser now
than once it was.

CHARLES OSBORNE's *personal memoir forms the epilogue to his biography of "W. H. Auden", to be published this spring by Eyre Methuen in London and Harcourt Brace Jovanovich in New York.*

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Ingredients: love,
mirror, hate and cold.
(Amused self-pity
is an added spice.)

He's bored and fretful,
lazy, gentle, proud.
And anxious. Frightened.
Scared to death of life.

AFTER 1962 I NEVER visited Wystan again in New York. I saw him when he came to London, or when I went to Vienna, which was usually in May or June for the *Festwochen*. My first meeting with Chester Kallman was at the Vienna State Opera House. He and Wystan had driven in from Kirchstetten to attend a performance of *Don Giovanni* conducted by Karajan. The cast was high-powered: Leontyne Price, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Irmgard Seefried, Eberhard Wächter, Walter Berry, Anton Dermota. Afterwards, Wystan and Chester took me to a louche bar which they frequented—the Piccadilly, in the Annagasse—and we argued for hours about singers. Chester was always good company, and fun to argue with. I liked his New York-Jewish humour, his wry pessimism, his Oscar Levantish presence. He drank even more than Wystan did, and after Wystan's death he accelerated the pace: he survived his friend by no more than sixteen months, and died in Athens at the age of fifty-three.

Wystan was not such fun to argue with, for he would often bulldoze you into accepting his opinions, unless you stood up to him in which case he often backed down. "Charles and I have had an interesting conversation about Wagner", he announced to Chester as he emerged from hours in the kitchen. "We have not", I said. "I've simply been listening to a series of unsupported assertions." (In Berlin, Wystan interrupted a distinguished English music critic who was defending Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*: "No, dear, you take it from mother, *Pelléas* is shit.") There were occasions, however, when he was prepared to be more flexible, and it was fascinating then to watch him actually thinking, considering, rather than merely repeating a formula he had accepted at some time in the past and was no longer prepared to re-test. Once, we talked about his revision of his pre-war poetry, and he defended his right to make what alterations he wished to make. He was fond of quoting Valéry's "A poem is never finished, only abandoned." I refused to be pushed into the opposing stance, the romantic view that the finished poem is a sacrosanct object which not even its creator can tamper with. Instead, I tried to reconcile both viewpoints. "Yes, Wystan", I admitted, "of course the poet can do what he likes with his own poems. But, unless he manages not only to destroy every copy of the text he wishes to suppress, but also to erase it from the memories of other people who may love it and cling to it, then he must accept that it will continue to have its own life and its own validity." "No", he said, "you must believe one thing or the other. I repudiate the rubbish I've written." "But after you're dead—" "Oh, I don't care what happens after I'm dead."

With Chester's help, on one occasion at Kirchstetten I attempted to persuade Wystan to alter a line in one of his poems of the thirties, a line which it had not previously occurred to him to revise. This was the slighting reference to Richard Tauber in "Letter to Lord Byron": "There may be people who hear Tauber twice." In fact, on his next visit to London I played Wystan records of Tauber singing Schubert and Schumann *Lieder*, and arias by Mozart, Bizet and Weber, and finally wore him down. He admitted he had been wrong about Tauber, and said he would consider altering the line when the opportunity arose. I suggested amending it to "There may be some who think McCormack nice." "That *sounds* all right", he agreed, "But I'll have to see what Chester thinks of McCormack."

Crosswords were always much in evidence at Kirchstetten for Chester was as much addicted to them as Wystan was. Hopeless at solving even the easiest crossword, I was forced into a pose of superiority. But I enjoyed Wystan's enjoyment of words, and his virtuoso way with them. He was adept at composing palindromes, and was proud of having written what may be the longest one in English, a sentence of eighty-five letters which reads the same backwards as forwards: "T. Eliot, top bard, notes putrid tang emanating, is sad, I'd assign it a name: gnat dirt upset on drab pot toilet." I'd put Wystan's admiration for Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* on that level, and wished I'd had a Marx Brothers T-shirt to match his Tolkien sweater which he wore with pride. There came, thank goodness, a time when he seemed to have got bored with Tolkien.

SNATCHES OF KIRCHSTETTEN conversation come to mind. Wystan boasting of his earnings from the sales of his poetry: I forget whether one year it was fifteen or thirty thousand pounds or

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dollars—fifteen and dollars, I imagine—but one was expected to be impressed, and one was. Like many people who are capable of extraordinary generosity where large sums of money or large investments of emotional energy are required, he could be absurdly mean in small matters. Stephen Spender tells the story of arriving to visit Wystan on Ischia, and being greeted with drinks on the terrace of the villa. Reaching out for a cigarette, he was sharply told by Wystan to buy his own.

"But Wystan, I haven't got any Italian money. I haven't had a chance to change any."

"What have you got? Travellers' cheques? I'll change one for you, and you can buy some cigarettes at the corner store."

Stephen signed a traveller's cheque, and Wystan disappeared into the house with it. When he returned, he held some Italian currency in one hand, and waved the international edition of the *New York Herald Tribune* in the other. "I'm afraid the exchange rate is against you today, dear," he exclaimed gleefully, as he counted out a rather measly number of *lire* into Stephen's hand.

Though he used to tease Stravinsky about his interest in money—he once suggested the composer should set the German word "millionen" to music: "Think how you could aspirate the final syllable, Igor, and keep it going, page after page, like the compounding of interest"—Auden was capable of boasting of his own holdings of, for instance, "tax-deductible Dominion oil stocks, an arrangement that looks a little louche to me, but my lawyer seems to know what the traffic will bear."[1]

One day, a friend and I arrived at Kirchstetten to find Wystan in a state bordering on nervous exhaustion. "I have an American fan, a mad woman", he said, "who's always writing to me and pestering me. I'd no idea she was in Europe, but she actually turned up here this morning on the train from Vienna. She said she was going to stay. I had a dreadful time getting rid of her, because she said she had no money and nowhere else she could stay. I finally drove her to the station and made sure she got the train for Vienna. Fortunately we had a lot of cash in the house, because I had to give her her fare back."

We sympathised, and I said that the fare to Vienna, whatever it was (a train journey of no more than thirty miles), was a small price to pay for being rid of the lady. "Vienna?" said Wystan. "I gave her the air fare back to New York."

Whenever I planned to be in Vienna, I always let Wystan know in advance. Usually I would spend a day with him and Chester at Kirchstetten. There would be martinis in the garden, but not before noon. Wystan always insisted on bottle and glass being chilled, which meant that the first drink was decently cold; but then the bottle would be left standing in the sun, and for the next hour our refills became warmer and warmer. These were "straight" martinis: vodka or, if one insisted, gin appeared only at the evening cocktail hour. Lunch was served by Chester punctually at one, and was usually followed by an audition of the latest opera records they had acquired. I remember Wystan urgently commending to me a recording of a rare early 19th-century opera, *Medea in Corinto* by Giovanni Simone Mayr, the teacher of Donizetti. After about half-an-hour or so, Wystan would shuffle off to his study to work, or read, or sleep, while Chester would continue to play his records of old singers. The current Viennese favourites were fine, but we usually finished up listening to Lotte Lehmann.

IF TOLKIEN indicated one area into which I could not follow Wystan, religion was another. We once talked about the Bible, and I trod warily, remembering his dislike of those who "read the Bible for its prose." When he asked me my favourite book of the Bible (he was strong on favourites) I answered truthfully, "Ecclesiastes", and he shook his head. An acquaintance of Wystan's told me of having been present at a dinner party in New York in the fifties, *chez* Jennie Tourel, at which Wystan had held forth at some length about his religious feelings. After he had left, Marc Blitzstein remarked: "Wystan doesn't love God; he's just attracted to him."

After Wystan had lived in Kirchstetten for some years, the local council honoured him by changing the name of his street (straggling lane, rather) from Hinterholz to Audenstrasse. He was proud of this, but was not brash enough to change the address on his writing-paper, so one continued to get letters from, and to write to, "Hinterholz, 6" which, I suppose, is why I got it into my head that it was some other street in the village which had been named after him. On religious feast days, instead of putting a date on his letters, he would put the name of the day, either in German or in Latin, such as *Corpus Christi* or *Karfreitag* (Good Friday). He once wrote to T. S. Eliot, dating his letter "Mariae Himmelfahrt", the day of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. Eliot, who was in hospital, gave the

[1]Both quotes are from Robert Craft's *Stravinsky*.

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letter to his secretary to acknowledge, as a result of which Wystan received a communication in Kirchstetten addressed to Fräulein Maria Himmelfahrt, delivered by a puzzled if not shocked postman.

I often wondered why there was no piano in the Kirchstetten farmhouse, but I didn't like to ask. I suspected that Wystan might have become self-conscious about his piano-playing when music came to mean more to him, and that he had simply put it behind him. I entered his attic study only once, shyly invited to see it. I have no clear memory of the kitchen: that was Chester's domain. The living-room, where one ate, listened to records, talked, or read books, and the garden, where one had drinks and tea on sunny summer days, are what remain in my memory of Kirchstetten. The living-room was the essence of Austrian-Jewish *Gemütlichkeit*: "cosy" and "fun" are the words that come to my mind as I think of it, and they are words that Wystan used a lot. ("You're really Goethe, disguised as Herr Biedermeier", I said to him once, or perhaps I merely thought it.) It was very much a lived-in room, just as Wystan's was a lived-in face. A non-smoker, I was always conscious that the room smelt of stale cigarette smoke, for not even Frau Emma dared to open a window. Litter, in the form of old newspapers, bills paid or unpaid, food-stained cookbooks, was, one felt, kept at bay, but only just. There were drawings on the walls. I have forgotten what they were, if ever I knew, but am told they included an Augustus John (of Yeats) and a Munch (of Richard Strauss). The presence, in some form, of Stravinsky I recall. Could that have been another drawing? Perhaps a signed photograph.

Auden would never have written an autobiography, people say. No, I don't imagine he would have. But then, he did. His commonplace book, *A Certain World*, is as close as he got to it in prose, but in verse, his "Letter to Lord Byron" is unashamedly autobiographical, and a strong vein of autobiography runs through his entire poetic *oeuvre*. His love of gossip made him an avid reader of biography and autobiography: the trivial, anecdotal memoirs of musicians and actors as much as "serious" biographical studies of famous authors. And he loved reading the correspondence of the famous, the *Letters of Thomas Mann, The Correspondence Between Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal*. Reviewing the memoirs of J. R. Ackerley, he complained that Mr Ackerley was never quite explicit "about what he *really* preferred to do in bed." He ended his review of Tchaikovsky's diaries:[2] "After all, he wrote the most beautiful ballet music in the world and detested Brahms. He is our friend. And who does not enjoy reading a friend's diary?" Wystan often said we should not want to read other people's letters, but he clearly enjoyed my translation of Verdi's letters, which he reviewed very favourably in the *New York Review of Books*.[3] "I don't think", he wrote, "that [Verdi] would have any objection to our reading this selection of his letters, admirably translated and edited by Charles Osborne." True, he went on to say that he was glad I had included "no embarrassing 'human' documents, no love letters", but knowing Wystan I think he would have been no less glad if I had. I don't want to labour the point. He did leave instructions with his executors that his friends were to be asked to destroy his letters after his death. Kafka went further: he asked Max Brod to destroy all his manuscripts. Fortunately, Brod disregarded his friend's request. I do not think that many of Wystan's friends have destroyed his letters. Surely, one day, they will be collected and published.

IN 1965, IN A PREFACE to my own prose translation of *Die Zauberflöte*, I reviewed existing singing translations, among them the one which Wystan and Chester had done for American television. I thought it was pretty awful, and after making the general point that its main faults were "its appalling vulgarity, and its lack of contact with the style of the original", I went on to give examples. For instance, of Papageno's entrance song, I wrote:

> The Auden version is a failure, and a mouthful of a failure at that. Each line has far too many syllables, it has recourse to the verb "to ken" which is neither German nor English, and some of its adjectives are ill-chosen. Papageno should surely not refer to himself as a "*tall* bird-catcher." It isn't in the German, and he's most appropriately played as of slight, bird-like, stature. In Auden, the third line, for instance, changes from "Ich Vogelfänger bin bekannt", to "In vain do all the pretty little creatures fly" which alters the smooth, sinuous line of the original to an impossible gabble. Papageno, of course, is a lovable fraud. He doesn't really know the names of different birds, they are all "Vögel" to him. The erudite Auden, however, enumerates "lark, ruddock, willow-wren, night-

[2] In the *New York Times*, 2 December 1945.
[3] 9 March 1972.

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ingale, snipe, partridge, turtle-dove", and even "the melodious mavis" whoever she may be.

Of the Pamina-Papageno duet:

> Auden is at his worst here. Again, too many syllables. He has deliberately turned the German iambic into an anapaestic rhythm, so as to provide one syllable per note and destroy completely the beautiful legato line which Mozart achieved with tied notes. He has turned it into a Gilbert-and-Sullivan patter song.

And so on. No wonder I was nervous, the following summer, when I was invited again to Kirchstetten. But Wystan and Chester were their usual welcoming, relaxed, domestic selves, and the day passed as happily as ever. No mention was made of my savage comments on their *Zauberflöte* translation, and I thought, "Thank Christ, they haven't seen it." Being driven to the station by Wystan was, comfortingly, the usual terrifying experience. It was only as I got into the Vienna-bound train, and turned to wave goodbye to Wystan, that he said gently, "If only you hadn't been so nasty to us, we'd have been able to have a copy of your book in the house." The train moved off, and he stood on the platform looking rather pleased with himself.

At the beginning of 1966, I left *The London Magazine*, having been invited to join the staff of the Arts Council of Great Britain. ("You'll go mad, having to deal with boring cultural bureaucrats." "Worse than that, my dear Wystan, I shall become one.") The following year, I was involved in setting up the first *Poetry International*. Wystan came and read his poems, and amused the audience by being visibly impatient with the American poet Anne Sexton, whose reading of her confessional verse went on and on. And on. Before the evening was over, he had reduced her to tears. When I visited Kirchstetten the following summer, Ken Thomson, who was public relations officer for *Poetry International*, was with me. "Don't have boring American women poets who whine on for four times as long as they're asked to", said Wystan. "You've got to entertain the audience, you know." Ken suggested having Ogden Nash, who would certainly be entertaining. "A good idea", said Wystan, and at our press conference in London the following year he coolly announced that it was at his suggestion that Nash had been invited to appear.

After Wystan had been appearing regularly at *Poetry International* for two or three years, we felt that perhaps we were taking too great an advantage of his generosity. He used to earn four-figure sums with his poetry readings in the States, whereas I could offer him only twenty pounds! I wrote to thank him for having having helped us so much, and explained that I would not be inviting him next year. But he had got into the habit of coming. "Dear Charles", he replied, "thanks for your letter about the poetry festival. I'd be delighted to take part again next year. . . ." I never again tried not to invite him.

Usually, when Auden appeared, we played to full houses. But, one year, on our first evening, the weather was far too glorious for people to come indoors and listen to poetry. I led Wystan and other poets on to the stage of the Queen Elizabeth Hall to find that not many more than half the seats were occupied. "You didn't tell me it was a private party, dear", my star poet murmured as we bowed to the assembled few. They were, I remember, not only few but noisy: the coughing bounced off the walls all evening. Still, I don't *think* there was any hidden message in Wystan's performance that evening, of his "Song of the Devil", which ends with the line: "I'm so bored with the whole fucking crowd of you I could *scream*!" It was a poem he enjoyed performing.

IN 1970, AT THE BEHEST of the *Sunday Times*, I kept a diary during the *Poetry International* week. It captured something of the atmosphere of the festival, and Wystan is well to the fore:

> *Tuesday:* The poets begin to arrive. I sit in my office like some bemused Shakespearian monarch while messengers rush in to exclaim "Thom Gunn has just arrived from San Francisco", and "Soyinka has flown in from Stockholm, but we've lost him" (Stockholm? I was expecting him from Ibadan) and "I met the plane from Rome but Pasolini wasn't on it."
>
> It was Pasolini and Tennessee Williams about whose arrival I have felt most sceptical. But Tennessee has actually made it, a few days ahead of schedule. Seeing him again after ten years, I found him as pleasant as before, but hesitant, easily bruised, his personality somehow fragmented. Shortly after he arrived, we talked and drank in his hotel room, until a journalist arrived with photographer, to interview him. Tennessee described how, in his opinion, he had been badly treated by his brother during his recent breakdown. "Has your brother ever featured in any of your plays, Mr Williams?" asked the interviewer. "He will", promised Mr Williams.

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I got up to go. "Tennessee, I'm going to leave you with these press gentlemen."

"How very brutal of you."

Wednesday: At noon today we had a successful reception for the poets at the Martini Terrace. I didn't succeed in luring Tennessee to it, and W. H. Auden has not yet arrived (nor, of course, has Pasolini, of whom I begin to despair), but most of the others were there: the gentle Hungarian Sandor Weöres, clasping two dauntingly huge volumes said to contain his collected poems; Thom Gunn flashing his tattoos at the press; the delightful Carolyn Kizer; Stephen Spender wearing his endearing air of practised shyness; the quiet, friendly Octavio Paz and his beautiful wife. But we had promised the press all this and Tennessee too, so I spent much of the reception on the phone to his hotel. Couldn't he come along just for a few minutes? No, he thinks he's catching flu, and maybe he's had a heart flutter too. Impressed, I hang up and give up. But an American theatrical colleague of Tennessee's says, "Forget it. We've been hearing about those flutters for twenty years. He's still the strongest swimmer I know."

Thursday: They're all here now, except Pasolini. Whom can I find to replace him at such short notice? Try Robert Lowell again? Not much point: when I last spoke to him a few days ago, he said, "The kind of poetry reading affair I don't like is when you have to share the programme with a number of other poets, and you're only allowed about twenty minutes, and they won't let you discuss anything with the audience. . . ."

Thursday, later: A small, gaunt man in a light suit and dark glasses, unshaven and carrying a suitcase, has just been shown into my office. Pasolini, Eureka! Auden too, has flown in from Vienna. "I believe we're *ausverkauft*" were his first words to me.

Friday morning: The first of our performances went very well last night. Tennessee's act was the most hilarious, Allen Tate's reading the least audible, Peter Porter's the fastest, Pasolini's the most impenetrable. In the interval, Pasolini asked me if he could meet his translator, Gavin Ewart. I found Gavin at the bar. He looked scared and distinctly unenthusiastic about the meeting. I introduced them to each other, and ran away.

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Saturday: Auden, whom we look on now as our Poetry International mascot, made his first appearance last night to great applause. He doesn't read, he knows the poems, seemingly to pluck the words from an invisible tele-prompter high in the back of the hall. "Wystan", I ask, "do you know *all* of your poems by heart?" "Heavens, no, I learn the ones I'm going to perform. If I decide to do them again in a few months' time, I'll have to learn them all over again."

Sunday: Tennessee, waving his claret-filled tea-cup and saucer at the audience, last night read his new poem, "What's next on the agenda, Mr Williams?" Well, *he* says it's a poem. I thought it a magnificent dramatic monologue, whether prose or poetry.

This afternoon, I fly up to Edinburgh with five of the poets (Dennis Brutus replacing Wole Soyinka who has returned to Stockholm as suddenly and inexplicably as he had arrived) for a final performance in the Assembly Rooms this evening. "I hope", said Wystan, "you'll be a stern chairman and not let any of us go on too long." I promise. The other poets look harrowed.

Monday afternoon: The Edinburgh performance last night was a success. Full house, as in London. Afterwards, the Scottish Arts Council invited a few people to meet us at our hotel, the George. Carolyn Kizer, Wystan Auden and I walked from the Assembly Rooms to the George singing a lyric from *Pal Joey*, which Wystan has included in his commonplace book, *A Certain World*, recently published in the States. I compliment him on his firm baritone. "Bass", he corrects me.

This morning, after breakfast, Carolyn and I walk around Edinburgh in the sun.... Back to the hotel to collect the others and be driven to the airport. Wystan says he must buy a haggis to take back to Austria, so we stop when we see a butcher's. Wystan leaps out on the wrong side, oblivious to murderous traffic, and ambles across the road, while Dennis Brutus, Thom Gunn, Carolyn and I bite our nails in suspense. He returns triumphantly with his haggis, peering at it as though it were a crystal ball.

At Edinburgh airport, we order dry martinis (American style). The drinks that arrive are a very curious colour, and the American poets reject them. Not wishing to upset the nice bar-maid, I pour all three mystery drinks into a tumbler, and bravely drink while explaining to her how a martini is really made. Behind me, I hear Wystan's voice improbably asserting that the only place where you can get a decent martini in Britain is Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The most horrid drink he has ever been offered he says, was a Taj Mahal Cola in Calcutta. "I was terribly thirsty, but I simply couldn't swallow it." He breaks off as the names of Auden and Gunn are called over the speaker system. They are requested to report to the check-in desk. I go with them. The clerk wishes to know where Mr and Mrs Sandor Weöres are. (They have decided to have an extra day in Edinburgh.) "Do they think we've murdered them?" asks Wystan gaily. Then our flight is called, and Wystan leaps into action. In his ripest Baron Ochs *Wienerisch,* "Leopold", he calls to me, "Wir gehen." And he leads us across the tarmac and up the gangway. It's all over until next year.

SOME MONTHS after this, I was asked to be Guest Editor for one issue of the magazine *Workshop*, and to select poems from the many submitted by unknown young poets eager to see themselves in print. I thought it would be encouraging to print these new young poets side by side with four or five established and well-known poets, so I wrote to those among my friends and acquaintances whom I thought most likely to agree to be published for little or no payment: W. H. Auden, D. J. Enright, Thom Gunn, Ted Hughes and Peter Porter. I asked each to let me have a recent, unpublished poem, and I got five splendid poems almost by return of post. Auden's was "Lines to Dr Walter Birk on His Retiring From General Practice", which he had written in Kirchstetten in September to his local doctor. Dr Birk had looked after Wystan for several years: after his retirement Wystan often grumbled that he could simply not get used to being treated by doctors who did not know him personally.

When Wystan arrived for the 1971 *Poetry International*, he seemed older, crankier, short of breath and, occasionally, of temper. He repeated his stories within the hour now, instead of within the week. One evening he sat with me in the back-stage bar at the Queen Elizabeth Hall. Dennis Enright joined us, and I introduced him to Auden who appeared not to remember him, although they had certainly met before. The three of us had a drink together, and chatted for a few moments. Then, while Dennis was still sitting with us, Wystan turned to me and asked "How old *is* old Enright?"

He always claimed not to read reviews of the

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Poetry International performances, but seemed always to know what was said about him; and when the *Financial Times* wrote, of Ernst Jandl at the 1971 Festival, that "the wittiest thing about his appearance was Charles Osborne's translations, which were dazzling exercises in essaying the impossible", Wystan introduced me to someone as "the witty dazzler" and later advised me that it would have been wittier of me to have left Herr Jandl and his sound poetry in whatever beer hall I'd found them in!

A few days before the 1972 Festival, I received a phone call from Wystan in Austria. The young Russian-Jewish poet, Joseph Brodsky, who had been forced to live an underground life in his own country for years, and had spent some time in a prison camp, had now been expelled from the Soviet Union and given a visa to Israel. But he did not want to go to Israel, so he managed somehow to get to Vienna and telephone Wystan who swung into action on his behalf immediately. Could I help to get Brodsky into Great Britain? Well, I could try. Brodsky's eventual destination was America, and the British immigration authorities wanted to be sure the Americans were going to let him in before they issued him with a British visa. In other words, we were apparently only prepared to accept him in transit. Arrangements were complicated, and difficult to conclude within two or three days, but somehow it happened. I formally invited Brodsky to take part in *Poetry International*, he flew with Wystan from Vienna, and when they arrived at Heathrow poor Brodsky was mobbed by television cameramen, photographers and journalists. It must have been a very bewildering experience for him. All his life he had been persecuted for no better reason than that he was a poet, and now suddenly he was being treated as a hero apparently for the same reason. He had never been outside Russia before, and unlike other Soviet poets whom we had encountered he was no ebullient extravert. Wystan fussed about him like a mother hen, an unusually kindly and understanding mother hen.

I DID NOT FIND the slightest difficulty in acceding to Wystan's request that, the following year, Chester be invited to take part in *Poetry International*. Chester was, after all, a poet with a voice of his own and a real lyric gift. If there was a place on our platform for Charles Olson, Robert Creeley, Robert Bly, Denise Levertov and Gregory Corso,[4] to mention only other American poets, then there was certainly a place for Chester Kallman and his humane, civilised, tightly knit lyric verse. So, in 1973, Chester accompanied Wystan to London. In any case, I had a favour or two to ask of Wystan. I knew that, as from the autumn of 1972, he would be based in Oxford for six months of each year, and I wanted to try to involve him more closely with literary life in Great Britain again. I was very conscious of the fact that he still thought of himself as an American or, rather, a New Yorker, and that it was to New York friends that he turned first when discussing new projects, or when wanting an opinion on something he had written. But he was essentially English, and if he was now going to live half of each year in England I thought I ought to rope him into the English literary scene in some way. The Chairman of the Arts Council's Literature Panel was at that time the distinguished philosopher, Stuart Hampshire. (Previous Chairmen with whom I'd worked had been Cecil Day Lewis, Angus Wilson and Frank Kermode.) I knew that Stuart's period of appointment was soon to end; acting on the assumption that the Arts Council would leap at the opportunity of including W. H. Auden among its members as Chairman of the Literature Panel, I tentatively broached the subject with Wystan. I was not disconcerted by his initial reaction which, out of deference to the Arts Council, I shall not describe, for I was confident that, in due course, I could win him over. Only then would I turn my powers of persuasion upon the Chairman and Secretary-General of the Arts Council. What I immediately said to Wystan was: "Well, if you'd rather not get involved with the Arts Council, would you consider joining the Board of Management of the Poetry Book Society? It's a book club, like those you've been associated with in the States, and it presents the annual poetry festival which you have graced with your presence since 1967."

"But I'd have to come to *meetings*!" He made them sound like public hangings.

"Only once a quarter."

He grunted. "Oh, all right."

As Secretary of the Poetry Book Society, I conveyed his gracious provisional acceptance to my Chairman and Board, and we elected him at our next meeting. I saw this as the first move in the game to get Wystan Auden on to the Arts Council of Great Britain. He would, I suppose, have needed to be a British citizen for this to be possible, but I assumed that, after he had been living in England again for a time, he would be willing to revert to his

[4] Though Corso never turned up: he was too stoned to get himself on to a plane.

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original nationality. As it was, he died while I was still contemplating my next move.

IN THE LAST YEAR of his life, 1973, I saw Wystan both in Austria and in England. In May, when I paid my usual visit to him at Kirchstetten during the *Wiener Festwochen*, I thought that what Henry Moore called "the monumental ruggedness of his face, its deep furrows like plough marks crossing a field" had become even more accentuated since the previous winter. The shuffling gait had acquired hesitancies, and there were occasions when he stood still, ready for action but momentarily undecided in which direction to move. For some time, his voice had shown a tendency to trail away into a curiously disturbing silence: now his limbs began to slow down into stillness, to similar effect. And then, suddenly, he would be all right again. But in those odd moments of hesitancy and indecision, he would look so lost that it was heartrending. The moments passed, and I almost persuaded myself that they hadn't occurred.

During the fortnight that I was in Vienna that spring, Wystan came into the city one day to visit his chiropodist, and he and Ken Thomson and I lunched together at a snack bar that Wystan liked, not far from the Opera House. He was at his most cheerful that day, and we discussed all sorts of plans for the future. He and I had talked often about Goethe, and we decided to collaborate in editing a Goethe Reader which would include the kind of extracts from Goethe which English-language readers would be most likely to enjoy. I agreed to produce a list of possible contents which we could discuss when Wystan returned to Oxford in the autumn. We would share the task of translating any pieces of which good English translations did not already exist, and Wystan would write a Foreword. I also agreed to sound out Charles Monteith of Faber & Faber when I returned to London, for there would be no point, said Wystan, in our going ahead unless they were willing to publish. I spoke to Charles, who made encouraging noises which I passed on to Wystan when he came to London for *Poetry International*. We planned to start work on Goethe later in the year.

On Sunday, at the end of the *Poetry International* week, Wystan and Chester came to lunch at my flat. Wystan and I were to take part in a television programme later in the day, and this was my way of ensuring not only that he would get to the right place at the right time but also that he would be reasonably sober. I planned to offer him no more than two cocktails before lunch, and to pretend that the two bottles of wine standing on the dining table were all I had in the flat. It didn't work, of course, and we were well oiled by the time we arrived at the Young Vic where we were to perform, and where the television people gave us more to drink. It didn't affect him, except perhaps to make his reminiscences a little more indiscreet than they normally were.

That Sunday in July was the last time I saw him. Less than three months later he was dead, and I was standing in the churchyard at Kirchstetten scattering earth on to his coffin. As I walked away from the grave, I overheard a snippet of conversation between two Austrians, one of whom must have been a Kirchstetten acquaintance of Wystan's. "*Wir waren erstaunt*", I heard him say, "*aber nicht* so *erstaunt ... er war so müde.*" Immediately there came into my mind a famous poem by Goethe which Wystan and I had agreed summed up the problem of translating him, for it was so very beautiful in German, and yet impossible to put into an English which was not either banal or sentimental. "You'll have to do that one", he had said. "I already have, years ago", I replied, and I quoted my translation to him. He gave his familiar grunt. "It'll do."

Über allen Gipfeln
ist Ruh,
in allen Wipfeln
spürest du
kaum einen Hauch.
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur: balde
ruhest du auch.

Over all the mountains
is peace,
in all the tree-tops
you feel
hardly a breath.
The little birds are silent in the woods.
Wait awhile: soon
you too will rest.

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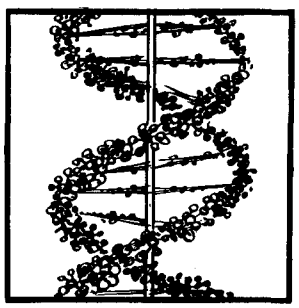
To the Stockholm Station

Makers of the Molecular-Biological Revolution

By GUNTHER S. STENT



THE FANTASTICALLY rapid progress of scientific research in the last few decades has had an important, not as yet fully appreciated, cultural by-product. There are many scientists now alive who can look back on their own early work, and on that of their contemporaries, from a depth of historical perspective that for scientific disciplines flowering in earlier times had opened only after all the witnesses of the formative stages were long dead.

Nowadays, for instance, merely middle-aged molecular biologists have available to them a retrospective view over their field whose range is comparable to that given to a late-18th century colleague of Joseph Priestley or Antoine Lavoisier, who, by some miracle, would have been *still* active in chemistry in the 1930s . . . after atomic structure and the nature of the chemical bond had been fathomed. This deeper personal perspective has brought an existential dimension to the history and philosophy of science; and, thanks to this, feelings, interpersonal relations, and irrational attitudes are seen to have a much more prominent role in the advancement of knowledge than had been the case previously. Admittedly, the role of "inspiration" in scientific discovery (e.g. Friedrich Kékulé's vision in his fireplace of the formula of the benzene ring as a snake biting its own tail) has long been given its due. But the recognition that the very *explananda* of science (i.e. its "facts") are not objective givens but rather products of social interactions is a more recent phenomenon.

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PROBABLY THE FIRST comprehensive statement of this insight was provided in 1935, not by a professional philosopher or historian, but by a working scientist, the Polish medical bacteriologist Ludwik Fleck.

In his still little known book *Entstehung und Entwicklung einer Wissenschaftlichen Tatsache* Fleck addresses the seemingly simple, but actually very complex question: "What is a scientific fact?" According to Fleck, it is not something that comes to be known simply via a bipartite relation between subject and object, between the sovereign *veni-vidi-vici* discoverer and the booty of facts that is out there waiting to be captured. No, it is a tripartite relation of which the current state of knowledge forms an essential element, not merely in the trivial sense of providing the starting base for the discoverer's quest, but in the deeper sense of conferring "facthood" on some of his finds while denying it to others.

From this it follows that the discovery of a fact is not to be regarded as a process that goes on in the mind of a single individual. Rather, it is the result of a social activity, since the current state of knowledge invariably transcends what one person can know. To say, therefore, "*A has discovered fact X*" is to make a logically incomplete proposition, just as it would be to say "*A is bigger.*" What is needed to complete the latter proposition is adding "*than B*", and to complete the former the phrase "*within the context of such-and-such a state of knowledge*", or, better yet, "*as a member of such-and-such a thought-collective*" must be added.

What is a thought-collective? It is a community of persons who exchange ideas and interact

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intellectually. The thought-collective thus forms the carrier of the historical development of an intellectual discipline, of the state of knowledge and, most importantly, of a particular style of thought.

To plumb the depths of this idea, Fleck draws on his own research experience and considers one of the most solidly established "facts" of the medical immunology of the 1930s, namely, that the Wassermann reaction is a diagnostic indicator of syphilis. How, he asks, did this fact come to be known and of what does it consist? As Fleck points out, over the centuries the concept of syphilis underwent an historical evolution. Both the symptoms that were regarded as indicative of the disease and the notion of what causes venereal disease as the wages of sexual license kept on changing. So the claim of F. R. Schaudinn that a certain spirochete causes "syphilis" was correct and acceptable when it was made in 1905, but would have been neither correct nor acceptable had it been made in 1705. At that time, some forms of smallpox had been included in the syphilis disease-complex. Had the historical evolution of the concept taken a different turn it would be a "fact" today that both a virus and a spirochete are causes of "syphilis", just as it is a fact today that both a virus and a bacterium are causes of "pneumonia."

As Fleck sees it, of all human activities, scientific discovery is that which is most socially conditioned. And in that process, language as a means of communication plays a crucial role, in that the meanings of words (e.g. "syphilis") do not merely represent arbitrary designations for this-or-that element of reality but already embody within them the theories, knowledge, and thought-styles of the thought-collective (as the word "steed" already embodies the thought-style of knighthood romance). Hence the words delimit what kind of discoveries can be made in the first place.

Besides its epistemological consequences for the philosophy of science, in that it reveals as social constructs what we think of as objective facts, this insight of Fleck's also illuminates the history of science. For he shows that a discovery can be integrated into the body of knowledge of a thought-collective only when it is in the line of interest, expressed in the style, and connectable to the concepts of that collective. Hence a discovery can make its impact only in a social context under which these conditions are met. Fleck argues that the anatomical discoveries of Vesalius in the 16th century would have remained without impact in the 12th and 13th centuries (just as Napoleon Bonaparte is unthinkable prior to the French Revolution). Indeed, the proof of the futility of unconnectable discoveries is provided by Leonardo, of whose ingenious scientific and technological ideas there is no trace in the corpus of modern science.

IT IS NOT WITHOUT IRONY that the long neglect of Ludwik Fleck's book itself provides another instance of the contextually determined "prematurity" of some scientific discoveries.

In the 1930s, when Fleck was writing, the main concern of philosophers of science had been the logic of scientific discovery. They were then worrying about such questions as whether scientific knowledge arises by strictly inductive inference from direct sense impressions, whether the meaning of all meaningful scientific propositions must be reducible to descriptions of experimental operations, and whether scientific theories can be validated or merely "falsified." But irrespective of the position various philosophers representing different schools then took concerning these problems, nearly all of them regarded epistemology as something that is discussable in terms of a lone, rational Robinson Crusoe setting out to discover the world all by himself, independently of his particular historical or social setting. Thus, to that philosophical thought-collective, Fleck's notion of a contextually dependent facthood had to seem just as weird a notion, and as irrelevant to its deliberations, as the Resurrection. Adding to the irony Fleck himself makes no reference to that one of his contemporaries whose epistemological ideas ought to have been congenial to him: A. N. Whitehead.

THE TIME FOR Fleck's ideas had finally come by 1962 when Thomas Kuhn published *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*. Kuhn's book, quite to the author's surprise, became very popular among practising scientists, who are wont to consider the philosophy of science as an activity of scientific has-beens or parasitic ne'er-do-wells. But Kuhn had evidently hit on something that matched the personal experience of scientists working under the post-World War II conditions of high-speed scientific progress. In his Introduction, Kuhn acknowledges Fleck's "almost unknown monograph" as "an essay that anticipates many of my own ideas" and which "made me realise that those ideas might require to be set in the sociology of the scientific community."

The Structure of Scientific Revolutions soon came under vigorous attack from philosophers; and Kuhn has, meanwhile, modified and revised his original theses (a "fact" not yet appreciated by those social scientists who still season their every soup with Kuhn's not altogether fortunate "paradigm" concept). But Kuhn's book nevertheless signalled precisely the kind of abrupt change in thought-style to whose occasional occurrence Fleck had drawn attention. Henceforth, no philosopher of science could be taken seriously who did not include the history and sociology of science in his epistemological considerations, even if only to deny their relevance.

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REFLECTING AT THE END OF the 1950s on my own experiences in the nascent discipline of molecular biology during the preceding ten years, I felt that the time had come to write a general account of the recent, amazingly sudden extension of our understanding of the mechanisms of heredity.

The modern era of the study of heredity had begun nearly a century earlier, in 1865 when Gregor Mendel published the results of experiments in which he had cross-bred various strains of the common garden pea. The outcome of his experiments led Mendel to conclude that an organism carries and transmits to its offspring a set of discrete hereditary elements that were later called *genes*. However, Mendel's discovery (just as were Leonardo's inventions and Fleck's epistemological insights) was too advanced for his time, and for the next 35 years it remained unnoticed by the community of biologists.

Mendel's work was finally rediscovered in 1900, and upon that rediscovery the study of heredity developed into one of the most important frontiers of biological research during the first decades of this century. The achievements of that period, which are now generally referred to as "classical genetics", made possible great advances in the understanding of life. On the theoretical plane, they provided a firm basis for understanding evolution. For it came to be understood that what the mechanism of "natural selection" put forward by Charles Darwin actually selects is organisms carrying novel genes, or novel combinations of genes that confer fitness in the struggle for survival. And on the practical plane classical genetics brought tremendous benefits to medicine, plant breeding, and animal husbandry. But all the while, the physical nature of the central concept of genetics, the *gene*, had remained shrouded in mystery.

As late as the 1940s, no one knew what the gene is made of, how it manages to impose its character on the organism that carries it, or how it is reproduced faithfully for the hereditary endowment of the next generation. But by the end of the 1950s it had been revealed that the gene is made of the double helical molecule of deoxyribonucleic acid—or DNA—that imposes its character on the organism by directing the assembly of amino acid building blocks to form a protein molecule, or enzyme, of predetermined structure, and that it is reproduced faithfully in cell division by a complementary molecular pairing mechanism.

WHAT HAD TAKEN PLACE in the 1950s was revolution all right, in that under the *ancien régime* of classical genetics the gene was held to be an indivisible and abstract fundamental hereditary unit, not least because of the nature of the experimental operations by means of which it was then studied. But with the coming of the New Order, which (no one quite knows how) acquired the name "molecular biology", the gene concept had changed into a concrete chemical entity divisible into hundreds or thousands of molecular sub-units.

When I wrote my early account I had no knowledge of Fleck's monograph, nor was I even aware that down the road from my laboratory on the Berkeley campus Kuhn was working on the structure of scientific revolutions of the kind I had just witnessed. But, I am proud enough to say, I had worked out all by myself the proposition that scientific facts can be fathomed only within the contextual situation of their discovery. Accordingly, I entitled my historical paper "*A Short Epistemology of Bacteriophage Multiplication.*" In response to that paper I received a letter from a learned friend who pointed out that I was evidently confusing the words "epistemology" and "history." I replied that my confusion was quite intentional: in trying to show how we can know what we do know about the gene, I necessarily had to conflate epistemology and history. And when a few years later, two fellow molecular biologists, John Cairns and James Watson, and I agreed to edit *Phage and the Origins of Molecular Biology*, a "Festschrift" in honour of Max Delbrück's 60th birthday, we decided that the book should not be the usual

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farrago of otherwise unpublishable papers, mixed with flatulent tributes to the infallible wisdom of the Master. Rather, we conceived of it as an attempt to utilise autobiography for illuminating how the facts of the discipline in whose founding Delbrück played such a critical role came to be facts in the first place. To that end we gave each contributor explicit instructions regarding a circumscribed molecular biological topic on whose origins he was supposed to reminisce; and we allowed into print only critical, but almost no laudatory, references to Delbrück. This Festschrift enjoyed (and is still enjoying) a limited *succès d'estime* among molecular biologists, as well as among historians and sociologists of science. But it never reached a broad public.

A QUITE DIFFERENT FATE, however, was to meet James Watson's own personal account of his and Francis Crick's discovery in 1953 of the structure of DNA. Watson's *The Double Helix* created a storm of interest upon its publication in 1968. Of course, nothing could resemble less a treatise on the philosophy or sociology of science than Watson's autobiographical memoir. Nevertheless it brought home to its readers in a painless and enjoyable literary way that, contrary to general belief, scientific discovery has actually little in common with the process that was then still popularly perceived and epitomised in the Hollywood series of Warner Brothers movies about such great scientists as Louis Pasteur and Paul Ehrlich.

In the intervening decade, *The Double Helix* has sold nearly a million copies (including foreign editions in at least 17 different languages). I would guess that it was Watson's memoir, rather than the writings of Professor Kuhn or of any other professional historian-philosopher, which made the biggest contribution to the demise of the traditional view—scientific enterprise as an autonomous exercise of pure reason by disembodied, selfless spirits, free of moral and affective influences, inexorably moving towards knowledge of the true facts of nature.

WORD SLOWLY GOT around that the rise of molecular biology, still wholly within living memory, provided a rich source of material for the sociologist, philosopher, and historian of science. Thus a minor cottage industry has recently grown up. Its output consists of papers and books about molecular biology and reductionism, and refugee scientists, and scientific élites, and sexism, and social responsibility, and paradigm changes, and metaphysics (I confess to having written one such paper), and so on.

But all the while there were no attempts to write a definitive history of molecular biology, with one exception. That exception is Robert Olby's *The Path to the Double Helix*, which appeared in 1974. Olby brought an heroic amount of historical research to the preparation of what, in his preface, Francis Crick called "the first full scholarly account of how the structure of DNA was discovered, set against its proper historical background." (This parlance was meant to set off Olby's book from Watson's, which, by implication, was neither scholarly nor properly historical.) But Olby's industry and efficacy as an historical researcher was not matched by an equivalent literary competence: his history was badly written and carelessly edited (if, indeed, edited at all). Olby was unable to weave the details he collected (in the course of interviewing more than 100 persons) into a coherent story. His main recurrent thread was the iterated use of the word "paradigm" and the tiresomely repeated claim that the rise of molecular biology fits Kuhn's "normal science-scientific revolution" dialectic of scientific progress. In a review I compared Olby's book unfavourably to Joseph Fruton's excellent history of biochemistry, *Molecules of Life*. Fruton did not trouble to provide a look behind the scenes and reveal who wrote or said privately what, to whom, and when. Instead Fruton merely pointed to the major public monuments in the published record and connected them via a credible causal chain. I suggested that we were still awaiting the Fruton of the Double Helix.

WELL, WE ARE *STILL* waiting for him, but there has now appeared a definitive full-scale history of molecular biology which, like Olby's, places heavy reliance on the interview method of "oral history", but on which an incomparably greater literary skill has been brought to bear. This is *The Eighth Day of Creation*,[1] written not by a Fruton with a lifetime of experience in scientific research, but by a journalist, a former *Time* correspondent, Horace Freeland Judson. The first third of the more than 600 pages of Judson's book first appeared last winter in the *New Yorker* magazine, where it took up the bulk of three successive issues. An astonishing phenomenon—what other journal with a general circulation would dare to devote so vast an amount of space to so technical a subject treated in such detail, at so high a level?

I fear that *The Eighth Day of Creation* will be reviewed almost entirely by scientists, just as was *The Double Helix*;[2] they may be able to vouch for

[1] *The Eighth Day of Creation*. By HORACE JUDSON. Simon and Schuster, $15.95; Jonathan Cape, £7.95.

[2] In its July 1968 issue ENCOUNTER published one of the few important reviews of *The Double Helix* that was written by a non-scientist. Although the pseudonymous reviewer "*F. R. S.*" referred to himself as a "mediocre algebraist", it seems very likely that "*F. R. S.*" was not, in fact, a mathematician at all but a literary scholar.

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or deny the accuracy of Judson's text but are poorly equipped to judge its popular appeal. As for myself, I cannot make up my mind whether the general readership to which this enormous book is addressed is likely to find it as fascinating as I do, or whether the layman will be bored by being told more about the history of our discipline than he wants to know. In any case, Judson's unmistakably journalistic style is certainly not boring, and starting virtually from scratch he manages very skilfully to provide for the lay reader the scientific background necessary to understand even vanguard molecular biological research.

To write this history Judson did a prodigious amount of research. Like Olby, he spent years interviewing more than a hundred persons on both sides of the Atlantic; he evidently read countless books and articles, and hunted down unpublished materials, research notebooks, and private letters. Prior to publication, the manuscript was checked for accuracy by some of the experts Judson had consulted, down to what seems to me excessively pedantic detail. The result is definitely "definitive." Admittedly, the text probably contains more errors than the handful I noticed. Moreover, Judson probably overlooked the key contributions of this or that person and will be accused by some critics of "misrepresenting" or "misunderstanding" this or that facet of the story. But I cannot imagine any history of molecular biology written by a mere mortal and kept within the bounds of readability that would be less subject to the charge of inaccuracy than Judson's. That is not to say, however, that Judson's account is free of bias. On the contrary it is obvious (and clearly stated by him at the outset) that his view of the history of molecular biology was mainly formed by only a very few of the hundred or so persons that he talked with and, I was gratified to find, by my own writings. All the same, Judson did not by any means accept on blind faith everything that he learned from his principal mentors; when he found any of them to have been in error (including even—incredible as it may seem—me) he does not hesitate to say so.

JUDSON TELLS THE PLOT (in Part I) of the "comedy", as he calls it, of the discovery of the DNA double helix. The chief persons of the comedy are, in Cambridge, James Watson and Francis Crick, their boss, the doyen of X-ray crystallographers, Sir Lawrence Bragg, and his chief lieutenant Max Perutz; in London the more junior X-ray crystallographers Maurice Wilkins and Rosalind Franklin; in New York, the Columbia University biochemist Erwin Chargaff; at Indiana University, Watson's teacher, the microbiologist Salvador Luria; and in Pasadena, the two Cal Tech sages Linus Pauling and Max Delbrück. All of them, except Franklin and Chargaff, eventually made it to Stockholm to receive their own Nobel Prizes (actually Sir Lawrence Bragg had already received his in 1915, at the age of 25).

This is more or less the same ground as that covered by Watson's memoir, which nothing can, or will, replace. But Judson's account is much more complete and balanced than Watson's. In particular, Judson puts the roles of the two tragic losers in the comedy, Franklin and Chargaff, into proper perspective. As for the deceased Franklin, Judson shows that she was closer to the solution, and a better scientist, than readers of Watson's memoir are led to believe. Nevertheless, the double helix is Watson and Crick's, and theirs alone. Moreover, Judson exposes as a myth the latter-day hagiography of Franklin that depicts her as a martyr of "sexist discrimination." And as for Erwin Chargaff, Judson shows that, despite his later absurd denigration of Watson and Crick's achievement (and his laments as the lone Central European aesthete among the barbarians of the Wild West), his one contribution to the molecular biological revolution—namely, the demonstration that, contrary to the long-held belief, the chemical composition of DNA is compatible with its being the carrier of hereditary information—remains substantial.

JUDSON GOES ON TO the post-DNA-double-helix story of molecular biology—the solution of the mystery of protein synthesis—of which neither Watson nor Olby had given an account. But this tale is no "comedy." It is rather one of those vast, slow-moving, complex Russian epic novels in which dozens of characters play major roles.

Fortunately the two very most important we know already: Watson and Crick. Judson now shows their true mettle. For them finding the DNA structure was no flash-in-the-pan, because in the next decade they were to orchestrate the much more difficult project of discovering how the genetic information encoded in DNA is realised as protein molecules of a predetermined amino acid sequence. Admittedly many brilliant theorists and experimentalists were responsible for bringing this story to its happy end, of whom a score or so too were to finish in the Nobel gold. But somewhere, way up high, there was Watson, and especially Crick, beacons pointing the way to the Promised Land.

In the story of the structure and function of proteins (particularly of their X-ray crystallographic analysis and of the modifications of their configuration), two other Founding Fathers, for whom Judson (for good reason) has evidently great respect and admiration, take the centre of the stage: Max Perutz and Jacques Monod. The charismatic Monod is already familiar to a broad

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public through his philosophical best-seller *Chance and Necessity*—indeed at the time of his death in 1976, he was the best-known scientist in France. But with the biographical account of Max Perutz new ground is broken. No account had yet been given of the single-minded, life-long scientific Odyssey of this somewhat retiring protagonist of the story, in quest of the structure and function of just one molecule, haemoglobin.

ALTHOUGH Judson did not know of Ludwik Fleck's book and hence could not have intentionally slanted *The Eighth Day of Creation* to conform with its ideas, it is hard to imagine better support for Fleck's analyses. (Judson did know about Kuhn's book, of course, and reports a conversation with Max Delbrück in which they agree that Kuhn's term "paradigm" is almost as thoroughly debauched nowadays as "charisma.") For the story of molecular biology is undoubtedly that of a thought-collective: "The Magic Circle", "The Club", "The Group" (to quote some of the terms used).

First, Judson's account demonstrates that the growth of knowledge cannot be based on objectively interpreted empirical findings. As many incidents in its history show, progress in molecular biology was critically dependent on deliberately ignoring certain undoubted "facts" that seemed to run counter to current canons of the thought-collective. One example: Crick and Watson's audacious declaration that, in protein synthesis, the ordered assembly of only 20 "magic" amino acids need be considered, despite its having been well-known that there occur in proteins at least half-as-many more other amino acids. Similarly, it was necessary to hold fast piously to beliefs for which for many years there was no evidence at all—e.g. the dogma that there exists an uninterrupted linear correspondence between the molecular sub-units of the DNA within each gene, and the amino acid building blocks of the protein molecule whose structure is encoded in that gene. Indeed, as discoveries too recent for Judson to have taken into account have now shown, this particular dogma is not even strictly true in higher forms of life.

Second, it emerges clearly from Judson's account (and he points it out explicitly) that "molecular biology" is not the name of a biological specialty with a circumscribed content. It is not even the study of biological phenomena at the "molecular" level, since, as biochemists are wont to point out, that explication is more appropriately descriptive of *their* discipline. Molecular biology is a *style of thought*. According to Judson,

> "the style is bold; it is simplifying, it is unsparing; often it is extremely competitive. The style is also, sometimes, subtle and sophisticated. The style has been set by very few people. A list would have to include Max Delbrück and Linus Pauling, in at the beginning; Jacques Monod; no doubt James Watson; and pre-eminently Francis Crick.... Molecular biologists take it for granted that a certain kind of explanation can be reached, a kind of explanation not even conceivable forty years ago. The change in the character of acceptable explanations—but it is more than that; it is a change in the ruling way of framing hypotheses in biology—this is the transformation that was culminated and the revolution that has been unleashed by the discovery of the structure-in-function of deoxyribonucleic acid, as the gene."

Judson's account makes one thing very clear. Just as the connection between the Wassermann reaction and syphilis gains "facthood" only in its proper socio-historical context (since there is neither a spirochete *pallida* nor a disease syphilis "as such"), so can the meaning of the factual proposition that the gene is realised as a stretch of DNA double helix be fathomed *only* in the socio-historical context of "the Magic Circle" (since there is neither a DNA double helix nor a gene "as such"). Reflection on the whole story shows that the plot could very easily have taken a different turn at various crucial junctures—in which case we might still have had today an adequate account of the molecular basis of heredity, but we would be thinking about it differently, using a different semiotic imagery, speaking a different language.

FINALLY, we are presented here with one further example of an important "premature" discovery of the kind to which Fleck had drawn attention. Just as the inventions of Leonardo could not be squared with the thought-style of the *quattrocento*, so did the first demonstration by Oswald T. Avery in 1944 that DNA is actually the genetic material fail to be appreciated at first by the very thought-collective that was then laying the groundwork for the coming molecular biological revolution. The reason for the difficulty of incorporating Avery's discovery into that thought-collective's canons was the impossibility of squaring the notions then generally held about the structure of DNA with the idea that DNA is the carrier of hereditary information. But, by 1950 (thanks largely to Chargaff's chemical analyses of DNA) these notions had changed radically and within the next two years the idea of the genetic role of DNA had become the collective's principal canon.

JUDSON CLOSES his account with an "Afterword", a sensitive summing up of the

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moral of the story. Unfortunately, now, just before sundown, Judson reveals a limitation of his historical horizon that is surprising, in view of the stratospheric level of all of his preceding discussions.

In this coda Judson summarises (quite accurately) what he calls the "standard view" of the rise of molecular biology, as it can be gleaned from most of the extant writings on the subject, including my own. This standard view regards molecular biology as having arisen from two schools, the informational and the structural school, whose eventual confluence was realised in the collaboration of Watson and Crick and their discovery of the DNA double helix. Judson now declares that this view is "incomplete and misleading", and he offers to correct it on the basis of two "nakedly elementary" observations.

First, he finds that molecular biology arose from five distinct disciplines, rather than from only two schools: physical chemistry, X-ray crystallography, genetics, microbiology, and biochemistry. And, second, the really fundamental change that took place between the 1930s and 1950s was (according to Judson) a change in the concept of "specificity" in four of the five of these disciplines.

I consider this offered replacement of the "standard view" wrong and in regrettable discord with the admirable profundity of all that preceded it. As for "specificity", it remains, cross-disciplinewise, as vacuous a concept today as it was in the 1930s. It is simply not true that Francis Crick's formulation of the hypothesis that the structure, and hence function, of protein molecules is determined by the sequence of the amino acids of which it is composed represents, as Judson claims it does, the present sense of biological specificity. For instance, in present-day immunology the "specificity" of an antibody molecule is still viewed in terms of its physico-chemical affinity for an antigen—just as it was in the 1940s when Pauling proposed his theory of antibody formation. To this affinity the "specific" amino acid sequence of the antibody bears a complicated, and as yet unfathomed, relation. And in neurobiology the concept of "specificity" still pertains to the mode of connection between a particular set of nerve cells—a relation to which the amino acid sequence of proteins may be related only very remotely, if at all.

As for the five disciplines, the "standard view" incorporates, of course, the common knowledge that the members of the two schools brought to the foundation of molecular biology scientific expertise from even more disciplines than the five listed by Judson. Moreover, no proponent of the "standard view" holds that either school operated in a scientific vacuum and failed to make use of knowledge from those five disciplines. Did Judson really forget, by the time he got to the end of his text, the insightful characterisation of molecular biology he made some 400 pages earlier as owing its identity to a style-of-thought? The "standard view" claims to have identified the two main sources of that style-of-thought of that community of interest which ultimately melded persons of diverse backgrounds into one thought-collective.

A LAST WORD. Judson's proposition that "the synthesis from which molecular biology grew was far more complex than the standard view acknowledges" is true, but trivial. Is it not nakedly elementary, my dear Judson, that *any* historical synthesis is "incomplete and misleading", not only the "standard view" but your splendid account as well? Leopold von Ranke notwithstanding, history cannot be told "as it really was", because there is a nearly infinite recess of causal connections between the near-infinitude of events that have made the world as it is today. Thus, to write any history at all, the historian must isolate for his attention a sub-set of events from that infinitude and try to link them via a credible, albeit necessarily incomplete, chain of cause-effect propositions. A question that can legitimately be asked of any history is "Is it wrong?", but not "Is it complete?". The single sentence "Hitler's aggressive policies caused the outbreak of World War II" is certainly an incomplete and misleading account of that event, as is Churchill's 800-page treatment of the same material in his *The Gathering Storm*. But it is not wrong. Judson's list of "five founder disciplines" is also incomplete. What about polymer chemistry, which (according to Olby) figures in the origins of molecular biology in a substantial way? What about radiobiology, which provided Max Delbrück's first focus of interest in genetics and was the subject of James Watson's Ph.D. thesis? What about cryptanalysis which inspired the first formulations of the genetic code and the first efforts to break it?

But it would be churlish to close my remarks about this excellent book with cavil. No, *The Eighth Day of Creation* is an outstanding achievement, which is bound to become the "standard acount" of what the book's dust-jacket identifies, not altogether incorrectly, as one of the "two vast revolutions that science has known in this century."

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MEMOIR

Remembering Max Hayward

The Genius of a Translator

By GEORGE KATKOV *&* LEONARD SCHAPIRO

TO THOSE who had the extraordinary good fortune to know Max Hayward intimately, it soon became evident that his attitude to the written and the spoken word was not merely a matter of linguistic concern but rather something to do with our whole perception of the external world, of society, history and humankind in general. A man's choice of words, his pronunciation, the way in which he puts phrases and sentences together—all seemed to reveal to Max more than the speaker ever intended. Indeed so quick was his grasp of the meaning behind the words that he almost seemed gifted with a sixth sense. This is why his translations and the commentaries that introduced them are of such importance even for those perfectly fluent in, or having as their mother tongue, the language from which he translated. And it explains too why the exposure of falsehood, whether malicious or simply conventional, presented no difficulty for Max at all. Lies seldom made him indignant, so obvious were they to him in their context, so clear to him was their hidden import.

He used to say, jokingly, that the first foreign language he ever learned was Swahili—from a Negro whose native idiom it was. The young man was finding it difficult to communicate in the Yorkshire dialect of the place where he worked, and the intelligent and perceptive Max soon saw that no dictionary-based translation into English could adequately render what his African friend wanted to express in speaking of his home country, where such common words as "father" or "mother" often reflected social contacts and relationships quite different from those conveyed by their dictionary equivalents. (This applied even more to such words as "boss", "work", "fun", "friendship", and the like.) By a surprising paradox, those very linguistic differences which are generally held to constitute a virtually unsurmountable barrier to mutual understanding actually helped Max to discover the interests which all human beings have in common, whether these are expressed in the scholarly chatter of Oxford dons or the mutterings of drunken Russian peasants ("*pogovor pyanikh muzhikov*"—Bunin).

MAX HAYWARD *died in Oxford one year ago (on 18 March 1979), aged 54.*

WHEN, BY ONE OF THE STROKES of inspiration that sometimes occurred in those days, the Foreign Office engaged Max Hayward as a Third Secretary in the Moscow Embassy, one of his tasks was to act as interpreter to the Ambassador or the Head of Chancery on the rare occasions when they met Stalin.

The meeting he recalled most vividly, and the one which gave him special insight into Stalin's strange character, was preceded by a warning from the Head of Chancery: in the course of conversation with Stalin he was likely to allude at least three times to an unfortunate incident which was then causing the Embassy a considerable headache. A junior member of the Embassy staff had some time before started an affair with a Russian girl, and the Soviet authorities were now accusing him of having infected her with venereal disease. The young man denied the charge and took refuge in the Embassy, whereupon the police threatened to arrest him the moment he left the building. The Head of Chancery told Max that, without taxing the Soviet authorities with any misconduct, he intended to insist, "on purely humanitarian grounds", that this threat be withdrawn.

Forced to reply to his representations, a pensive Stalin observed: "Yes, yes, I know these young people will get up to their naughty pranks"—a phrase which Max, instantly realised was designed at once to demonstrate Stalin's *bonhomie* and tolerance of human foibles, and to acquit him of responsibility for the case. This hunch was confirmed when Stalin later added that this was a matter for the judges; he could not be expected to interfere with the judiciary.

We do not know whether Max ever told Svetlana Stalin about this incident after her flight abroad. For they met, and despite the occasional tiff became friends. Svetlana, and more particularly her hidden *persona*, confirmed Max in the unprejudiced opinions of the Great Man he had formed during the

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Moscow meetings; and her dignified attitude towards her father could not conceal from him that they took an identical view of his character.

I DID NOT, of course, personally witness the meetings with Stalin or Svetlana, but the memory of another in which I was involved will forever remain with me. Towards the end of the 1950s the Soviet government decided to send abroad on an official visit a prominent representative of Soviet *belles-lettres*, Fedor Panferov. By his own account, Panferov was travelling in his capacity of Deputy to the Supreme Soviet from a pig-breeding region of the USSR, with the object of meeting, not British intellectuals, but a certain prominent hog from a large Yorkshire pig-farm, one David XVIIIth (or some such name). He had brought his wife with him: a beautiful peasant woman from the wilds of Siberia, grandly got up in a magnificent sable stole.

Fedor Panferov had just been discharged from a sanatorium for alcoholics, and had reverted to his position as a highly respected member of the Union of Soviet Writers. His visit to Britain started off with celebrations at the Soviet Embassy in London which (given his course of treatment) adversely affected his health. He was seized by an attack of hiccups which would not stop for days and disabled him completely. Max, having read Panferov's principal works (*Bruski* and *Volga matushka reka*), had no illusions as to his creative ability. In spite (or perhaps because) of this he agreed to be introduced to Panferov and at once took pity on him and his alarming, if ludicrous, affliction.

When Panferov came to Oxford we were advised to get him into hospital straight away, and the British Council effected the necessary arrangements. One night, well past midnight, we were awakened by a summons from the hospital. We were to come quickly, since "the Russian writer" might easily die in the next few hours. The hospital was on tenterhooks. Consultants crowded round the bedside, while Max interpreted, doing his best to establish contact as far as circumstances allowed; and I busied myself with the hysterical wife, wrapped in her sables. Contrary to her expectations the British doctors managed better on this occasion than their co-practitioners in the Kremlin Clinic had done during a previous attack of this kind. While I spent hours talking to the doctor on duty about the Kremlin Clinic, the patient slowly recovered.

There followed a long period of convalescence during which a certain degree of sympathy grew up between Panferov and Hayward. They shared a similar social background. Though Panferov was nearer to village life and his peasant forbears, the problems of the industrial working class were common to them both, and this formed the basis for mutual understanding. Relations deteriorated, however, when literary matters were discussed. Max sensed that a new movement was afoot among the early rebels of Soviet literature; but Panferov, from the Olympian heights of the Writers' Union, frowned upon this.

"Russian literature", he declared, "has always taken as its material a hunk of raw flesh hacked from the body of the Russian people, and, through art, has managed to mould it into an acceptable and optimistic form. I have dedicated myself to this ideal, and I am horrified by those of my younger colleagues who take this blood-soaked material and fling it raw at their readers' heads. . . ."

As was his way, Max said nothing; but years afterwards he recounted this outburst word for word.

THE SOVIET EMBASSY was extremely keen to get Panferov back to the Soviet Union before any more untoward incidents could occur. But Max was set against this, and decided to show his distinguished guest the ordinary people of the country. After a somewhat acrimonious tug-of-war between the host (the British Council) and representatives of the Soviet Embassy in London (which had even summoned an eminent thoracic surgeon from Moscow in case of need), it was finally decided that the Panferovs should travel to Yorkshire with Max to visit his parents, go to the pubs frequented by the local miners, and see the famous David XVIIIth.

All this was done, and the details of the journey could well have served as material for a comic sketch. Max enjoyed himself immensely. He took Panferov to one old country pub in a mining district, where the miners were downing their pints of bitter. Panferov asked whether he might address them. He struck his regular "agitational" pose and produced a longish oration on the ordinary people's love of peace, the intrigues of the rich against peace, and so on.

Finally, one of the men going up to the bar to buy his next pint sorrowfully remarked to Max: "Tell him, poor old man, that this is all stale stuff. Ask him what a miner like me earns in the Soviet Union and what he can get for his pay."

The meeting rapidly broke up in general embarrassment.

SUCH INCIDENTS, and others perhaps less innocuous, created between Max and Panferov such a friendship, or comradeship, as one might suppose could subsist between a Martian and an inhabitant of this planet. The "great writer of the Russian land" (as Soviet literary critics often called Panferov) took a profound liking to his host and opened his heart to him on a great number of important social and political matters. After acquir-

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ing a Welsh border collie to take back to Moscow with him, he finally set off for home. But at the airport, to which Max had fortunately decided to accompany him, it was found that the dog needed a cage. This British Airways were willing to provide, but insisted that it must be paid for before the dog could enter it. Since the Panferovs had exhausted their travel allowance the hat was passed round. All ended well, and amid parting embraces Panferov took the gold watch from his own wrist and put it on Max's (he was to lose it some years later). The Panferov episode showed me yet again how easily Max could enter into an understanding with characters whose spiritual shape had been distorted by a destiny at once tragic and banal.

DURING ALL THIS TIME Max was working together with Manya Harari at a translation of *Dr Zhivago*. Here perhaps his plumbline had some difficulty in sounding the variegated depths of Pasternak's prose. The task was arduous and demanding, but it afforded him deep satisfaction

Max Hayward in Moscow. . .

DURING the period of the Terror when most people, naturally enough, thought only of how to save their skins, Pasternak on one occasion showed his defiance in public, at a poetry reading in what was then the largest auditorium in Moscow, the Polytechnic Museum. I was then in Moscow as a member of the British Embassy, and had a seat in the front row. It was the only time I was able to see Pasternak. It is worth describing at length, since it undoubtedly had enormous significance for the Moscow intelligentsia and for Pasternak himself.

The event was announced several days beforehand, in January or February, 1948, in the newspaper Evening Moscow *and was billed as "An Evening of Poetry on the theme: 'Down with the Warmongers! For a Lasting Peace and People's Democracy' "—this was already after the establishment of the Cominform and the beginning of the massive Soviet campaign against the "Aggressive North Atlantic Treaty." The score or more poets listed in the announcement as due to take part included Pasternak. This seemed doubly incredible: incredible that after recent attacks on him in the press he should have been invited by the organisers to attend, and even more incredible that he himself should have agreed to be associated with what was obviously going to be a crude manifestation of support for official propaganda. The immediate thought was that Pasternak might at last have succumbed to all the pressures, and was now going to be produced in public to demonstrate the fact. This, as soon appeared, was anything but the case, and it seems likely that he was invited only in the hope that he might avail himself of this chance of showing himself a "true Soviet poet"—and even if he failed to do this, his mere presence on such a platform, it was no doubt felt, would compromise him in the eyes of the many people who looked upon him as almost the last remaining poet who had not "fallen." An incidental calculation was, perhaps, that the appearance of his name in the list of participants would draw a much larger audience than could otherwise be expected to attend such undistinguished and predictable proceedings. It was only on this last point that the organisers were not disappointed.*

The large hall, often used for major propaganda lectures, was quite remarkably crowded: people were squatting on the steps in the aisles and large numbers who had not been able to get tickets stood on the street outside, desperately hoping to buy one at the last moment. There was a perceptible air of excitement, most unusual for the apathetic Soviet audiences of those days.

ABOUT TWENTY POETS trooped out on to the stage and sat down dutifully on chairs facing the audience. In front of them was a table, and a rostrum with a microphone. But Pasternak was not among them. One chair at the back of the stage remained empty. The tense expectancy in the hall gave way to what was quite evidently a mixture of disappointment and relief—after all, what would *he* have been doing in this company? It seemed probable that he had been excluded at the last moment, or had simply decided against it himself.

The reading was presided over by the novelist Boris Gorbatov, who took his seat at the table. He had a little bell in front of him. The first poet summoned to come forward was Surkov. He stood at the rostrum and declaimed into the microphone some verse . . . denouncing the North Atlantic Treaty, the warmongers and Churchill—who at that time was regarded as the prime mover in the Cold War because of the famous speech at Fulton in which he first used the phrase about an "Iron Curtain" between Eastern Europe and the West. As Surkov was halfway through his last line, the audience suddenly burst into loud applause and when he glanced over his shoulder, startled at this ovation which was so clearly not for him, he saw what everybody else could see: Pasternak had slipped in from the wings and was just taking his seat in the back row.

He looked a little flustered, but was visibly very gratified as he made imploring gestures with his outstretched palms until the crowd eventually quietened down.

The recital continued, with each of the successive poets delivering his rhymed invective in the accepted sub-Mayakovskian manner, perhaps uncomfortably aware of how out of place it now was, and grateful for the thin, impatient applause of the audience, which was restless and ill at ease. What could Pasternak possibly say that would have the slightest relevance to warmongers and the North Atlantic Treaty? At last Gorbatov called his name and motioned him towards the rostrum. The audience again went wild, clapping and shouting. As he advanced from his chair to the edge of the stage, he

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precisely because, as I have already remarked, his method of approaching human language invariably led him to discover a world which the very conventions of language would normally obscure. The *Zhivago* translation went hand in hand with the study of its author's life, and that in turn brought Max close to the figures that dominated Pasternak's relations with the literary world. I mean, of course, Akhmatova and Mandelstam.

When he was given the first volume of Nadezhda Mandelstam's memoirs to translate (*Hope Against Hope*, in his rendering), Max was illuminated. His work on it was in many ways a labour of love. His esteem and admiration for both its author and its hero grew, perhaps because of his own closer acquaintance with Greece, so distant in Mandelstam's poetry, yet so omnipresent.

He now settled for long stretches on a Greek island, and eventually built himself a small house there in the local style, where he felt happy and at home. It was there he completed the second volume of the Mandelstam memoirs, *Hope Abandoned*; and there too that (prompted both by a sense of duty and his friends' insistence) he

. . . *Pasternak & Shakespeare*

smiled rather shyly and again gestured with his hands as though begging people not to go too far in expressing their feelings about him. He was well aware, as Mrs Mandelstam reports in *Hope Abandoned*, of what Stalin is supposed to have said when he heard of a similar reception in this same place for Akhmatova a few years previously (in 1944): "Who *organised* this standing ovation?"

INSTEAD OF WALKING UP *to the microphone into which all the others had spoken, he came down some steps at the side of the stage and stood below, directly in front of the audience, shifting his feet slightly as he waited for the applause to die away. At last there was dead silence. He looked exactly as Gladkov describes him—extremely young, with a strikingly handsome face, on which there now appeared a rather mischievous, almost puckish, yet at the same time invincibly innocent expression. In his peculiarly nasal voice, drawing out the Russian vowels to at least twice their normal length, he said: "Unfortunately, I have no poems on the theme of the evening, but I will read you some things I wrote before the War." The tension was broken, and there was renewed applause. Beads of sweat appeared on Gorbatov's bald head.*

PASTERNAK THEN recited several poems which were obviously known to the audience from his volumes of poetry published years before. After each of them there was tremendous applause. At one moment he forgot a line and was immediately prompted from various parts of the hall. People began to shout out requests for particular poems, and he was clearly ready to oblige, but things were getting out of hand, and Gorbatov looked more and more distressed—though he too was affected by the general mood, and at one points his lips could be seen moving as he followed the words of one of the poems. Somebody shouted *Shestdesiat shestoi davai!* ("Give us the Sixty-Sixth!")—this was a request for Pasternak's version of Shakespeare's sonnet which had been included in his volume of selected translations published in 1940. Perhaps it was fortunate that he did not recite these lines which so perfectly defined the general state of affairs, and his own situation in particular:

> *. . . and art made tongue-tied by authority*
> *And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,*
> *And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,*
> *And captive good attending captain ill:*
> *Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,*
> *Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.*[1]

The meeting was developing into an unheard-of public demonstration and Gorbatov started to ring his bell frantically, trying to bring the crowd to order. But for a long time the applause went on, and Pasternak stood there, smiling awkwardly and patently enjoying his dangerous triumph. At last Gorbatov managed to make himself heard and declared an intermission.

(There were many empty seats during the second half of the programme. The only other noteworthy person on the platform was Ilya Ehrenburg who sat there listening sardonically. When his turn came, perhaps emboldened by Pasternak's example, he said: "I must admit that I am more accustomed to cursing in prose, but I will read you some verse I wrote during the Spanish Civil War. . . .")

ALMOST ANYBODY BUT *Pasternak would certainly have been arrested for such a "political provocation"—he had virtually sabotaged an important public meeting devoted to the "struggle for peace." His "immunity", however, still held good and, although the indirect sanctions against him continued to be relentless and cruel beyond words, he was not himself touched. Right until Stalin's death in 1953 he was able to go on writing* Doctor Zhivago, *the work which he considered to be of infinitely greater significance than anything he had written previously—and whose publication abroad in 1957 may be seen as the final stage in his relations with the dictator: a posthumous settling of accounts, an act of poetic justice in the literal sense.*

Max Hayward

in the Preface to
Gladkov's *Meetings with Pasternak* (1977)

[1] The 66th was one of only two Shakespeare sonnets selected by Pasternak for translation (the other was the 73rd), and his rendering is remarkably powerful and trenchant. A blander (but fairly close) version by Samuil Marshak appeared in a full collection of Shakespeare's sonnets which was awarded the Stalin Prize in 1949. (An interesting illustration of what a difference the context can make!)

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worked on his translations of Andrei Sinyavsky and more especially of the book by Pasternak's friend Olga Ivinskaya, *A Captive of Time*. The commentaries, prefaces, and casual jottings on this work of his were to constitute his chief literary effort up to his death. He never attached great importance to it, and carried on from one job to the next, though always under pressure. Now at last, having grown attached to his Greek home and to the whole Mediterranean milieu, he talked vaguely of undertaking a basic study of the Greek religion and the origins of Christianity. He had mastered Modern Greek in an incredibly short time, and this helped him with classical Greek, so that he could read Homer without frequent recourse to the dictionary. At the same time he had started to learn Hebrew, and when his strength began to fail him he could read the Pentateuch. He was, however, as reticent as always about his future plans.

Let me conclude this fragmentary sketch on a personal note. Some years ago I rashly embarked on writing a history of the Russian Revolution of February 1917. I had laboriously covered the first ten days when Max first read the book. With characteristic generosity he undertook at the galley-proof stage to improve my halting English. The corrections he made were very numerous, and sometimes the wording was completely changed; but he never introduced his own opinions or the faintest degree of personal bias into anything I had written. Far from it—he formulated the ideas I wanted to put across in a way I might not have managed even in my native Russian. For this I owe my gratitude both to Max and to the destiny that caused me to cross his meteoric path.

G.K.

★

A FULL ASSESSMENT OF Max Hayward's contribution to scholarly study of the Soviet Union will only be possible when his innumerable and wildly scattered articles, introductory essays, and editorial comments are collected and republished, a project that is now in progress. For he left behind him no major work. His friends, who much regretted the fact that he never embarked on a book, hold various theories to explain this omission, so unusual in an age of graphomania among Sovietologists. My own guess is that in his heart he felt too modest, too diffident to bestride the stage on his own—he saw himself always as the editor, the interpreter, the introducer, the translator. This characteristic modesty also meant that he was a most unassuming and self-effacing collaborator with others. The penetrating light that shines from the fragments which alone survive him reveal the measure of the loss to scholarship of his lack of self-assertion.

He was a superb translator from Russian, and that for a simple reason: he was master of both Russian and English, which is rare among our present translators. Turgenev has left a description of Flaubert worrying away at the improvement of a translation from the Russian that Louis Viardot and Turgenev had prepared—polishing here, altering there, changing a word in order to improve the nuance of a sentence or avoid an echo. I was reminded of this on an occasion some years ago when I was concerned with Max in extensive revision of a translation of a Russian text. He showed the same intense search for the right word, the same terrier-like restlessness to get each sentence right. I think also his success as a translator was due to a deep sense of affinity with the author to be rendered into English. As Pasternak wrote, "A translation must issue from an author who has experienced the effect of the original long before he embarks on his labours. It must be the fruit of the original, and its historical consequence. . . ." But it must also show scrupulous respect for the original, which must speak through the translation. It requires the kind of self-effacement of which only the truly modest are capable—and perhaps explains why the art of translation has often been spoken of contemptuously by great creative writers.

These two qualities of Max Hayward as translator were especially evident in 1966 when he collaborated with Patricia Blake to edit a volume of Andrei Voznesensky's poems, *Antiworlds*. The novel feature of this volume was that six American poets, including W. H. Auden (if "American" is the right description for him), cooperated with Max to produce their translations—with Max making available to them in meticulous detail the meaning of the Russian. The result of this experiment was to produce, at any rate in some cases (notably where Auden's translations are concerned) not only accurate versions of the original Russian, but English poems in their own right. The experiment was repeated for the work of five young Leningrad poets (including Joseph Brodsky) in New York in 1972, with Hayward advising the poet-translators, as well as translating some of the poems himself.

Voznesensky was one of the half-dozen Soviet authors about whom the English-speaking public owes much of its knowledge to Max Hayward. No one could have hated the cant, the pompous insincerity, and the pretentious drabness of so much of modern Soviet literature as Max did. But at the same time he was the first to welcome those rare authors who, in the appalling circumstances of Soviet life, tried, within the limits of possibility, to write sincerely and truthfully. At a conference as far back as 1963, attended by a number of distinguished specialists on Soviet literature, he was almost alone in voicing a note of optimism when he said that

"the gains hitherto made by the Soviet writers in their struggle for greater independence, however

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> relative and precarious this independence may be, are great enough to warrant the conclusion that a totalitarian régime can be challenged from within ... [and] to have demonstrated that a 'monolithic' political structure is more fragile than was once thought."

This, it will be recalled, was said before the birth of *samizdat*. It was on this occasion, too, that Max had high praise for Voznesensky: "Rather like Pasternak, whom he regards as his only teacher, he expresses ... freedom of the spirit through freedom of language."[1] Max was on friendly terms with both Voznesensky and Evtushenko—and Voznesensky recently paid a warm tribute to Max at a public reading of his poems in New York during his officially-sponsored visit.

OF COURSE, PASTERNAK was the lodestar of all that brave band of men and women among the Soviet intelligentsia who groped for some dignity, some sincere reality in the sea of what the Russians call *poshlost*—a word which defies translation, and which synthesises every form of meanness, vulgarity, and cant. Max's first major achievement was his collaboration with the late Manya Harari, which resulted in 1958 in a masterly translation of *Dr Zhivago*. He continued to collaborate with Manya Harari (and after her death, with Marjorie Villiers) on the press which she founded, the Harvill Press, which largely under Max's guidance and advice published many of the Soviet writers in whom traces of sincere talent were discernible.

A number of Max's essays are concerned with Pasternak, and the most remarkable of all was his introduction to his translation of Alexander Gladkov's *Meetings with Pasternak* (1977). Scarcely more than twenty pages long, it tells us more about Pasternak than many a much longer exposition. It also contains a personal reminiscence which demonstrates the enormous influence which Pasternak exercised on his contemporaries.

In 1948, as a member then of the British Embassy, Max was able to attend a much-publicised poetry reading on the stirring theme of "*Down with the Warmongers! For a Lasting Peace and People's Democracy!*" While Surkov was thundering through a denunciation of Churchill, a sudden burst of applause broke out, to the obvious astonishment of Surkov: it signified the unobtrusive entry on to the platform of Pasternak. "What could Pasternak possibly say that would have the slightest relevance to warmongers and the North Atlantic Treaty?" When called on he announced "in his peculiar nasal voice, drawing out the Russian vowels to at least twice their normal length", that "unfortunately, I have no poems on the theme of the evening, but I will read you some things I wrote before the war." This he proceeded to do, to thunderous applause. The meeting, in fact, had developed into "an unheard-of public demonstration." As Max commented, only the peculiar "immunity" which Pasternak enjoyed under Stalin could have saved him from arrest.

PASTERNAK APART, it was to Solzhenitsyn and Sinyavsky—the other two giants in true, as distinct from captive and false, Soviet culture—that Hayward devoted much of his attention. He translated *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* in collaboration with Ronald Hingley. In the Introduction, written jointly with Leopold Labedz (these frequent collaborations were another sign of Max's diffidence, or modesty), he says of this work, "Like all great works of art, it is outside place and time. In showing one man, in one particular time and place, in the most sordid setting imaginable, Solzhenitsyn has succeeded in strengthening our faith in the ultimate victory of civilised values over evil...." The whole of Max Hayward's work on Soviet literature may without exaggeration be said to have been one devoted search for signs of this "ultimate victory." If civilisation ever returns to Russia, its people will have cause to be grateful to this quiet scholar. The translation for a US publisher of *One Day*, which tried to capture the flavour of the original by rendering it into uneducated Anglo-American form of speech, was not entirely successful. But it was a good deal better than the translation which appeared about the same time in England.

The most significant study of Solzhenitsyn which Max Hayward wrote has, as yet, remained almost entirely unpublished. This is the long introductory essay to the English translation of *From Under the Rubble*, of which in the end only a fragment was published.[2] Much of the essay which remained unpublished was devoted to the very salutary warning against identifying Solzhenitsyn as a Slavophile, and against viewing his controversy with Sakharov as a revival of the 19th-century dispute between Slavophiles and Westerners. In this context he draws attention to a much-neglected passage in the third volume of *Gulag Archipelago* in which Solzhenitsyn, in a manner quite uncharacteristic of the Slavophiles, argues the need for legal principles as the only foundation for society. (This passage was, in fact, published in *The Times* years before the third volume of *Gulag* appeared in translation.) At the same time, Hayward pointed to the

[1] *Soviet Literature in the Sixties*, edited by Max Hayward and Edward L. Crawley (Report of a symposium held under the auspices of the Institute for the Study of the USSR in Bad Wiessen in September 1963), Methuen, 1965.

[2] The translation, by various persons, under the direction of Michael Scammell, was published by Collins & Harvill Press in 1975.

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inappropriateness in present-day conditions of any analogy with the way in which the Westerners in the 19th century looked to Western Europeans as an inspiration for radical and revolutionary ideas.

Max Hayward's interest in Sinyavsky, one of the most significant Russian literary figures of this generation, dated back to the time when his identity with the mysterious "Abram Tertz" was as yet uncertain. Max translated *The Trial Begins* himself,[3] and encouraged the publication of the translation of "Tertz's" other works by the Harvill Press, collaborating (again with Ronald Hingley) on the translation of a volume of stories. In 1969 he collaborated with Leopold Labedz in producing a book on the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel, to which he contributed an illuminating Introduction. Later, in 1976, he collaborated with Kyril FitzLyon on the translation (a very difficult undertaking) of *A Voice from the Chorus*, for which he wrote another preface of great perceptiveness. In the same year he wrote a long review in the *Times Literary Supplement* (28 May 1976) of Sinyavsky's remarkable studies of Pushkin and Gogol, which had appeared in Russian some time before. Max's sympathy with Sinyavsky is easy to understand, quite apart from the brilliant and original qualities which he displays as a writer. For Sinyavsky is that rare phenomenon among Soviet émigrés, a man of moderate, liberal views, tolerant and reasonable, not obsessed with nationalistic chauvinism, and not prone to engage in intemperate quarrels—in fact a man with all the qualities which Max Hayward held dear.

Mayakovsky, Nadezhda Mandelstam, Anna Akhmatova—on all three and many more Max had original things to say. His superb translation of the two volumes of Mrs Mandelstam's memoirs was a work of devotion, to which he devoted much time and care. His loss to British post-War scholarship on the Soviet Union—which has not been all that distinguished for its integrity or political balance—is enormous.

The loss to the people of the Soviet Union is even greater—whether they can officially acknowledge it or not. For Max Hayward drew attention to spiritual qualities in the USSR at a time when most Russians lacked either the courage or the perception to acknowledge them, and probably helped to save them from a little of the opprobrium which posterity will justly heap upon their official culture.

L.S.

[3] First published in ENCOUNTER in January 1960.

Victorians

White heads, white hats, in garden chairs,
Enthusiasts of time,
Adulterous and hopeful men, who met
Their fallen girls at stations out of town:

This day of summer's yours in perpetuity.
I cannot love your manners or your work,
But accidental bravery persists
In homiletic lilac and your vanity in stone.

We were the epic exegetes
And called religiose.
We are what's left when time retreats,
The syphilitic rose.

How Honesty becomes opaque,
The season drawing on.
We looked inside the little lake
And wanted to be gone.

Let this be noon, before the letter comes,
The daughter coughs, the verses are exposed,
Before the century goes black
And you go blind, and all the doors are closed.

Sean O'Brien

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LETTERS

Eysenck on Ryle & Ayer

I FIND IT strange that in the post-Wittgenstein days a book like that by Gilbert Ryle, *On Thinking*, could be written, or seriously reviewed in your pages by A. J. Ayer [ENCOUNTER, December 1979]. Book and review are completely removed from the empirical investigation of the problems involved in thinking about thinking, and present a strange combination of inconclusive semantics and spurious speculation. How can anyone in this day and age talk about thinking without reference to the experimental studies of Robert Sternberg on cognitive noegenetics, of Piaget and his followers on cognitive stages, of the many workers on computer simulation of thought process, and quite generally the work of many psychologists from Wertheimer onwards on related topics? We certainly have not found all the answers, but we have moved away from idle playing with words in a factual vacuum.

Book and review are not improved by their total inability to understand what Behaviourism is all about. It certainly cannot be characterised by saying that it implies a "category-howler involving trying to *reduce* thinking to what it isn't." Perhaps if Professors Ryle and Ayer would take an elementary course in psychology they might begin to have an appreciation of just what is and isn't known in this field, and what is and isn't believed by behaviourists. As it is, readers can only be misled by what these authors have to say into believing that instead of being a fertile province of empirical study, thinking is still a desolate wasteland of philosophical speculation.

No philosopher nowadays would dare to write about physics without learning something about the latest experiments and theories characteristic of that field. Would that they showed the same courtesy towards psychologists! H. J. EYSENCK

Institute of Psychiatry
University of London

I AM A LITTLE surprised by Professor Eysenck's vehemence. Even if Gilbert Ryle was at fault in neglecting the contributions that psychologists were making to the study of thought during his lifetime, I do not think that you are to blame for sending his book out for review and I make no apology for reviewing it on its own terms.
Oxford A. J. AYER

"Intellectual Hygiene"

THE POINT about "intellectual hygiene" raised by M. J. Lasky and Leopold Labedz in their ENCOUNTER articles (February) truly needs to be worked out in depth against the whole background of political folly and illusion.

We know all about the grievous errors, moral as well as psychological, which result from not seeing the forest for the trees, or refusing to note the beam in one's own eye for the mote in another's, etc., etc. Yet the pitfalls of contemporary ideology—which it has been the function of ENCOUNTER to illuminate, as in no other journal I know—trap ever more victims. In West Germany today, as Lasky suggested with his critique of our television programmes on Soviet Russian affairs, one looks abroad and doesn't see the felling of whole forests for the misshapenness of one single tree at home. One apologises for beastly tyrannies abroad because somewhere in the Rhineland some over-eager district attorney illegally planted "a bug" (*eine Wanze*) in some suspect's telephone, or some high *Bundesrepublik* official turns out to have been, at the age of 21½, a *P.G.*, a passing member of the Nazi party 35 years ago. Things have not improved very much since those myopic days of the 1950s when, in the "plague-on-both-your-houses" spirit of condemning both the USA and the USSR, the evils of Coca-Cola were equated to those of Kolyma.

Two further examples to those assembled by Lasky and Labedz, as I put away my ENCOUNTER and watched our German television documentaries on the subject of the hostages of Iran and the 100th anniversary of Stalin's birthday.

The Persian report from the Talegani Avenue ("Roosevelt Avenue", in the Shah's days) tried hard, in our strenuously significant way, to see everything in "the long perspective", to detect "deeper patterns", to grasp "the big picture." As a result the misdemeanours of the Shah loomed large and the peccadilloes of the Ayatollah were explained away. The final impression that was left was that in the light of the crimes of the Old Régime everything that was now happening could be understood and forgiven. But the rule of "intellectual hygiene" must read: One evil hand cannot wash clean the others, blood makes the worst kind of whitewash.

The German television study of Stalin—I won't say "Stalinism" because the word and the concept never turned up at all—was equally illustrative of the Western world's weak-minded and flabby-spirited desperation to find an apologia for tyrannical misdeeds. Who are we—so recently genocidal ourselves, and still so imperfect—to criticise the mass murder of others? Consequently, Stalin is presented as a kind of strong nation-building figure, and not at all as the kind of Bolshevik—which even the Trotskys and the Khrushchevs recognised—who degenerated into a mass murderer. If the nation has to be built on a foundation of corpses, so be it. Justifications and rationalisations come easily to hand. And always that last refuge of intellectual scoundrels: "Historicism", the vicious circular argument that everything that happens is accounted for by everything that has happened. ". . . But perhaps", our television historian (Willy Reschl) instructs us, "it was necessary to eliminate the barbarism of backward Russia by barbaric methods." Was, then, Stalin a "barbarian"? Oh no,

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logic cannot take us *that* far! On the contrary, as we were also informed, when the voting in the Soviet Communist party for the top leadership took place, Stalin simply presented himself "as an ordinary candidate just like thousands of others. . . ." Believing that, they will believe anything.

What hope, then, for "intellectual hygiene" in the '80s? With the best of good will but very little optimism, I can only wish Messrs Lasky and Labedz well in their decade-long programme to clean the Augean stables.

Frankfurt-am-Main ERNST L. LEWES

Australian Misunderstandings

MAY I AMPLIFY a few points concerning "the Bennett affair" in Melbourne, mentioned in Leopold Labedz's excellent variations on the theme that democracy is forgetting [ENCOUNTER, February].

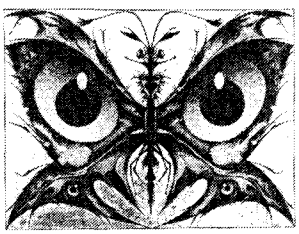
The startling feature of the debate on the authenticity of "the Holocaust", initiated in Australia by Mr John Bennett, was the generous and respectful publicity it received in the most reputable newspapers, despite pleading with the responsible editors, on the part of a number of Holocaust survivors, to desist. For quite apart from the anguish which Mr Bennett's increasingly ferocious group-libels inflicted on a diminishing number of survivors and their relatives, denial of the Nazi genocide even if followed (or, perhaps, particularly if followed) by reiteration of some true details, has the effect of turning a matter which had hitherto been simply accepted as an indubitable historical fact (akin to such events as, for example, the Battle of the Somme, or the sinking of the Titanic) into a "controversial issue" on which men of repute and good sense may legitimately differ.

In relation to the Holocaust, this is particularly likely to happen in a place such as Australia. For the Australian nation differs from other Western-industrial societies not only by its geographical isolation from the major metropolitan centres, but also by the fact that its major World War II trauma was induced, overwhelmingly, by Imperial Japan, rather than by Nazi Germany. The only attacks on the Australian continent were carried out by the Japanese. There was widespread and justified fear of an impending Japanese invasion associated with the catastrophes of Pearl Harbour and Singapore; and Australia's arduous military effort in New Guinea, the "Kokoda trail", is justly regarded as the nationally most significant battle of World War II. The realities of the European war and totalitarianism are known in Australia, indirectly, "by hearsay" (as it were); and their comprehension is, therefore, notional rather than real.

The established national phobia—not without some realism—is still the "yellow peril." Ethnic European migrants, predominantly tradesmen and businessmen without any notable intelligentsia of their own, carry little if any cultural or political weight. This background explains why the Butz-Bennett kind of stuff could penetrate Australia's equivalents of *The Times* or *The Economist*.

Yet it is not the whole story, for the editors principally responsible were, actually, Englishmen with weighty UK journalistic credentials. And as for John Bennett himself, he is a man with an impeccable political past as a social democrat and civil libertarian, who, until two years ago, assisted Jewish students very effectively in their legal struggle against a PLO-dominated Student Union. Yet it is precisely Bennett's previous political record which makes his sudden adoption of neo-Nazi doctrines so

Birds of Wisdom



SINCE one picture is proverbially supposed to be worth a thousand words, I take it that you have at ENCOUNTER a special philosophy behind the selection of the various cartoons, drawings, and illustrations which serve as *vignettes* to your various articles.

I long puzzled over the bug-eyed monster of a scientist who presides month-after-month over the Arthur Koestler series, "Antennae" (on p. 83 of the February number). Now he—or it—has been joined in the aviary by the ferocious stare of a relentless owl, presumably hinting at the pursuit of "myths and horrors" in Leopold Labedz' article, "Under Western Eyes" (on p. 37).

In case either or both of your birds of wisdom were to seek a companion—for your sharp-eyed International Commentator, or your visionary Political philosopher—I rush to send you a household favourite of mine, *papilio pseudocopus splendidus* (H.-J. Zeidler).

Ponder him thoughtfully: there is more in the glance than looks out of a thousand spectacles

JOHN JAY MCALLISTER

Oxford

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disturbing! For his informal back-up came from the highly respected "Victorian Council for Civil Liberties", which, like all such bodies, depends for its existence on the skill and enthusiasm of very few people such as its secretary, John Bennett. The other moving spirit of the Council was (and is) its President, Dr Alan Hughes, a senior academic in the Department of Political Science at the University of Melbourne. Dr Hughes's academic specialty is Western Germany where he currently conducts his research, assisted both in his work and in his travels by the proper West German academic and consular agencies. After repeated interventions from the Jewish community, Dr Hughes finally came out with a letter: he praised Mr Bennett's good intentions, defended his "right to conduct historical research"; and while dissociating himself from his conclusions, he reiterated his support for Bennett continuing as a secretary of the Civil Liberties Council. The failure, to date, to have him removed from this post is largely due to Dr Hughes's sterling loyalty.

Since the deeds at issue, now deemed "controversial" in Australia, were committed by a German dictator, it was incumbent on the relevant German representatives in Australia to try to assist in halting the process of group defamation against the Jews, and, incidentally, against their own good name and policies. But this they failed to do.

It is now twelve years since Willy Brandt prostrated himself before the Ghetto memorial of the Jewish dead in Warsaw. Was it, after all, a calculated exercise performed for the TV cameras (as one very distinguished and sophisticated German writer suggested to me at the time)? Australia is a faraway country of which most people know next to nothing. Unlike Warsaw it is outside the limelight. May it not be the case that German indifference, as against publicly flaunted attitudes, is more likely to be detectable in an unilluminated part of the globe?

FRANK KNOPFELMACHER

University of Melbourne
Australia

Rathenau's Murder

QUITE A LONG TIME before he was murdered (in 1922), there was a jingle, painted on the walls of houses and evident at gatherings of the extreme Right (which at the time included monarchists as well as early Nazis)—not only in Berlin but all over Germany and was even fairly well known to us in Vienna. It ran like this:

"Schlagt ihn tot, den Rathenau,
die gottverfluchte Judensau"

(kill him off, that Rathenau
that godforsaken Jewish sow)

Well, if your reader, Mr Salinger-Horst [ENCOUNTER, August], considers this political and not anti-Semitic reasons, what are? And what is anti-Semitism if not also a *policy*? In fact: the Right resented having a Jew as a Minister of Foreign Affairs and—since the War was lost—was quite prepared to forget his notable merits as organiser of Germany's World War I economy. Neither did anybody (except a few intellectuals on the Left) care to know his rather esoteric theoretical writings which by the way inclined to a certain *dirigisme*. Coming from a Jew his theories were "naturally" taken to be Bolshevik which, of course, they were not.

JOSEF TOCH

Vienna
Austria

Djilas and Oscar Lange

CREDIT where credit is due! I note the characterisation of the Soviet system as "industrial feudalism" by Milovan Djilas (ENCOUNTER, December 1979). But long before him the socialist economist, Oscar Lange (then at the University of Chicago), referred to the economy of the Soviet Union as a form of "industrial feudalism" (in *The Socialist Call*, Fall 1940).

SIDNEY HOOK

Hoover Institution
Stanford, California

In Lincoln's Shadow

GORONWY REES, in his article [November] on American 19th-century Writing, refers to Henry Ward Beecher as the orator at Gettysburg whose speech "dwarfed" (at the time) that of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. The gentleman in question was really Edward Everett (1794–1865), a Unitarian clergyman, orator, and statesman. He served variously as a professor of Greek at Harvard, member of US Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, US Minister to Great Britain, President of Harvard, briefly as US Secretary of State, and also briefly as US Senator.

STANLEY S. KAHN

Birmingham
Alabama

WE NOTE, *with sadness and deep regret, the passing of* ENCOUNTER *contributors and friends in 1979:*

HERBERT BUTTERFIELD
NICHOLAS DAVENPORT
JAMES T. FARRELL
CHARLES FRANKEL
DENNIS GABOR
ANATOL KUZNETSOV
MAX HAYWARD
JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN
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ERIC PARTRIDGE
GORONWY REES
ALLEN TATE
FRIEDRICH TORBERG

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"Zondek"?

IN HIS REVIEW of *Mrs Byrne's Dictionary of Unusual, Obscure, and Preposterous Words*, D. J. Enright [ENCOUNTER, January] complains of the lack of etymologies

> "not only because one would dearly like to know the romantic story behind the use of *zondek* as a slang term for 'pregnancy test', but because of an uneasy suspicion that Mrs B is just a little . . . gullible, and at times . . . her preposterous words are technical terminology. . . ."

This suspicion is certainly justified in the case of "zondek", which is simply short for "*Ascheim-Zondek test*", after the two medical scientists who perfected it.

JOHN FRASER

Versoix
Switzerland

AUTHORS

Martin Elliott, whose earlier story "Missing Out on the Meatball" appeared in the December 1976 issue of ENCOUNTER, is in his second year as a "mature student" at the University of London. His work has appeared in various literary magazines, and has been broadcast on the BBC.

Erwin Wickert is a distinguished West German diplomat as well as the author of several novels and biographies. He has just completed a two-year tour of duty as the German Ambassador in Peking.

Beverley Hooper studied at the Peking Languages Institute and at Peking University from 1975–77, and is now completing a PhD in modern Chinese history at the Australian National University, Canberra. She is the author of *Inside Peking: A Personal Report*, published by Macdonald and Jane's in Britain in 1979 and in Australia this spring.

Mircea Eliade was interviewed for *L'Express* in Paris by Sophie Lannes and Jean-Louis Ferrier.

Leopold Labedz is the editor of *Survey* magazine in London. His most recent articles in ENCOUNTER are "Of Myths & Horrors" (January 1980) and "Deutscher's Stalin" (January 1979).

François Bondy is an editor of the monthly *Schweizer Monatshefte* and of *Die Weltwoche* (Zurich).

Raymond Aron, the French political philosopher, teacher, and journalist, is a Member of the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, and Professor of the Collège de France. His most recent article in ENCOUNTER (January) was "1984: Can Europe Survive So Long?"

Sebastian Haffner's study, *The Meaning of Hitler*, was published by Weidenfeld in 1979. His article "Prussia & Frederick the Great" appeared in the June 1979 issue of ENCOUNTER.

Günter Zehm is an editor of *Die Welt* in Hamburg.

Julius Gould is Professor of Sociology at the University of Nottingham. His Comte Memorial Lecture, *The Rational Society*, was published by Athlone Press in 1972, and in 1975 he co-edited *Studies in Jewish Demography: Survey for 1969–71*.

Frank Parkin is Tutor in Politics and Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. His *Marxism and Class Theory: A Bourgeois Critique* was recently published by Tavistock.

Michael Ashley is a Lecturer in the School of Economic and Social Studies, University of East Anglia. His research interests include the National Health Service and professionalisation.

Duncan Mitchell is Professor of Sociology at the University of Exeter, and Director of the Institute of Population Studies. Among his books are *A Hundred Years of Sociology* (Duckworth, 1968) and *A New Dictionary of Sociology* (n.e. Routledge, 1979).

Charles Osborne is Literature Director of The Arts Council of Great Britain. Among his recent books are *The Complete Operas of Mozart* (Gollancz, 1978), *Verdi* (Macmillan, 1978) and *Rigoletto* (Barrie & Jenkins, 1979).

George Katkov is an Emeritus Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford. His books include *Russia, 1917: The February Revolution* (Longman, 1967), to which he has just completed a sequel, *The Trial of Bukharin* (Batsford, 1969), and, as editor, *Russia Enters the 20th Century* (Temple Smith, 1971).

Leonard Schapiro is Professor Emeritus of Political Science with special reference to Russian Studies, London School of Economics. His books include *The Communist Party of the Soviet Union* (n.e. Methuen, 1970), *The Origins of the Communist Autocracy* (n.e. Macmillan, 1976), *The Government and Politics of the Soviet Union* (n.e. Hutchinson, 1978), and *Turgenev* (Oxford University Press, 1979).

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Life & Letters Today

Westminster

SYNONYMS: An allegation that Mr Winston Churchill, a Conservative spokesman on defence, was pursuing a campaign of undermining the morale of the Services led to an angry row in the House of Commons last night.

Mr Churchill protested: "Will you now withdraw your lie?"

The exchange ended with Mr Churchill being asked by Mr Godman Irvine, Deputy Speaker, to withdraw the word lie, an unparliamentary expression. Doing so, Mr Churchill said he would substitute "terminological inexactitude."

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Amherst

GRAFFITI: *A university study of bathroom graffiti has found that women now write on walls more than men, and their messages are "more sexual, hostile and issue-related."*

These results are a striking reversal of Kinsey's famous researches into rest-room scribbling more than 20 years ago, when men wrote most of the rude words and women's graffiti was "typically romantic."

"I found the messages in women's rest-rooms very, very disturbing," said John Bates, psychologist at Amherst and co-author of the new study. "The general tone was extremely hostile, showing strong anti-male sentiment, uncertainty over how to handle men and a collapse of the romanticism Kinsey noted. One graffito we found sums it up: 'Some day my prince will come. However, I'll have nothing to do with it.'"

Male graffiti, Bates found, is less erotic than it used to be, and more witty.

For a whole autumn, research assistants sat and copied inscriptions in Amherst rest-rooms. Bates performed chi-square analyses on the data and determined various statistical significances. Final results showed that women were responsible for 52% of all graffiti, for 62% of written responses to graffiti, and for 59% of all sexual graffiti.

In the Kinsey study only 24% of all graffiti was by women.

"This shows that the psycho-social hypothesis generated post hoc in the past to explain the enormously greater amount of male graffiti cannot apply to the bathroom today," Bates said. "Women are now writing most of the sexual material while men's graffiti is lighter, more humorous. This may be because women still have no social outlet for sexual innuendo."

EVENING STANDARD

Strasbourg

LATIN LOVERS: *The members of the European Parliament who have just become used to dealing with six official languages couldn't quite believe their ears. Some member was making a point in —Latin! It was none other than the representative of the Italian left-wing group "Proletarian Faction", and he was protesting (in perfect grammar) at the way the various parliamentary committees were to be organised. The whole Strasbourg translating and interpreting apparatus fell silent. The Speaker requested that the point be made in Italian. Mario Capanna refused, in Latin. Other delegates appeared very upset. One British member quoted something from Ben Jonson about Shakespeare having had "small Latin and less Greek. . . ." Only one Parliamentarian praised the appearance of yet another language in the Strasbourg Babylonian tower. It came from the Right—from Otto von Habsburg—and in perfect Latin.*

FRANKFURTER ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG

London

DR SYNTAX: *One-third of foreign doctors working in Britain find it difficult to understand English words and phrases, according to a survey. The independent Policy Studies Institute, interviewed 2,000 doctors in England.*

One-third of doctors in the NHS were born outside Britain, one-third of hospital doctors are overseas-qualified, and 70% of overseas doctors are not native English speakers.

The interview included a simple test in colloquial English. Doctors were shown phrases such as "The patient had a husband who flew off the handle," and were asked to choose one of several listed phrases that meant the same. "Of those overseas doctors tested, 31% scored less than 18 out of a total of 29."

DAILY MAIL

Salisbury

SPORTING IDEA: *Britain has sent a large consignment of footballs to Rhodesia for Patriotic Front guerrillas.*

Lt-Col. Gavin Peebles, the British logistics officer, said the 550lbs of footballs had been supplied to help maintain guerrilla morale in ceasefire assembly points during the run-up to next month's elections.

"They all arrived flat and there was no pump," he told a Press conference in Salisbury.

REUTER

London

TOPSY-TURVY: The Reith Lectures on "The African Condition" by Prof. Ali Masrui, of the University of Michigan, now concluded, laid before us a whole wide domain of absurdity, rich and diversified. Its fascination is such that I cannot help returning to it [Peter Simple writes].

In one of his lectures the Professor complained about the unfairness of maps of the world, which usually show Europe ABOVE Africa—a fine example of cartographical discrimination.

Now construct a simple conic map of the world with the South Pole at the top. Unfortunately for the Professor this shows fiendish White-ruled South Africa ABOVE the mild and virtuous territories of the rest of the continent!

DAILY TELEGRAPH

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